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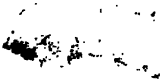

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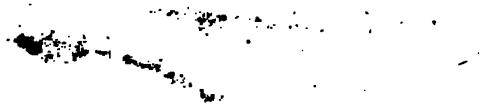

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SPECTATOR.

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HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL

PREFACE

TO

THE SPECTATOR.

If we are allowed to consider the popular Essay as a new species of composition, we may without hesitation affirm, that it arrived nearly at perfection in the hands of the first inventors. In real value as well as in estimation with the public, no work has ever exceeded that of which we are now to trace the history. The irregularities, whether of plan or execution, which may be discovered in the TATLER, are excluded from its immediate successor, which, although not altogether faultless, is more uniform in all the valuable purposes of instruction, and all the excellencies of style and invention. STEELE and ADDISON appear to have used the TATLER as a kind of exercise, a trial of skill, to determine what they could produce, and what the public expected, "*quid ferreant humeri, quid recusant*," and having made suitable preparations, they entered conjointly on that structure which "should bear the name of THE

MONUMENT*," a work on which praise has been exhausted, and which we shall find it difficult to characterise without the repetition of acknowledged truths. Succeeding ESSAYISTS have presented to the world labours of a similar kind both in purpose and accomplishment, which have justly entitled them to distinguished fame, but none of them have provoked or wished to provoke, any comparison with the general merit of the SPECTATOR. It has subsisted in the plenitude of its original popularity for nearly a century, and no composition merely human, has been so frequently printed and read. It has been so universally the delight of every youth of taste or curiosity, that perhaps our fondness for this work might be ranked among the prejudices of education, had it not stood the test of maturer years and fastidious criticism.

When STEELE had once secured the services of ADDISON, when he saw not only what they had produced, but what they might produce, he could not but review the imperfections and inequalities of the TATLER with a wish that his potent auxiliary had been called in sooner, and that instead of improving an indigested plan, he had been invited to take a share in one concerted with more regularity. It cannot be rash to conjecture that such reflections might pass in STEELE's mind, when he determined to conclude the TATLER, a measure which SWIFT ignorantly attributes to scantiness of materials, or want of public encouragement. It appears from

* *Preface to the* TATLER, *Life of* STEELE.

many parts of SWIFT's private correspondence, that he looked with a jaundiced eye on the labours of STEELE and ADDISON, and most probably envied a popularity gained by writings so remote from the genius of his own, and which, instead of promoting or opposing the turbulence of faction, instead of pulling down one ministry and setting up another, were calculated to lead the public mind to the cultivation of common duties and social manners*.

It is stated on the same authority, as well as on that of TICKELL, that ADDISON was ignorant of the conclusion of the TATLER, which, if we allow, it appears to have been a circumstance of little importance; nor did the work "suffer much," says JOHNSON, "by his unconsciousness of its commencement, or his absence at its cessation, for he continued his assistance to Dec. 23, and the paper stopped on January 2." If Swift or others, therefore, affected to be surprised that STEELE should conclude without giving ADDISON notice, it was a surprise that could not last long. It is indeed highly probable that STEELE immediately communicated with ADDISON on the subject, unless we were to suppose, contrary to all evidence, and all sense of interest and propriety, that he disregarded ADDISON's services when chiefly he experienced the benefit arising from them, and discontinued the TATLER that he might begin another work without his aid.

* "I will not meddle with the SPECTATOR, let him *fair sex it* to the world's end." SWIFT's Works, crown 8vo. vol. xxiii. p. 158.

We have already seen* that STEELE assigns as a reason for giving up the TATLER, that he became known as the author: this, however, savours a little of the cant of authorship. He was known long before the TATLER had reached half its progress, as appears from the personal attacks made upon him by his contemporaries; but the length of the work affords one reason why it should not be protracted until it became too bulky, and a still better reason was, the design evidently formed of beginning a new paper. The event proves that STEELE and ADDISON immediately formed the plan of the SPECTATOR, probably communicated to each other the first sketch of the club, and determined that the work should be free from political intelligence at least, if not from political discussion; and that each paper should consist of one entire ESSAY, unless when the subject required to be treated in the form of correspondence by themselves, or when real correspondence should be thought worthy of insertion.

ADDISON was prepared with ample resources, which STEELE must have known before he could consent to adventure on a *daily* paper, a task far beyond the abilities of any one man who had not secured the most copious supplies, or such assistants as might enable him to answer a demand to which temporary leisure and casual opportunity or aid never could have been adequate. Dr. BEATTIE† was once informed, but

* Pref. Hist. and Biog. to the TATLER.

† Notes on the Life of ADDISON, prefixed to an edition of his works, by Dr. BEATTIE, 4 vols. 8vo. 1790, Edinburgh.

ot on what authority, that ADDISON had
l three manuscript volumes of materials.
L says, perhaps with truth, "that it
ave been impossible for Mr. ADDISON,
de little or no use of letters sent in by
erous correspondents of the SPECTA-
have executed his large share of this
o exquisite a manner, if he had not in-
into it many pieces that had lain by
ittle hints and minutes, which he from
ime collected, and ranged in order, and
l into the form in which they now ap-
such are the Essays upon Wit, the Plea-
the Imagination, and the Critique upon
"

rst paper appeared on Thursday, March
-11; in it ADDISON gives an account of
, education, &c. of the SPECTATOR,
ches the silent character he was to pre-
ith great felicity of humour. The se-
y STEELE, delineates the characters of
, or the *dramatis personæ* of the work,
cipal of whom is Sir ROGER DE COVER-
r. JOHNSON'S remarks on this character
our attention on many accounts.
recorded by BUDGELL, that of the cha-
eigned or exhibited in the SPECTATOR,
urite of ADDISON was Sir ROGER DE
EY, of whom he had formed a very de-
d discriminated idea, which he would
r to be violated; and therefore when
had shewn him innocently picking up

* TICKELL'S *Life of* ADDISON.

a girl in the Temple, and taking her to a tavern, he drew upon himself so much of his friend's indignation, that he was forced to appease him by a promise of forbearing Sir ROGER for the time to come.

"The reason which induced CERVANTES to bring his hero to the grave, *para mi sola nacio Don Quixote, y yo para el*, made ADDISON declare, with an undue vehemence of expression, that he would kill Sir ROGER, being of opinion that they were born for one another, and that *any other hand* would do him wrong.

"It may be doubted whether ADDISON ever filled up *his original* delineation. He describes the Knight as having his imagination somewhat warped, but of this perversion he has made very little use. The irregularities in Sir ROGER's conduct seem not so much the effects of a mind deviating from the beaten track of life, by the perpetual pressure of some overwhelming idea, as of habitual rusticity, and that negligence which solitary grandeur naturally generates.

"The variable weather of the mind, the flying vapours of incipient madness, which from time to time cloud reason without eclipsing it, it requires so much nicety to exhibit, that ADDISON seems to have been deterred from prosecuting his own design*."

To this opinion the following judicious remarks may be opposed.

"With JOHNSON's masterly delineation of the peculiarity of ADDISON's humour," says Dr.

* JOHNSON's Life of ADDISON.

BEATTIE, "I know not how to reconcile some remarks he has made on the character of Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY; I am inclined to suppose, that the learned biographer had forgotten some things relating to that gentleman.

"He seems to think that ADDISON had formed an idea of Sir ROGER which he never exhibited complete; that he has given a small degree of discomposure to the Knight's mind, but made very little use of it; that Sir ROGER's irregularities are the effects of habitual rusticity, and of negligence created by solitary grandeur; and, in short, that ADDISON was deterred from prosecuting his own design with respect to Sir ROGER.

"Now I beg leave to observe, in the first place, that it never was, or could be, ADDISON's purpose to represent Sir ROGER as a person of disordered understanding. This would have made his story either not humorous at all, or humorous in that degree of extravagance, which ADDISON always avoided, and for avoiding which Dr. JOHNSON justly commends him. Sir ROGER has peculiarities; that was necessary to make him a comic character; but they are all amiable, and tend to good: and there is not one of them that would give offence, or raise contempt or concern, in any rational society. At Sir ROGER we never laugh, though we generally smile; but it is a smile, always of affection and frequently of esteem.

"Secondly, I cannot admit that there is in this character any thing of *rusticity* (as that word is generally understood) or any of those

habits or ways of thinking that solitary grandeu creates. No man on earth affects grandeur les or thinks less of it, than Sir ROGER; and no ma is less solitary. His affability, good humou benevolence, and love of society, his affectio to his friends, respect to his superiors, and ge tleness and attention to his dependents, mal him a very different being from a rustic, as we as from an imperious landlord, who lives retire among flatterers and vassals. Solitary grandeu is apt to engender pride, a passion from whic our worthy Baronet is entirely free; and ru ticity, as far as it is connected with the min implies awkwardness and ignorance, which, one does not despise, one may pity and pardo but cannot love with that fondness with whic every heart is attached to Sir ROGER.

"How could our author be deterred fro prosecuting his design with respect to this pe sonage? What could deter him? It could onl be the consciousness of his own inability, an that this was not the case he had given su ficient proof, by exemplifying the character fully, that every reader finds himself intimatel acquainted with it. Considering what is don one cannot doubt the author's ability to ha supported the character through a much great variety of conversations and adventures. B the SPECTATOR, according to the first plan it, was now drawing to a conclusion; the s venth volume being finished about six weeks a ter the Knight's death; and perhaps the trad tion may be true, that ADDISON, dissatisfi *with* STEELE's idle story of Sir ROGER at a t

m (Spect. No. 410) swore (which he is said ver to have done but on this one occasion) at he would himself kill Sir ROGER, lest mebody else should murder him*."

No addition is necessary to this vindication the character of Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY in e general; but it has not been attended to by ther of these critics, that Sir ROGER was not e creature of ADDISON's, but of STEELE's ncy; and it is not easy to discover why all riters on this subject should appear ignorant a fact so necessary to be known, and so easily certained†. In TICKELL's edition of ADDI-N's works, and in every subsequent edition, r. BEATTIE's not excepted) No. 2 is reprint-, but ascribed to STEELE, with an apology for ining it with ADDISON's papers, on account its connection with what follows. STEELE, truth, sketched the character of every mem-r of the club, except that of the SPECTATOR. he merit, therefore, of what Dr. JOHNSON lls "the delicate and discriminated idea," or the original delineation" of Sir ROGER, be-nd all controversy belongs to him, and the aracter of the Baronet, it must be observed, in that paper very different from what Dr. HNSON represents. His "singularities pro-

* BEATTIE's Notes, *ubi supra*. BUDGELL relates this last y in one of the numbers of the BEE, at a time when the public very little disposed to give him credit.

† "Natural humour was the primary talent of ADDISON. *His* racter of Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY, though far inferior, is inferior to SHAKSPEARE's Falstaff." Royal and noble Au-s. LORD ORFORD's Works, vol. i. p. 530, art. NUGENT, e.

ceed from his good sense," not, I allow, a very common source of singularities, in the usual acceptation of that word; and before he was "crossed in love by the perverse widow, he was a gay man of the town." And with respect to the care ADDISON took of the Knight's chastity, and his resentment of the story told in No. 410, which is certainly a deviation from the character as he *completed* it, we may observe, that the original limner represents him as "humble in his desires after he had forgot his cruel beauty, insomuch that it is reported he has frequently offended in point of chastity with beggars and gipsies," though he qualifies this by adding, that "this is looked upon, by his friends, rather as matter of raillery than truth." He is represented as now in his fifty-sixth year, and the story therefore of his endeavouring to persuade a strumpet to retire with him into the country, as related in No. 410, some think by TICKELL, was certainly not very probable.

The truth appears to have been, that ADDISON was charmed with his colleague's outline of Sir ROGER, thought it capable of extension and improvement, and might probably determine to make it in some measure his own, by guarding, with a father's fondness, against any violation that might be offered. How well he has accomplished this needs not to be told. Yet he neither immediately laid hold on what he considered as STEELE's property, nor did he wish to monopolize the worthy Knight. Sir ROGER's notion, "that none but men of fine parts deserve *to be hanged*," and his illustration of this curi-

ous position in No. 6, were written by STEELE. The first paper, relating to the visit to Sir ROGER's country seat, is ADDISON's, the second STEELE's, the third ADDISON's, and the fourth STEELE's; and this last has so much of the Addisonian humour, that nothing but positive evidence could have deprived him of the honour of being supposed the author of it: the same praise may be given to No. 113, also by STEELE. The sum of the account, however, is this: Sir ROGER's adventures, opinions, and conversation, occur in twenty six papers: of these ADDISON wrote fifteen, STEELE seven, BUDGELL three, and TICKELL one; if, as is supposed, he was the author of the obnoxious No. 410. It must be observed too, that the widow-part of Sir ROGER's history was of STEELE's providing, in No. 113, and 118. ADDISON, no doubt, attended to the *keep* of Sir ROGER's character, and STEELE, with his usual candour, might follow a plan which he reckoned superior to his own; but it cannot be just to attribute the totality of the character either to the one or the other.

The "killing of Sir ROGER" has been sufficiently accounted for, without supposing that ADDISON dispatched him in a fit of anger, for the work was about to close, and it appeared necessary to disperse the club; but whatever difference of opinion there may be concerning this circumstance, it is universally agreed that it produced a paper of transcendent excellence in all the graces of simplicity and pathos. There is not in *our language any* assumption of cha-

racter more faithful than that of the honest b
ler, nor a more irresistible stroke of nature th
the circumstance of the book received by
ANDREW FREEPORT.

"To Sir ROGER," continues Dr. JOHNSC
"who as a country genleman, appears to be
Tory, or, as it is gently expressed, an adhere
to the landed interest, is opposed Sir ANDRI
FREEPORT, a new man, a wealthy mercha
zealous for the monied interest, and a Wh
Of this contrariety of opinions it is proba
more consequences were at first intended th
could be produced when the resolution w
taken to exclude party from the paper.
ANDREW does but little, and that little see
not to have pleased ADDISON, who, when he c
missed him from his club, changed his opinio
STEELE had made him, in the true spirit of
feeling commerce, declare that he would
build an hospital for idle people; but at last
buys land, settles in the country, and buil
not a manufactory, but an hospital for twe
old husbandmen, for men with whom a merch
has little acquaintance, and whom he commo
considers with little kindness*."

Sir ANDREW's opinion of idle people
beggars occurs in No. 232, (a paper attribu
not to STEELE, but to BUDGELL, or perh

* This opinion is given in a different manner in BOSWE
Life of JOHNSON. "ADDISON has made his Sir AND
FREEPORT a true Whig, arguing against giving charity to
gars, and throwing out other such ungracious sentiments;
that he had thought better, and made amends, by making
found an hospital for decayed farmers." Vol. ii. p. 70. edit.

MARTIN) and does not seem to merit the censure of our learned biographer. There can surely be no difference of sentiment on the question, whether idleness is to be supported at the public expence; and if the reader will refer to Sir ANDREW's letter, in No. 549, in which he announces his plan of retirement, he will find in it nothing of the unfeeling spirit of commerce, a spirit which, if not extinct in our days, must be very industriously concealed. Every charitable institution in the metropolis bears testimony to the liberal and generous spirit of men in commercial life, and there is nothing upon record which can induce an impartial inquirer to think that the case was otherwise, when commercial men were a more distinct class.

It is, however, true, that little use is made of Sir ANDREW's character, and the same remark may be applied to Capt. SENTRY and the CLERGYMAN. WILL HONEYCOMB occurs more frequently, and affords more amusement, although not altogether of the unmixed kind. This character, as well as the others, was sketched by STEELE, but is not preserved with much care, or attention to moral effect. WILL is at best a sorry rake, and at the age of sixty marries a country girl, complains of his infirmities, yet talks of leaving his children "strong bodies and healthy constitutions." All this is consistent, if we consider his letter in No. 530, as a satire on old rakes, who neglect to enlist in social life until they are past service, and can only per-

form the ludicrous character of "the marriage-hater matched."

Conjecture has been busily employed to discover the persons meant by these characters. Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY was supposed, by the late Mr. TYERS, to be a Sir JOHN PACKINGTON, of Worcestershire, "a Tory, not without good sense, but abounding in absurdities." Captain SENTRY is said to have been C. KEMPENFELT, father of Admiral KEMPENFELT, who deplorably lost his life when the Royal George, of 100 guns, sunk at Spithead, Aug. 29, 1782, and WILL HONEYCOMB has been traced to a Colonel CLELAND. There appears, however, very little ground for any of these conjectures. The account of the SPECTATOR and his CLUB seems to be altogether fictitious, and the character of the SPECTATOR and of Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY are certainly among the happiest fictions that could have been contrived for the purpose they were to answer. In the other characters, although there is neither so much novelty or vigour of imagination displayed; they are occasionally admirably grouped, as in No. 34, and the whole produces a dramatic effect, adding to the other charms of that variety which has rendered the SPECTATOR one of the most popular books in any language.

Of ADDISON's humour so much has been said, that it would not be easy to vary the praises that have been lavished for near a century. "As a describer of life and manners he must be allowed to stand perhaps the first of the first

rank. His humour, which, as STEELE observes, is peculiar to himself, is so happily diffused as to give the grace of novelty to domestic scenes and daily occurrences. He never *outsteps the modesty of nature*, nor raises merriment or wonder by the violation of truth. His figures neither divert by distortion, nor amaze by aggravation. He copies life with so much fidelity, that he can hardly be said to invent; yet his exhibitions have an air so much original, that it is difficult to suppose them not merely the product of imagination*."

Dr. JOHNSON here characterises the humour of ADDISON with singular acuteness of thought and felicity of expression. Many writers seem to think that humour consists in violent and preternatural exaggeration; as there are, no doubt, many frequenters of the theatre, who find no want of comic power in the actor who has a sufficient variety of wry faces and antic gestures; and many admirers of farce and fun, with whom bombast and big words would pass for exquisite ridicule. But wry faces are made with little effort, caricatures may be sketched by a very unskilful hand, and he who has no command of natural expression, may easily put together gigantic figures and rumbling syllables. It is only a GARRICK who can do justice to Benedict and Ranger; but any candle-snuffer might personate Pistol and Bombardinian. ADDISON's humour resembles his style. Every phrase in the one, and circumstance in the

* *JOHNSON's Life of* ADDISON.

other, appears so artless and so obvious, that a person who had never made the trial would be apt to think nothing more easy than to feign a story of Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY, or compose a vision like that of MIRZA. But the art and the difficulty of both are such as Horace had in his mind when he said—

> ——————"Ut sibi quivis
> Speret idem: sudet multum, frustraque laboret
> Ausus idem. Tantum series juncturaque pollet,
> Tantum *de medio sumptis* accedit honoris*."

But although ADDISON's humour was original, it was not absolutely incommunicable. It has been already hinted†, that STEELE imbibed a considerable portion of it. Of this there are some few instances in the TATLER, but many in the SPECTATOR. Indeed no two men, even allowing the superiority of ADDISON, were ever better qualified, by correspondence or disposition of mind, to act as auxiliaries in a work of this nature. In most cases, what the one sketched the other could fill up: what the one began the other with little difficulty could continue. We have an early example in STEELE's outline of Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY, and the use ADDISON made of it: in ADDISON's account of his taciturnity, and STEELE's happy illustration of it in No. 4. No. 64, by STEELE, must, I think, be allowed the most exact imitation of ADDISON's style and humour ever attempted, yet it carries every proof, that such a case can admit,

* BEATTIE ubi supra.
† Pref. Hist. and Biog. to the TATLER.

of having been written with ease. Another instance of their mutual exchange of subjects appears in the proposal for an infirmary to cure ill-humour, by STEELE, in No. 424, and 429, which was adopted by ADDISON in No. 440. Other examples may be traced in these volumes*; and a few other contributors, as well as many of the unknown correspondents†, aimed at a kind of uniformity, in which they were not unsuccessful, presenting occasionally some of those delicate strokes of humour, which in ADDISON were habitual and distinctive. HE every where discovers the *ingenium par materiæ*, every where preserves the equability of his mind, the kindness of his disposition, and the pleasure he took *jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ*. No. 69 is an instructive example of the benevolent views he delighted to take of mankind and of Providence. There is a perpetual smile on his countenance; he rarely exhibits the sneer of the satirist, and perhaps never the frown of the rigid moralist.

A higher praise than what belongs to human wit yet remains, and cannot be bestowed in language more appropriate than that of JOHNSON. "It is justly observed by TICKELL, that ADDISON employed wit on the side of virtue and religion. He not only made the proper use of wit himself, but taught it to others; and from

* No. 14 is pointed out by the annotators on the SPECTATOR, as "meriting the attention of such as pretend to distinguish with wonderful facility between ADDISON's and STEELE's papers."

† See No. 599, 608, 612, 615, and 619, the authors of which are unknown.

his time it has been generally subservient to the cause of reason and of truth. He has dissipated the prejudice that had long connected gaiety with vice, and easiness of manners with laxity of principles. He has restored virtue to its dignity, and taught innocence not to be ashamed. This is an elevation of literary character *above all Greek, above all Roman fame.* No greater felicity can genius attain, than that of having purified intellectual pleasure, separated mirth from indecency, and wit from licentiousness; of having taught a succession of writers to bring elegance and gaiety to the aid of goodness; and, if I may use expressions yet more awful, of having *turned many to righteousness.*"—"As a teacher of wisdom, he may be confidently followed. His religion has nothing in it enthusiastic or superstitious; he appears neither weakly credulous nor wantonly sceptical; his morality is neither dangerously lax nor impracticably rigid. All the enchantment of fancy and all the cogency of argument are employed to recommend to the reader his real interest, the care of pleasing the Author of his being."

Many of the subjects discussed in these volumes may now appear trite, because frequent repetition and successive illustration have rendered them familiar; but in estimating the value and utility of such instructions, we must take into the account the wants and necessities of the public at the time they were given. Literature did not then pass through so many channels as in our days, nor were the facilities of communication so many: the number of readers was not

great, and the books calculated by allurement to increase that number were very few. The demand for instruction, however, increased with the opportunities of supply, and they whom the ESSAYISTS taught to know a little, were soon incited by curiosity to know more. The duties of life had never been discussed in a popular manner, nor in portions adapted to the idle or the casual reader. Above all, the niceties of literature were not generally understood, and it is not the smallest merit of ADDISON, that "he superadded criticism," prescribed the rules of taste, and introduced a relish for genius that had been depressed or overlooked. His criticisms on PARADISE LOST directed the public admiration to a work which is now justly the boast of the nation; and although his successors in critical labours have been able not only to improve them, but to point out their defects, it ought to be remembered that he wrote without those helps from combined taste and skill which they now enjoy. "It is not uncommon for those who have grown wise by the labour of others, to add a little of their own, and overlook their masters. ADDISON is now despised by some who, perhaps, would never have seen his defects, but by the lights which he afforded them*."

Of ADDISON's style, the commendation of all judges has been uniform, and since the publi-

* JOHNSON. ADDISON's merit as a critic is ably and impartially considered in the notes to his Life in the Biog. Britannica, 2d. edit.

cation of Dr. JOHNSON's "Lives of the Poets," it has become almost proverbial to repeat, that "whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of ADDISON." That few, however, are willing to bestow this labour, or anxious to obtain the reward, is sufficiently attested by the present state of literary composition. Yet perhaps it would be wrong to blame writers who, as candidates for public favour, aim at excellencies more in demand than familiarity or simple elegance, and who seem to be goaded sometimes by criticism, and sometimes by popular opinion, to produce "ambitious ornaments," and to try "hazardous innovations." Since writers of commanding reputation have been multiplied, and the structure of the language better understood, style has been regulated by a fashion to which we know not how to place limits. Of late the demand has been considerable for lofty periods and splendid imagery, verging sometimes on the excellence of poetry, and sometimes on the ostentation of bombast. The writers of QUEEN ANNE's reign are oftener, therefore, approved than imitated; we are unwilling to avail ourselves of the services they have rendered to our language; we force luminous periods and splendid passages by the heat of imagination, and are consequently more ambitious to be admired than understood, to be quoted for manner rather than to be useful for matter.

It would be unjust, however, to aver that such *a taste is* universal, although it be gaining more

ground than it ought to occupy: we are not without authors who rest their fame on the elegancies of simplicity, "on a style always agreeable, always easy;" and perhaps we should acknowledge the number of those who have formed themselves on the model of ADDISON to be greater, if unfortunately, when we look for his style, we did not at the same time look for his wit; and where is that to be found*? If his style be separated from his wit, he is not perhaps without equals among his contemporaries, and among his successors; but his humour, in all its qualities, is the distinctive characteristic of his genius. A few *facetiæ* may occasionally be found among his successors, but such a perpetual flow, such a command of temper in ridicule, have never been given to any man in this country, and to any other it would be in vain to look; for in no foreign language can we find a word to express the talent of which we are now speaking.

As the SPECTATOR, very soon after its being collected into volumes, became one of the "first books by which both sexes are initiated in the elegancies of knowledge," its increasing influ-

* MOLIERE has been frequently named in the same rank with ADDISON. Lord CHESTERFIELD thinks "no man ever had so much humour as MOLIERE, of which his Miser, his Jealous Man, and his *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* are convincing proofs: and French comedy," he adds, "furnishes a multiplicity of instances besides these." Letter 98. Miscellaneous Works, Vol. II. 4to. p. 284. But there appears an essential difference between the humour of a dramatic writer and that of an essayist. The former enjoys advantages from the construction of dramatic composition, and the latitude it permits, of which the essayist cannot avail himself.

ence on the taste as well as the manners of the age rendered it a proper object for the calm examination of criticism, and there are accordingly few critics of eminence, placed in the schools of public instruction, who have not judged it requisite to point out its beauties and detect its blemishes.

Of these critics Dr. BLAIR appears to have been most anxious, that while ADDISON is presented as a model to young writers, they should be guarded against an implicit deference to his authority. He has therefore investigated the merits of his style with great minuteness, and a most scrupulous regard to purity and precision, in four very long lectures on No. 411, 412, 413, and 414 of the SPECTATOR. For this he offers a modest apology, which his high opinion of ADDISON, as well as the duties of his office, rendered quite unnecessary; the fair and impartial labours of criticism are direct testimonies in favour of the object. And how well ADDISON has stood the test of this fastidious scrutiny may appear on this simple calculation, that out of eighty-seven remarks, of which these lectures consist, thirty-seven are in strong recommendation of his style, and of the remainder, some are so evidently of a trifling nature, that we may adopt as a conclusion what this eminent critic has given as a prefatory apology: "The beauties of ADDISON are so many, and the general character of his style is so elegant and estimable, that the minute imperfections *pointed out*, are but like those spots in the sun, *which may* be discovered by the assistance of

art, but which have no effect in obscuring its lustre*."

However useful verbal and grammatical criticism may be, there seems to be this fatality attending all composition, that its errors are more easily discoverable by the critic than by the author. After all the light thrown upon the beauties and defects of style by the most eminent critics of the last century, by LOWTH and PRIESTLEY, by KAIMES and CAMPBELL, by BEATTIE and BLAIR, few, if any writers have attained an unexceptionable style, or have even been able to follow their own canons. Of this Dr. BLAIR himself affords a remarkable instance. Notwithstanding the long labour he had bestowed on his 'Lectures on Rhetoric," the perpetual revision to which they were subjected, and all the changes and improvements which could be derived from the author's sagacity, or the assistance of contemporary writers, they were, on publication to the world at large, convicted of numerous errors, ranged on his own plan, and proved by his own rules. These consisted principally of terms and phrases bordering on vulgar or colloquial language; awkward phrases; redundancies; superlatives for comparatives; double

* From inattention to the marks which distinguish the different productions of the ESSAYISTS, some critics have censured ADDISON for that of which he was not guilty. Dr. BLAIR, for example, enters into the defence of TASSO's Sylvia, against ADDISON, in the GUARDIAN, No. 38. Here are two mistakes in all the editions I have seen of Dr. BLAIR's Lectures. The passage in question occurs in No. 28: and No. 28 was not written by ADDISON.

comparatives; adjectives for adverbs; *any* for *either*; *either* for *each*; &c. &c. the relative not agreeing with its antecedent; verbs in the plural number instead of the singular; the subjunctive mood instead of the indicative; verbs which ought to be in the active or passive voice employed as neuters; *had* instead of *would*; *will* for *shall*; the past time for the present; *of* instead of *from*; *on* for *in*; *among* for *in*; *never* for *ever*; *that* for *as*; inverted sentences; and mixed metaphors*.

Yet with all these blemishes the general merit of Dr. BLAIR's Lectures is incontestable, and it will probably be long before they can be laid aside for a work of more indispensable necessity to the student, or more unquestionable authority in matters of taste.

Style, notwithstanding the many discussions with which it has been honoured by some of the first writers of our nation, is a subject still involved in obscurity. BLAIR acknowledges, that "the peculiar manner in which a man expresses his conceptions, by means of language," is the best definition he can give. JOHNSON says it is "the manner of writing with regard to language." SWIFT, long before had laid down that "proper words in proper places made the true definition of a style," which is not however a definition, but the character of a good style.

The divisions of style are numerous, and

* See the whole list with proofs, in the Critical Review for October, 1783. The article was the production of the late Rev. JOSEPH ROBERTSON, of Horncastle, Lincolnshire.

have been multiplied by the critics as fast as they could multiply epithets to distinguish them; but in every nation, and at every period of its literary history, it has been the custom to bestow the honors of style on a few authors, in whom collectively all its excellencies are supposed to be found. These in our country, in the prose style, are HOOKER, CLARENDON, TILLOTSON, CLARKE, BARROW, ATTERBURY, SHAFTESBURY, TEMPLE, SWIFT, ADDISON, BOLINGBROKE, FIELDING, and JOHNSON: to whom of late have been added HUME, ROBERTSON, GIBBON, BLAIR, and BURKE*. But when we inquire how many of these are to be held up as models, the list becomes smaller as we approach nearer to the severe criticism of our own times. HOOKER is now recommended principally for the importance of his matter: CLARENDON is considered as an historian of unquestionable authority; but his lengthened periods and general prolixity are prohibited to the young writer. TILLOTSON, whom BIRCH characterised as the reformer of pulpit eloquence, is now said to be chiefly valuable for the religious instruction and biblical criticisms to be found in his works. CLARKE, with more

* "Such authors," says Lord ORFORD, speaking of ADDISON, SWIFT, BOLINGBROKE and Dr. MIDDLETON, "fix a standard by their writings. Grammarians regulate niceties, and try careless beauties in works, where carelessness often is a beauty, by the same rigorous laws that they have enacted against graver offenders. Such jurymen, no doubt, write their own letters with as much circumspection as their wills, and are ignorant that it is easier to observe some laws than to violate them with grace." Royal and Noble *Authors, art.* ROSCOMMON.

perspicuity, is cold and inanimate. The readers of BARROW are cautioned against his redundancy, and most of them with great safety, for it is the redundancy of an original and fertile genius. To ATTERBURY's style few objections have been offered on the score of purity and elegance; and his want of depth, or original thinking, will not be readily discovered by those who are forming a *style* only. SHAFTESBURY is generally and very justly pointed out as a dangerous precedent. TEMPLE is allowed to excel TILLOTSON in all the estimable qualities of style, and, although he partakes of the common incorrectness attributed to writers of simplicity, familiarity, and ease, he is still recommended as an useful model. BOLINGBROKE, is a declaimer, with many of those beauties of declamation which are too frequently contrived to conceal poverty of argument. BOLINGBROKE was an enemy to religion, probably because it did not flatter his practice. He is now, however, little read, and it is to the honour of our nation that few infidel writers have enjoyed a long popularity. FIELDING's style is original, and his humour (different from that of ADDISON, yet excellent in its kind) is so copious as to extend over his voluminous writings with undiminished force. He has had no successful imitators. Of the other names mentioned, it is not necessary to add more, than that they are the founders of different schools of style, which have as yet produced few scholars of great eminence.

From the whole list, therefore, we can only *collect two* or three who are universally acknow-

ledged to deserve the attention of those who are ambitious to form a correct style. Yet when the beauty and defects of all are fully displayed before us, as they have been by modern critics of acknowledged taste, are we not induced to suspect that much of the improvement to be derived from such critical labour is impracticable; that between the style and the mind of every author the connection is indissoluble; and that he who would write like another must always have his genius, and sometimes even his subject*?

The Life of ADDISON was first written by TICKELL, but his account is meagre and unsatisfactory. It was considerably enlarged in the first edition of the Biographia, and still more in the second; but the life prefixed to his poems, in Dr. JOHNSON's edition, is, with few exceptions, the most faithful and the most candid. This biographer had long revered ADDISON's character, and in one of the RAMBLERS, in which he is about to offer some criticisms on MILTON, he modestly admits that "he may fall below the illustrious writer that has so long dictated to the commonwealth of learning." Nor

*Far be it from the writer of this, perhaps, impertinent digression, to decry the industry of criticism, to arraign its jealousy, or to undervalue the sagacity by which we are taught the right and wrong of language. All he would venture, and venture with submission, against the common opinion, is, that critical rules, however useful in affairs of grammar, will not form a style; that style is as much an attribute of genius as invention; and that the varieties of manner to be found in English literature arise from the varieties of mind and of matter. Excellence in writing, as in painting, can be attained only by labour: rules and examples may improve, *but nature only can initiate*.

was this the compliment of a junior, willing to recommend himself by deference to those who were already in possession of the public opinion. Thirty years afterwards, when his praise had its weight and value, he vindicated the originality and utility of ADDISON's criticisms with equal spirit and justice.

The limits of this preface will not admit us to dwell so long as would be agreeable on a character which every man loves to contemplate. "Of ADDISON's virtue it is a sufficient testimony, that the resentment of party has transmitted no charge of any crime." From the charge brought against him by the friends of POPE, he has been amply vindicated in the second edition of the Biographia, by Mr. Justice BLACKSTONE: but for the publication of POPE's abusive character of him after his death, no apology has yet been offered. That ADDISON had the jealousy of an author is an accusation which he shares in common with, perhaps, every author of celebrity*, and that he was conscious of his superiority is only saying that he was conscious of what his opponents have never denied. In that species of composition, which gained him popularity, he had then no rival, and has had no rival since, whose pretensions it would not

* "How noble does the character of ADDISON appear, who though equally (with POPE) attacked by DENNIS as a critic, yet never mentioned his name with asperity, and refused to give the least countenance to a pamphlet which POPE had written upon the occasion of DENNIS's strictures on Cato?" BOWLES's edition of POPE, vol. iv. p. 28. ADDISON's conduct to POPE is also ably *vindicated in p. 39—44*, and vol. vii. p. 292.

be absurd to admit. Amidst many revolutions of taste, the judgment of all readers, learned and illiterate, has selected his papers as excelling in the milder graces of composition, and the fascinations of wit.

It may not, however, be improper to advert to one circumstance in his private history, which has of late been brought before the public, it is hoped with some exaggeration.

> " Narratur et prisci Catonis
> " Sæpe mero caluisse virtus."

Dr. JOHNSON has mentioned this failing with moderation and delicacy. " He" (ADDISON) " often sat late, and drank too much wine. In the bottle discontent seeks for comfort, cowardice for courage, and bashfulness for confidence. It is not unlikely that ADDISON was first seduced to excess by the manumission which he obtained from the servile timidity of his sober hours. He that feels oppression from the presence of those to whom he knows himself superior, will desire to set loose the powers of conversation: and who, that ever asked succour from Bacchus, was able to preserve himself from being enslaved by his auxiliary?"

The same fact has been related by others in coarser language, and with an apparent design to depreciate a character not easily assailable in other points. That ADDISON did, however, indulge too much in the pleasures of the tavern is reported with great confidence, and an excuse *has been attempted*, by attributing the

vexations he thus endeavoured to alleviate to the capricious conduct of his wife. An excuse for what is in itself wrong is generally, what it ought to be, very unsatisfactory. It were to be wished, therefore, that some cause could be discovered more adequate to the effect, than what has been commonly alleged. JOHNSON seems to consider ADDISON's propensity as an original habit, and this appears to me most consistent with probability. It was the vice of the day among the wits, and wits have seldom discovered that it is a vice.

As to ADDISON's domestic vexations, the case stands thus. After a tedious courtship he obtained the hand of the Dowager COUNTESS OF WARWICK, with whom he is said to have lived unhappily*, but of the nature of this unhappiness we have no information in any of the memoirs of his life, except hints that she presumed on the superiority of her rank. But to suppose that she despised or vexed ADDISON on that account will not supply the place of fact, and will obscure the few facts we possess. We cannot easily imagine that any woman would think herself superior to ADDISON by a rank which in her was merely adventitious, for she was not of a noble family, and of which she had lost all but the bare title; and if we do form this theory, how can we reconcile the long admiration

* Mr. TYERS, in his unpublished Essay on ADDISON's Life and Writings, says, "Holland House is a large mansion; but could not contain Mr. ADDISON, the COUNTESS of WARWICK, and one guest, PEACE." ADDISON became possessed of this house by *his marriage*, and died in it.

and incessant pursuit of such a woman with his knowledge of the world, and acute discernment of character? "If," says an author to whom I have often referred, "she was a woman of such a despicable understanding; that such a woman should have engaged, for years, the attention of so consummate a judge of human nature as ADDISON, is not to be imagined. Considering his character and accomplishments, and that at the time of his marriage he was a member of parliament, and soon after secretary of state, the inequality of condition was not very great*."

It is generally agreed, however, that in one way or other, she made his life uncomfortable; that he had frequent recourse to the society of his friends at a tavern; and that here he indulged to excess: and we may conjecture that in the character of such a man, this failing would soon be observed, and that they who reported it would probably not be anxious to lessen the extent or frequency of an indulgence which brought ADDISON for a time on a level with his inferiors. It is far more probable that he had always been fond of society, a fondness which cannot often be indulged with impunity, than that he had first recourse to the bottle as a cure for domestic vexations. The latter supposition seems inconsistent with his general character. It is indeed a frequent remedy, but principally with men of weak minds and of low manners.

* BEATTIE.

But whatever deviations of this kind might have been observed in ADDISON's conduct, there is reason to think they have been exaggerated, because they certainly were not accompanied by their usual effects, debasement of manners or morals. His religious principles remained unshaken: those principles had influenced his whole life: they appear predominant in all his writings, and they gladdened his latter days with serenity. Of this happy effect his biographers have recorded an instance so affecting and so salutary, that no plea of brevity can excuse the omission of it wherever his character is the object of contemplation. It was first related by Dr. YOUNG, in "Conjectures, on original Composition," from which it is here copied.

"After a long and manly, but vain struggle with his distemper, ADDISON dismissed his physicians, and with them all hopes of life. But with his hopes of life he dismissed not his concern for the living, but sent for a youth nearly related," (the EARL of WARWICK, who did not live long after this affecting interview), "and finely accomplished, yet not above being the better for good impressions from a dying friend. He came; but life now glimmering in the socket, the dying friend was silent. After a decent and proper pause the youth said, 'Dear Sir, you sent for me: I believe, and I hope, that you have some commands: I shall hold them most sacred.'—May distant ages not only hear, but feel the reply! Forcibly grasping the youth's *hand, he softly* said, SEE IN WHAT PEACE A

CHRISTIAN CAN DIE. He spoke with difficulty and soon expired."

ADDISON died on June 17, 1719, in the 48th year of his age, leaving a daughter by the COUNTESS of WARWICK, of whom we are told that she was bred up with little veneration for his memory; that she had a marked dislike to his writings, and an unconquerable aversion to the perusal of them; that she discovered very early in life as great an unlikeness and inferiority to ADDISON in respect of filial sentiment, as in point of understanding; but that afterwards she conceived a great reverence for her father's memory, and a suitable regard for his writings*. This lady died single, at an advanced age, a few years ago, and after her death, her father's library, which had been in her possession, was sold in London†.

ADDISON's contributions to the SPECTATOR are ascertained on the best authority. The principal writers of this work were distinguished by signature letters: and much has been said of those adopted by ADDISON, because they form the name of the muse CLIO:

> "When panting Virtue her last efforts made,
> "You brought your CLIO to the virgin's aid."

But it is not very likely that ADDISON intended this compliment to his papers, and it has therefore been conjectured that his signatures

* Annotations on the TATLER, No. 235, edit. Oct. 1806.

† See an account of this lady in the Gentleman's Magazine, vol. lxvii. p. 256 and 385.

refer to the places in which he happened to write, C. Chelsea, L. London, I. Islington, and O. his office.

We have better authority for asserting, that no man could be more scrupulous in correcting both the errors of the press and such as had escaped him in the hurry of writing. Dr. WARTON relates, that the press was often stopped, that ADDISON might make a trifling correction. In the folio edition are many proofs of his being rather fastidious in little things, but when he had once corrected the press, he considered his business as completed; the alterations made afterwards, when the work was published in volumes, are very few and not very important. It ought also to be mentioned, that ADDISON was, in general, singularly happy in the choice of his Mottos. Dr. WARTON has given him this praise, but has, among other instances, quoted No. 2, which was written by STEELE.

The papers claimed for ADDISON are in number two hundred and seventy-four. About two hundred and thirty-six are given to STEELE on the authority of his signature T; but with the restrictions mentioned before*. The unknown correspondents were certainly numerous, and STEELE made a free use of such letters as contained hints, or were thought worthy of insertion in their original state. From negligence, or want of matter, or want of leisure, for he was a man of many projects, he was frequently unprepared, and on this account it is on record,

* Pref. Hist. and Biog. to the TATLER.

that the press has been sometimes stopped; but when he determined to exert himself, he could do it to advantage. The series of papers from No. 151 to 157 inclusive, which are his composition, rank among the best of the grave kind*.

Of the value of his and of ADDISON'S papers we become the more sensible as we descend to examine the contributions of contemporary wits, who from interest or inclination were induced to lend their aid to the general purpose of the work.

The first of these, if we respect the quantity merely of his assistance, was EUSTACE BUDGELL, a writer of some note in the days of the SPECTATOR. He was born about the year 1685. His father, GILBERT BUDGELL, D. D. of St. Thomas, near Exeter, appears to have been a man of property, as he sent his son as a gentleman-commoner to Christ-church, Oxford, and thence to the Inner Temple, to study law, with a provision suitable to his rank and necessities. In the study of the law, however, EUSTACE made little progress, being diverted from it by a taste for polite literature, and the company of such men as that taste easily procures. In 1710, ADDISON, to whom he was nearly related, took him to Ireland as one of his clerks, when himself secretary to LORD WHARTON. In this employment, such was BUDGELL'S atten-

* STEELE'S signature was R. and T.; the former, it has been supposed, when he wrote the whole of the paper, the latter when he composed or compiled from the letter-box; but this does not appear to be the universal rule, and the annotators imagine that T. sometimes *means* TICKELL.

tion to business, that in 1714 he was promoted to the office of chief secretary to the lords justices of Ireland, and deputy clerk of the council, and his talents were already so distinguished as to procure him a seat in the Irish parliament, where he was considered as an able speaker.

During the rebellion, in 1715, he discharged the service hitherto entrusted to a field-officer, of transporting the troops from Ireland to Scotland, with great ability and integrity. In 1717, he was promoted by ADDISON, then secretary of state, to the place of accountant and comptroller general; and as he had some time before succeeded to the family estate, valued at 950*l. per annum*, though somewhat encumbered by his father's prodigality, he was exempted from the cares of wealth, if not wholly from those of ambition. He had now commenced a prosperous career as a statesman, and was ill prepared for the fatal reverse which was at hand, and which, although there were other precipitating circumstances, may be dated from the time the DUKE of BOLTON was appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland, in the year last mentioned. The Duke insisted on quartering upon him a friend of one WEBSTER, whom he had made his secretary and a privy counsellor. This was either an insult or an injury, and with lofty spirits the distinction is rarely admitted, which BUDGELL resented with asperity, and was therefore deprived of his place of accountant. He then came to England, contrary to the advice of ADDISON, and probably of every other friend, and *farther irritated* his powerful enemies by pub-

lishing his case. This irritation was the more keen, as they were unprepared to defend their treatment of a man who had been a very faithful and useful servant to the public. In 1719 he made another enemy in the EARL of SUNDERLAND, by publishing a very popular pamphlet against the famous peerage bill: but his declension was chiefly hastened by the loss of twenty thousand pounds, which he had embarked in the South-sea scheme, and by his subsequent disappointment in not being able to accompany the DUKE of PORTLAND, who was appointed governor of Jamaica, as his grace's secretary. He had made arrangements for this new office, and was about to sail, when a secretary of state was sent to the duke, to acquaint him, "that he might take any man in England for his secretary, excepting Mr. BUDGELL, but that he must not take *him**."

After this event, his life appears to have been wasted in a fruitless struggle to regain consequence, and recruit his finances. Among other expedients, the DUCHESS of MARLBOROUGH endeavoured to procure him a seat in parliament, where she hoped his disappointments would render him an useful opposition member, but this did not succeed. About the year 1732, on the death of Dr. MATTHEW TINDALL, a bequest to BUDGELL appeared in his will, accompanied by circumstances so suspicious, that in consequence of a legal inquiry the will was set

* Biog. Brit. new edit. vol. ii. 1780.

aside. His supposed share in this transaction alluded to by POPE.

> " Let BUDGELL charge low Grub-street on my quill,
> " And write whate'er he please, *except my will.*"

Yet BUDGELL's situation at this time mu have been low, for the sum to which he th sacrificed his peace and his character did n much exceed two thousand pounds.

From this unhappy period his mind appears have been absorbed in gloomy reflections on tl loss of reputation, friends, and fortune, until it last contracted that inexplicable delirium whi presents to a disordered imagination the adva tages of suicide. On May 4, 1737, he drown himself in the Thames, by jumping out of boat at London Bridge, and had evidently ma deliberate preparations for this catastrophe: b sides intimating to his servant, when he we out, that he should return no more, his pock was filled with stones, and in his escritoire w a short scrap of a will, written a day or two b fore, importing that he left all his perso estate to his natural daughter, ANNE BUDGEI then about eleven years of age. This last c cumstance is not very consistent with the rep that he had previously endeavoured to persua his daughter to accompany him*. He left a

* This daughter afterwards became an actress; in 1743 we her on the stage with GARRICK and Mrs. CIBBER, in the trag of Tancred and Sigismunda. DAVIES, the Biographer of G RICK, adds, that she was an actress of considerable powers, died at Bath about the year 1755.

on his bureau a slip of paper, on which was written,

> "What CATO did, and ADDISON approved,
> "Cannot be wrong—"

A conclusion which it would be unfair to draw from the circumstances of Cato's scenic death. Why this unhappy man, who, according to his biographers, had shewn many symptoms of mental derangement, should not have been more carefully watched is needless to inquire, since, in many similar cases, it is a question to which even the courts of justice cannot extort an answer.

BUDGELL's character appears to have been a compound of great vanity and ungovernable passions; failings which in prosperity are not always hurtful, because they may be gratified by applause and submission, but which, on a reverse of fortune, generally undermine all moral principle, and bring the strongest minds to a level with the weakest. In his civil employments, he was not only indefatigable, but conscientious in a very high degree*, and a sense of the services he had rendered to the public

* His conduct in the embarkation of the troops, &c. to be sent from Ireland to Scotland, during the rebellion in 1715, was "singularly disinterested; for he took no extraordinary service-money, and would not receive any gratuity or fees for the commissions which passed through his office for the colonels and officers of militia then raising in Ireland. The lords justices were desirous that a handsome present should be made him for his distinguished zeal and labour in this affair, but he generously and firmly refused to draw up a warrant *for that purpose*. Biog. Brit. new edit.

may have no doubt aggravated the insult which he received from the ministry, and which certainly cannot be palliated.

His first appearance as an author is said by CIBBER, (or rather SHIELLS) to have been in the TATLER, but no inquiry has been able to trace his pen in that work. In the SPECTATOR, he wrote twenty-eight papers, with the signature letter X*, which he used, it is said, instead of the initials of his name to mark upon his linen. Of these papers, few rise above mediocrity; he had talents that enabled him to assist in a work of this kind, but there is no reason to believe that he could have acted as a principal. His best papers are Nos. 307, 313, 337, and 353, on education: they contain many useful remarks, illustrated by apposite examples and authorities. The only papers distinguishable for wit, are Nos. 365 and 395, on the effects of the month of May on the female constitution; in these the style of ADDISON is imitated with great felicity; but I know not what praise we can assign to them, if what Dr. JOHNSON reports, from traditional authority, be true, that "ADDISON wrote BUDGELL's papers, at least mended them so much that he made them almost his own†."

Besides these twenty-eight papers attributed to him in consequence of the signature, he is,

* No. 232 was marked X in the folio edit. but Z in the first 8vo.; the annotators think it was the composition of Mr. H. MARTYN, but more probably the alteration of the signature was a typographical error. The signature is omitted in the first 12mo. a very correct edition, and in all the subsequent ones.

† BOSWELL's Life of JOHNSON.

in the opinion of the annotators on the SPECTATOR, the presumptive author of a short letter, signed *Eustace*, in No. 539, and of Nos. 591, 602, 605, and 628, the last of which contains a Latin translation of Cato's soliloquy, formerly said to be the production of ATTERBURY, but which Mr. NICHOLS has discovered to have been written by Dr. HENRY BLAND, head master of Eton school. These last-mentioned papers occur in the eighth volume of the common editions of the SPECTATOR, which is said to have been conducted by ADDISON and BUDGELL.

The annotators on the GUARDIAN have assigned to him Nos. 25 and 31; but if their authority was the notice in the Preface, that "those which are marked with a star were composed by Mr. BUDGELL," they seem to have committed an error. The 24th is marked with a star in the folio and first octavo editions, but not the 25th.

No. 31, his last contribution, cannot be read without regret that the author should have departed from his own principles in all the critical periods of his life. A similar reflection will occur in reading his Spectator, No. 389, on Infidelity, to which he certainly verged in the latter part of his life, and which, there is every reason to think, was occasioned by his connection with TINDALL*.

* BUDGELL published a translation of the characters of Theophrastus, a history of the family of the Boyles, and some political pamphlets. He also compiled a periodical work, called the BEE, chiefly from the newspapers, in the form of a magazine, but in consequence of quarrelling with the booksellers, and filling the pam-

The next contributor, of perhaps more value was Mr. JOHN HUGHES. He was the son of citizen of London, and was born at Marlbo rough, July 29, 1677. He received his educa tion at a dissenting academy, under the care o Mr. THOMAS ROWE, where, at the same time the afterwards celebrated Dr. ISAAC WATT was a student, whose piety and friendship fo Mr. HUGHES induced him to regret that he em ployed any part of his talents in writing for th stage.

It does not appear for what profession he wa originally intended. He was early distinguish ed for his poetical and musical abilities, whe they could be exerted only in his leisure hours as he held a place in the office of ordnance and was secretary to several commissions fo purchasing lands necessary to secure the roya docks at Chatham and Portsmouth.

His poetical pieces were written, partly o temporary subjects, and partly for musical en tertainments. Some of the latter were set b PEPUSCH, and some by HANDEL. The gene ral character of his poetry is not high. SWIF and POPE ranked him among the *mediocrists* and this opinion, which they gave when hi works were published in 1735, and long after h

phlet with his own disputes and concerns, he was obliged to dro the undertaking. Four volumes of this work are now before m It exhibits little more than the ruins of a mind. He was attacke on all sides by contemporary writers respecting the affair of Ti dall's will, and he endeavours by long, wild, and incoherent rha sodies, to regain the good opinion of the public, which, howeve he had for ever forfeited by that transaction.

was beyond the reach of praise or blame, has been adopted by Dr. JOHNSON. The performance for which he is now chiefly remembered, is his tragedy of the *Siege of Damascus*, which still holds its rank on the stage, though "it is neither acted nor printed according to the author's original draught, or his settled intention. He had made Phocyas apostatize from his religion; after which, the abhorrence of Eudocia would have been reasonable, his misery would have been just, and the horrors of his repentance exemplary. The players, however, required that the guilt of Phocyas should terminate in desertion to the enemy: and HUGHES, unwilling that his relations should lose the benefit of his work, complied with the alteration*."

He died Feb. 17, 1719-20, the same day on which this play was first represented. STEELE, who has drawn a very favourable character of him in THE THEATRE, No. 15, says, "I cannot, in the first place, but felicitate a death, on the same evening in which he received, and merited, the applause of his country, for a great and good action; his work is full of such sentiments as only can give comfort in the last hour; and I am told, he showed a pleasure in hearing that the labours, which he so honestly and virtuously intended, had met with a suitable success."

In this, however, STEELE was deceived; and it is singular that he did not perceive he was

* JOHNSON's Life of HUGHES. His life is also written by DUNCOMBE, by CIBBER, and by Dr. CAMPBELL, in the Biog Brit.

placing his friend in the novel and ridiculous situation of an author preparing for eternity by the recollection of a well-written play, and the applause of a crowded theatre. The truth is, HUGHES had laid aside all thoughts of his play, and composed himself to meet death with the resolution and dignity becoming a Christian*. He was of a very feeble constitution, tending to consumption, which, after many lingering attacks, and flattering abatements, put an end to his blameless life, at an age when life is usually reckoned in its prime.

He appears to have been universally regretted as an honest and amiable man, and held an enviable rank among the wits of his time. Such was his acknowledged judgment, that ADDISON requested he would complete his Cato for the stage; and although this task was afterwards performed by ADDISON himself, yet it was by the persuasion of HUGHES that this celebrated play was finished and acted.

As a prose writer he is known by his edition of SPENSER's works, which he enriched with a life, a glossary, and a discourse on allegorical poetry. He also wrote the preface to the "Complete History of England," usually called Dr. KENNET's; and translated FONTENELLE's "Dialogues of the Dead," to which he added two composed by himself, and (Dr. JOHNSON has remarked) "though not only an honest, but a pious man, dedicated his work to the EARL of WHARTON." His first prose essay, which has

* DUNCOMBE's Life, prefixed to HUGHES's Works.

much merit, is, "On the pleasure of being deceived," and is dated 1701, when he was in his twenty-fourth year.

His contributions to the TATLER are, a letter signed *Josiah Coupler*, in No. 64; another signed *Will Trusty*, in No. 73, to which TICKELL alludes in some verses in No. 532 of the SPECTATOR; and the Inventory of a Beau, in No. 113. The annotators suspect that he wrote No. 194, with an eye to his edition of SPENSER.

In the SPECTATOR he was the author of two letters, No. 33 and 53, on the art of improving beauty; in No. 66, of two letters concerning fine breeding; in No. 91, the history of *Honoria*; in No. 104, a letter on the ladies' riding-habits; in No. 141, remarks on the *Lancashire witches*; No. 210, on the immortality of the soul; No. 220, on expedients for wit, a letter; No. 230, all, except the last letter; No. 231, a letter on the awe of appearing before public assemblies; No. 237, on Divine Providence, which was printed by TICKELL, in his edition of ADDISON's works, but was afterwards claimed for HUGHES, by Mr. DUNCOMBE; the letter in No. 231, is also published in ADDISON's works, but evidently from its connection with the rest of the paper. HUGHES wrote also, in No. 252, a letter on the eloquence of tears and fainting fits; No. 311, a letter from the father of a great fortune; No. 375, a picture of virtue in distress, which a writer in DUNCOMBE's Letters says "mixed tears with a great deal of the tea, which was that morning drank in London and Westminster;" No. *525, on* conjugal love; No. 537,

on the dignity of human nature; No. 541, rules for pronunciation and action; and No. 554, on the improvement of genius; No. 302, the character of *Emilia*, claimed by Mr. DUNCOMBE, was written by Dr. BROME; on the other hand, however, the annotators on the SPECTATOR assign to him Nos. 224 and 467*.

In the GUARDIAN, only one paper, No. 37, has been discovered to be his, and in his correspondence, published in 1772, are three short letters, intended for the GUARDIAN, which are added to the present edition. The general character of all his essays is favourable; he appears to have possessed a mild and agreeable humour, some of the strokes of which are truly ADDISONIAN; and his serious papers are excellent both for matter and manner. Such was his regard for decency, that he withdrew his contributions to a volume of Miscellaneous Poems, published by STEELE, because POPE's imitation of CHAUCER's Wife of Bath was to be inserted in it.

The name of POPE has been currently repeated among those of the authors of the SPECTATOR, yet one article only, and that a very trifling

* In "DUNCOMBE's Letters by several eminent Persons deceased, including the Correspondence of JOHN HUGHES, Esq." is printed a letter by Mr. HUGHES, intended for the SPECTATOR, on English Operas, vol. i. p. 61, edit. 1772. The letter signed *Parthenissa*, in No. 306, is claimed for HUGHES, by Mr. DUNCOMBE, who adds, that the real person alluded to was a Miss ROTHERAM, sister to the second lady of the sixth Lord EFFINGHAM, and afterwards married to the Rev. Mr. WYATT, master of *Felsted school*, in Essex. Gent. Mag. 1780.

one, in No. 527, a short letter with a few verses, is all that can with certainty be ascribed to him. His "Messiah" was published in No. 378, and the annotators deduce that he wrote No. 408, from its train of thought, which is the same that occurs frequently in his works, and especially in his "Essay on Man." His contributions to the GUARDIAN are more important, and will be noticed in the Preface to that paper.

Two excellent papers on dreaming, Nos. 586 and 593, and which have been the foundation of many succeeding essays on the same subject, considered in the same point of view, were written by Mr. JOHN BYROM, whose facetious talents were well suited to this species of composition, and whose delicate and simple humour appears so favourably in the well-known verses in No. 603, beginning "My time, O ye muses, &c." His PHEBE, was the youngest of the celebrated Dr. BENTLEY'S daughters, and the mother of RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Esq. the present well-known dramatic and miscellaneus writer. The annotators ascribe to Mr. BYROM also No. 587, a paper to which he was certainly equal, but in this assignment they have overlooked a passage in No. 593, in which his being the author is positively denied. They are perhaps more correct in giving him credit for No. 597, although even that appears doubtful.

This ingenious writer, a younger son of EDWARD BYROM, of Kersal, in Lancashire, was born at Manchester, 1691. He was educated first in his native town, and afterwards at Merchant-*Taylor's School in* London, whence he

was admitted a pensioner of Trinity College, Cambridge, under the celebrated Mr. BAKER, July 6, 1708. His first productions were the papers in the SPECTATOR we have enumerated. In the same year in which they appeared, 1714, he was elected fellow of his college, but not choosing to enter into orders, he was obliged to vacate his fellowship in 1716, and went to Montpellier, where, applying himself closely to the study of physic, he acquired the appellation of Dr. BYROM*. On his return to London, he married his cousin, Miss ELIZABETH BYROM, against the consent of her father, who consequently gave her no fortune, and our author's little property having been exhausted in his travels, he engaged in teaching short-hand writing, and for some years obtained a competent subsistence by that ingenious and useful art, and taught, amongst many others, the celebrated EARL of CHESTERFIELD. His talents, however, must have been otherwise conspicuous, as, in 1724, he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society. Some time after, the family estate at Kersal devolved to him by the death of his elder brother, and relieved him from the business of teaching short hand.

He now retired to enjoy, what it appears he was eminently qualified for, the pleasures of domestic life, and indulged his pen in a variety of poetical attempts, chiefly on religious subjects; but his lighter verses, which in mature years he despised, have generally been allow-

* NICHOLS's Select Collection of Poems, vol. vii.

ed the preference. His religion, which was strongly tinctured with Behmenism, led him to discuss subjects in verse, which perhaps no man but himself would have clothed in that dress. His humour was, however, generally predominant, and inclines us to wish that he had been less attached to rhime, a propensity which betrayed him into more than poetical freedoms with subjects beyond his province. In one of his critical dissertations in verse, he denied the existence of St. George, the patron of England, and challenged the antiquaries to consider the question. The contest between a poet and an antiquary seems very unequal, yet the late venerable Dr. PEGGE accepted the challenge, and confuted the poet's hypothesis in a paper in the Archæologia.

Mr. BYROM died on the 28th of September, 1763, leaving behind him the character of a man of piety, wit, and learning. The general tenour of his life was innocent and inoffensive, and it appears that the great truths of Christianity had, from his earliest years, made a deep impression on his mind*. It is some deduction from his character, however, that he not only spent much of his time in reading the mystic writers, but even professed to understand the works of JACOB BEHMEN.

Four papers in the eighth volume of the SPECTATOR, were the production of Mr. HENRY GROVE, of Taunton, a very learned and pious divine of the dissenting persuasion, who died in

* *Biog. Brit.* new edit.

1737, and of whom a very copious account is given in the Biographia. His papers are of the serious kind. Nos. 588 and 601, on self-love and benevolence; No. 626, on the force of novelty; and No. 635, on the enlargement of the powers of the mind in a future state. Of these essays the praise has been uniform. Dr. JOHNSON declared No. 588 to be "one of the finest pieces in the English language*;" and No. 635, was republished by the direction of Dr. GIBSON, Bishop of London, along with ADDISON's Evidences, in a 12mo. edition, dated 1731†.

Mr. GROVE's publications in his lifetime were very numerous, and after his death, four volumes of posthumous pieces were added to his works. His "Moral Philosophy" is a very useful book, not only on account of the manner in which he has treated the various subjects connected with morals, but as forming an index of reference to every publication that had then appeared, in which each topic had been directly or collaterally treated.

In the list of the writers of the SPECTATOR, given by STEELE in No. 555, the name of Mr. HENRY MARTYN occurs, but no part of his share can be ascertained, except the letter to the king of France, in No. 180. No. 200, on the same subject, is conjectured by the annotators to be his, and they have the same suspicion of No. 232. Some account of this gentleman

* BOSWELL's Life of JOHNSON. See also the Additions to his Life, p. 12, 2d. edit. 1793.

† *Biog. Brit.*

given in WARD's Lives of the Gresham Pro-
sors*. He was an excellent scholar and an
le lawyer, but his infirm state of health would
t permit him to attend the courts. He had
principal concern in a paper called "The
ITISH MERCHANT, or Commerce Preserved,"
answer to "The MERCATOR, or Commerce
etrieved," written by DEFOE, in 179 numbers,
om May 26, 1713, to July 20, 1714, with a
ew to get the treaty of commerce made with
ance at the peace of Utrecht ratified by par-
ament. The rejection of that treaty was in a
eat measure promoted by Mr. MARTYN's pa-
r, and government rewarded him for it by
aking him Inspector-General of the imports
d exports of the customs. He died at Black-
ath, March 25, 1721.

In the same list, in No. 555, are given the
mes of Mr. CAREY, of New College, Oxford,
r. TICKELL, and Mr. EUSDEN†, but no inquiry
to their respective shares has been yet satis-
ctory. The signature T. has been frequently
spected to mean TICKELL; yet nothing of
is can be ascertained, except what will not
nk him among ESSAYISTS, a poem entitled
"The Royal Progress," in No. 620‡.

* P. 333, after the life of his brother, EDWARD MARTYN,
ofessor of Rhetoric, and the immediate predecessor of WARD,
e biographer.

† A short letter in No. 84. on idols, is ascribed by the annota-
rs to Mr. EUSDEN, afterwards the poet-laureat, but this cannot
serve the acknowledgment in No. 555.

‡ The annotators give him the first part of No. 410, as has been
ready mentioned.

An ingenious letter on the eye, in No. 250, is ascribed to Mr. GOLDING, of whom I have not been able to procure any information.

A very short letter, written with a tradesman-like simplicity, in No. 268, and signed JAMES EASY, was the production of Mr. JAMES HEYWOOD, many years a wholesale linen-draper on Fish-Street-Hill, who died at his house in Austin-friars, in the 90th year of his age, July 23, 1776.

The excellent character of *Emilia*, in No. 302, was claimed by Mr. DUNCOMBE for Mr. HUGHES, but it has since been ascertained that it was written by Dr. BROOME; but whether Dr. BROOME, the poet, and partner with POPE in translating the Odyssey, is not so clearly determined. BROMIUS, mentioned in this paper, will not agree with his character, who, when Rector of Sturston, in Suffolk, "married a wealthy widow*." The lady named here *Emilia*, was the "mother of Mrs. Ascham, of Connington, in Cambridgeshire, and grandmother of the present Lady Hatton."

The letter on foreign travel, in No. 364, signed *Philip Homebred*, was written by Mr. PHILIP YORKE, afterwards the celebrated Lord CHANCELLOR HARDWICKE. Mr. BOSWELL informs us, probably in too decisive language, that Dr. JOHNSON would not allow merit to this letter, and said that "it was quite vulgar, and had nothing luminous." It is certainly not the paper we might expect from a LORD CHAN-

* *JOHNSON'S* Lives of the Poets, art. BROME, or BROOME.

CELLOR, but it was written by a young man, just admitted to the bar, and who had sense enough to censure a prevailing folly with some degree of humour, and great justice. The same subject has been since illustrated in the WORLD by another nobleman, PHILIP EARL of CHESTERFIELD*.

The EARL of HARDWICKE, who is supposed to have been the author of another paper, which cannot now be ascertained, was one of those illustrious characters who have ennobled their families by merit in a profession, in which, with very few exceptions, merit only has been found to succeed. In very early life he appears to have been noted for learning and industry, and for qualities which were fitted to shine in public life. When only twenty-eight years of age, he had a seat in parliament, and the following year was promoted to the office of solicitor-general, on the recommendation of the LORD CHANCELLOR PARKER. In Feb. 1723-4, he was appointed attorney-general, and in October, 1733, lord chief justice of the king's bench. On the decease of LORD TALBOT, in 1736-7, he was called to the high office of lord chancellor, when only in his forty-seventh year. Yet this rapid succession of honours was followed by a correspondent share of popularity. In each office he discharged his duty in a manner both honourable and dignified: his station derived lustre from his piety, his learning, and his justice, and he

* See an article on the same subject by ADDISON, in TATLER, No. 93.

at once enjoyed and deserved the esteem of the public. Of his abilities the following character is said to be strictly just. "The style of his eloquence was more adapted to the house of lords than to the house of commons. The tone of his voice was pleasing and melodious; his manner was placid and dignified. Precision of arrangement, closeness of argument, fluency of expression, elegance of diction, great knowledge of the subject on which he spoke, were his particular characteristics. He seldom rose into great animation: his chief aim was more to convince than amuse; to appeal to the judgment rather than to the feelings of his auditors. He possessed a perfect command over himself, and his even temper was never ruffled by petulant opposition, or malignant invective*." He died March 6, 1764, and it is by general consent that the epithets GREAT and GOOD have been ever since connected with his name.

Two visions, in Nos. 460 and 501, were written by Dr. THOMAS PARNELL. This allegorical mode of conveying instruction was much encouraged and practised by ADDISON and his contemporaries; and, we are informed by STEELE, there was always a particular demand for such papers. Dr. PARNELL's *Visions* have considerable merit, but from a member of the *Scriblerus Club*, and a man of acknowledged wit, we might have surely expected contributions of a more humorous cast. Dr. GOLDSMITH's Life of PARNELL, prefixed to his works, was the

* *Coxe's Memoirs* of Sir R. WALPOLE, vol. i. p. 43, 4to.

first attempt to collect memorials of him; although enrolled among the English poets in Dr. JOHNSON's edition, his name had not appeared in the General Dictionary, or in the Biographia Britannica. GOLDSMITH's materials are very scanty, and JOHNSON, while he compliments GOLDSMITH on what he had done, seems averse to the subject.

THOMAS PARNELL, D. D. descended from an ancient family, of Congleton, in Cheshire, was born in Dublin, in the year 1679, and was admitted a member of Dublin College at the early age of thirteen. He took his degree of M. A. July 9, 1700, and in the same year was ordained a deacon, by Dr. WILLIAM KING, then bishop of Derry, having a dispensation from the primate, as being under twenty-three years of age. He was admitted into priest's orders about three years after, by Dr. KING, then archbishop of Dublin, and was collated by Dr. ASHE, bishop of Clogher, to the archdeaconry of Clogher, Feb. 9, 1705. About that time he married Miss ANNE MINCHIN, a young lady of great beauty and merit, by whom he had two sons, who died young, and a daughter, living in 1770. The death of his wife is supposed to have made an indelible impression on his spirits, and drove him to that remedy which of all others is the least efficacious, and is itself a calamity of the most deplorable kind*. He was warmly recommended by SWIFT to Archbishop KING, who gave him a prebend in 1713, and in

* *GOLDSMITH*, p. 21, edit. 1773.

1716 the vicarage of Finglas, worth 400*l. per annum**. He died at Chester, July, 1718, on his way to Ireland.

His prose works are two papers in the SPECTATOR, two in the GUARDIAN, the life of Zoilus, (a satire on DENNIS,) an essay on the origin of sciences in the character of *Martinus Scriblerus*, and the life of HOMER prefixed to POPE's translation. His poetical fame rests chiefly on his HERMIT, but even his inferior poems are more correct and pleasing than his prose.

The letter signed *Peter de Quir*, in No. 396, and that signed *Tom Tweer*, in No. 518, were the productions of that very eccentric character, ORATOR HENLEY, a name and title which have seldom been pronounced without contempt, yet it was late in life before he earned this contempt. His early days were laudably and industriously employed, as appears by the very curious and authentic memoirs Mr. NICHOLLS has given of him in his "History of Leicestershire," under the article of Melton Mowbray, HENLEY's native place.

From his letter, in No. 518, as well as from some of his avowed publications, he seems to have possessed a kind of humour, which a man of sense or delicacy might have employed with success. But HENLEY preferred the character of a buffoon, and the life of an outcast, and was for many years the ornament and delight of Clare Market, where he established an oratory to which the very lowest ranks resorted. Here,

* *NICHOLS's* Select Collection of Poems, vol. iii. p. 209.

when vulgarity itself was satiated with his nonsense, he hit upon various expedients to bring a crowded audience*. At one time he called the Jews together, by offering a reward to any one who should interpret a Hebrew inscription painted on his pulpit, and which consisted of the letters of the Hebrew alphabet jumbled together in the form of words without meaning. On another occasion, he procured a full audience of shoemakers, who were to be told how to make a pair of shoes in two minutes, which was by cutting off the tops of ready-made boots†. As there was no admittance to his oratory, without paying a sum at the door, generally a shilling, such expedients served occasionally to recruit his finances. He was also the author of a weekly paper of unintelligible declamation, called The HYP-DOCTOR, for which "secret-service‡" he had 100*l.* a year. The origin of the HYP-DOCTOR, as it has been related to the writer of this article, will show the peculiar turn of HENLEY's humour. He went to Sir ROBERT WALPOLE, represented himself as a man who could do great service to the state, and hinted that it would be wise to employ him.

* The late Rev. Mr. COLE of Milton says, he remembers HENLEY coming to Cambridge, and soliciting for a booth in Sturbridge fair, for his Lectures, which was refused. COLE's MSS. in Brit. Mus.

† His introductory position on this subject was *omne majus continet in se minus.*

‡ Biog Dict. In COOKE's Preacher's Assistant is a list of fifteen sermons preached on public occasions, and printed, by our orator. One is entitled, "The Butcher's Lecture." Mr. COOKE calls him "*Rector of Chelmondiston*, Suffolk."

Sir ROBERT declined the offer in very p terms, and HENLEY left the room with a thr that "he could wield a pen!" On recollect the minister thought it might be proper to this writer's opposition by a small salary, called after him from the top of the stair-c "HYP! DOCTOR!" promised him his supp and immediately the HYP-DOCTOR, No. 1, n its appearance. Its purpose was to ridicule arguments of the CRAFTSMAN.

In No. 288, is a letter from a tradesman, commending his wares, signed PETER M TEUX, the real name of a man of some tale but, if the manner of his death has not been represented, of immoral character. He w native of France, and came to England on revocation of the edict of Nantz. Such was skill he acquired in the English language, he translated with success Rabelais and Quixote, and wrote some very popular pl He had a large East-India warehouse in Leac hall-street, and held a place in the foreign P office. Although advanced in life, and mar to a very beautiful woman, he indulged in licentiousness of brothels, in one of which he found dead, Feb. 19, 1717-18*.

The affectionate letter on the death of a w in No. 520, is attributed to a Mr. FRANCH of Norwich, of whom nothing else is now membered: and an excellent dream, in No. 5 is said to have been the joint production of DUNLOP, then Greek professor of Glas

* Biog. Dict. and Dram.

University, and of Mr. MONTGOMERY, a merchant. Of the latter gentleman, we are told, that he traded to Sweden, and his business carrying him there, he was obliged to leave that kingdom abruptly, in consequence of "something between" him and Queen Christina. This event is supposed to have affected his intellects, much in the manner as Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY is represented to have been injured by his passion for the widow*. Mr. DUNLOP is chiefly known as the author of a Greek grammar, used in most of the schools and universities of Scotland. Upon what authority the *joint* concern of these gentlemen in this paper is asserted, does not appear. It was formerly ascribed to PROFESSOR SIMPSON, of Glasgow, but whether the mathematician or the divine, for there were two of the name contemporaries, we are not informed.

A letter in No. 140, signed *Leonora*, and another in No. 163, with the same signature, are said to have been written by a Miss SHEPHEARD, and a letter in No. 92, by her sister. Of these ladies it is only related that they were collateral descendants of Sir FLEETWOOD SHEPHEARD, "of facetious memory." A very short letter in No. 480, signed M. D. was written by Mr. ROBERT HARPER, of Lincoln's-Inn, an eminent conveyancer. STEELE omitted some parts of it, and made some alterations in it.

The last contributor to the SPECTATOR, of whom we have any knowledge, and who was

* *Spect. 8vo. vol. vii. p. 284, note.*

the longest survivor, is Dr. ZACHARY PEARCE a late BISHOP of ROCHESTER. He was the so of an opulent distiller in Holborn, and was bor in 1690. He had his education at Westminste school, where he was distinguished by his me rit, and elected one of the king's scholars. I 1710, he was elected to Trinity-College, Cam bridge. In 1716, he published the first editio of his "*Cicero de Oratore*," and at the desire o a friend, dedicated it to Lord CHIEF JUSTIC PARKER, afterwards Earl of MACCLESFIELD, t whom he was an entire stranger. This inciden laid the foundation of his future fortune, fo Lord PARKER soon after recommended him t Dr. BENTLEY, master of Trinity, to be mad one of the fellows. In 1717, being then M. A he was ordained, and in 1718 was invited t live with the LORD CHANCELLOR PARKER, a his lordship's domestic chaplain. In 1719, h was instituted to the rectory of Stapleford Ab bots, in Essex, and in 1720, to that of St. Bar tholomew, Exchange, London. In 1723, hi noble patron presented him to St. Martin's i the Fields, and in 1726, he preached a sermo at the consecration of that church, when rebui in its present splendid form. In 1724, the de gree of D. D. was conferred on him by Arc bishop WAKE. In 1739, he was appointed t the deanery of Winchester, and in 1748 to th bishoprick of Bangor; in 1756, he was remove to the see of Rochester, and the deanery Westminster. In 1763, when the infirmiti of age began to be felt, he wished to resig *both,* and retire into a quiet station, but h

majesty prevailed on him to continue. Dr. PEARCE's reasons for an application so unusual do him much honour; he said, that as he never made a sinecure of his preferments, he was tired with business, and being in the 74th year of his age, he wished to resign his preferments while his faculties were entire, lest he should outlive them, and the church suffer by his infirmities*. In 1763, however, he obtained leave to resign the deanery. In 1773, he lost his lady, with whom he had enjoyed an uninterrupted course of domestic comfort for fifty-two years, and after some months of lingering decay, he died at Little Ealing, June 29, 1774. Being asked one day how he could live with so little nutriment, "I live," said he "upon the recollection of an innocent and well-spent life, which is my only sustenance†." He supported through this long life the character of an able divine, and a sound critic and philologer‡.

During his early years, he amused himself with light compositions, of which it is to be regretted he did not publish more than the SPECTATOR, No. 572, on quacks, which was a little retouched by ADDISON, and No. 633, on eloquence ‖. He wrote also a paper in the GUAR-

* MS. Letter from Dr. PETTINGAL to Mr. COLE, in Brit. Mus.

† NICHOLS's Anecdotes of BOWYER.

‡ His life was prefixed to his posthumous works by the Rev. Mr. DERBY, his chaplain, 2 vols. 4to. 1777, but his papers in the SPECTATOR and GUARDIAN, were acknowledged by Dr. PEARCE, in a letter to Dr BIRCH, dated June 5, 1764.

‖ The annotators on the SPECTATOR, by some mistake, say that *No. 636 was printed by* TICKELL, in his edition of ADDI-

DIAN, which will be noticed in its proper pl
and an exquisite little fancy in a periodical
per entitled THE FREETHINKER.

At the conclusion of No. 555, STEELE s
"It had not come to my knowledge, wh
left off the SPECTATOR, that I owe several
cellent sentiments and agreeable pieces in
work to Mr. INCE, of Gray's Inn." The a
tators follow this intimation with some acc
of Mr. INCE, but no discovery has been m
of his "sentiments," or "pieces." In a
versation with Dr. JOHNSON, in 1777,
MURPHY said, he remembered when there
several people alive in London, who enjoy
considerable reputation merely from ha
written a paper in the SPECTATOR. He m
tioned particularly Mr. INCE, who used to
quent Tom's coffee-house. Dr. JOHNSON,
seemed to think this kind of mention dep
ating, repeated how highly STEELE speak
Mr. INCE. He was secretary to the acco
of the army, and died October 11, 1758. T
many persons wrote single papers or lette
the SPECTATOR, whose names are now irr
verable, may be easily supposed. Mr. C
in his MSS. in the British Museum, mentio
Mr. WESTERN, father of THOMAS WEST
of Rivenhall, in Essex, (which last died in 17
as the author of a few numbers; and I l
from a recent letter in the Gentleman's M
zine, that the Rev. JOHN LLOYD, M. A.

SON's works. TICKELL published no SPECTATORS in tha
tion, after No. 600.

published a poem entitled "GOD," about the year 1724, calls himself, in the title-page, "Author of several of the Spectators."

The paper in which the above compliment is paid to Mr. INCE, is the concluding one of the seventh volume of the original *second* edition, to which STEELE signs his name, and in which he introduces the names of the principal writers. The SPECTATOR was then laid down about a year and a half, in which interval the GUARDIAN, and its sequel, the ENGLISHMAN, were published. The time when the SPECTATOR was revived, Dr. JOHNSON thought "unfavourable to literature," as "the succession of a new family to the throne filled the nation with anxiety, discord, and confusion." The attempt, however, was made, (for which a whimsical reason is assigned in No. 632) and not unsuccessfully with respect to merit, but the sale was not so extensive as that of the preceding papers. They now came out only three times a week, and STEELE, it is thought, had no concern in it. ADDISON wrote above a fourth part, and conducted the whole with EUSTACE BUDGELL, whose share, if he had any, has not been ascertained. There are none of the papers lettered at the close, as in the preceding volumes, and ADDISON's contributions are marked in this edition upon the authority of Mr. TICKELL, who collected them in his works.

In Dr. JOHNSON's opinion, this volume is more valuable than any of those which went *before it. There is* certainly more variety of

style and manner in it, and perhaps of subject but in general the papers are less lively, an have been less popular. Why the SPECTATO was revived after the GUARDIAN had closed and why it ends abruptly with a paper from stranger, are questions which cannot now b resolved. There is some reason to think thi eighth volume was a bookseller's project, wh perhaps employed BUDGELL as editor, and en gaged ADDISON as a writer.

Of the great success of the SPECTATOR, bot in papers and in volumes, we have unequivoca evidence from STEELE's declaration, in No. 555 that an edition of the reprinted volumes, o above "nine thousand each book," were the sold off, such was the laudable avidity in thos days for moral instruction and elegant amuse ment. The tax on each half sheet brought int the stamp office, one week with another, abov 20*l. per* week, notwithstanding it at first re duced the sale to less than half the numbe that was usually printed before the tax was im posed. This stamp-duty took place, Aug. 1 1712, and every single half sheet paid a half penny to the queen. "Have you seen," say Swift, "the stamp? Methinks the stamping is worth a halfpenny. The OBSERVATOR i fallen; the MEDLEYS are jumbled together wit the Flying Post; the EXAMINER is deadly sick the SPECTATOR keeps up and doubles its price." This increased the price of each paper to two pence, the price, as we shall see afterwards, o *periodical* papers*, consisting of three half

* Rambler, Adventurer, &c.

sheets elegantly printed on fine paper, while the TATLERS, SPECTATORS, and GUARDIANS, consisted of a single half-sheet, printed on the vilest paper of which any specimens have descended to posterity.

But the exact amount of the daily sale has been, with some, the subject of much controversy. Dr. JOHNSON, estimating by the 20*l.* paid to the revenue weekly, gives 1680 for the daily number*. One of the annotators thinks that this calculation is not made with the Doctor's usual accuracy; that it is probable we ought to read above "29*l.* instead of above 20*l.*" in STEELE's concluding number; or, that admitting the other sum, it ought to be considered that the greatest number of the SPECTATORS were actually published before the duty, on which the calculation rests, took place. It is added, on the express testimony of Dr. FLEETWOOD, in a letter to the then Bishop of SALISBURY, that the daily sale amounted to *fourteen thousand.*

Whatever the precise number was, it is certain that it far exceeded that of any preceding or contemporary work of the kind, and, it is almost needless to add, of any which has followed. The sale, however, was probably not steady; some papers, we are assured, were bought up with more eagerness than others, and to this, and to the frequent reading and careless hand-

* In opposition to this we have ADDISON's declaration, that three thousand were sold daily about the commencement of the work. See No. 10.

ling of the original publications, it is no doubt owing that a perfect copy can so rarely be met with, notwithstanding the vast number sold.

It was reprinted in octavo, like the TATLER, at the price of one guinea *per* volume, and other editions at inferior prices were soon multipled. It was also translated into French, but with the omission of some papers, and parts of papers, which it is unnecessary to specify to any one acquainted with the work and the state of France at that period.

As there was a spurious TATLER, there was likewise an attempt to impose on the public by a spurious continuation of the SPECTATOR, begun Monday, Jan. 3, 1715, and concluded Monday, Aug. 3. It was published on Mondays and Fridays, and consists of fifty-nine numbers, afterwards republished in 12mo. as "The SPECTATOR, *volume ninth and last.*" My copy adds, "The fifth edition. Printed for W. Mears, at the Lamb, without Temple Bar, 1726*." It is far inferior to the spurious TATLER, and indeed to any imitation whatever, of the works of STEELE and ADDISON.

An humble wish to gratify the public induced some person to publish, in 1712 and 1713, a little volume, entitled, "The mottos of the TATLERS and SPECTATORS translated into English." This extends to the end of the seventh volume of the SPECTATOR. The translations are in general

* One of the principal writers of this volume is said to have been Dr. GEORGE SEWELL, of whom some account has been *given in the* preface to the Tatler.

very poorly executed*. ADDISON's acquaintance with the Roman classics, for it is not clear that he was eminent as a Greek scholar, enabled him to select very apposite lines for his various subjects. Dr. WARTON remarks, in his "Essay on the Genius of POPE," that in applying to the poetical remains of Sappho the two lines of Phædrus, contained in the motto of No. 223, ADDISON has hit upon one of the most elegant and happy applications that perhaps ever was made from any classic author. It may be necessary to inform some readers, that the authors of these papers, as well as their successors, occasionally changed a word or two in a classical quotation, that it might become more apposite to their subject. The translations in the latter editions are entirely new, and selected from the best poets, but no translations of any kind were printed with the volumes for many years after their first publication.

Since the first edition of this Preface appeared, I have been favoured with some information respecting the original of Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY's perverse widow, which ought not to be withheld, although it might have been placed with perhaps more propriety among the annotations. This information was lately communicated, by the Rev. DUKE YONGE of Plympton, to my excellent and learned friend

* The Rev. THOMAS BROUGHTON, one of the original writers of the Biographia Britannica, is said to have translated the mottos of the SPECTATOR, GUARDIAN, and FREEHOLDER, as we now find them. Those of the TATLER were corrected and altered for the edition, *with notes, printed in* 1786, cr. 8vo. 6 vols.

Mr. ARCHDEACON NARES, to whom I am im mediately indebted for a copy.

"My attention," says Mr. YONGE, "wa first drawn to this subject by a very vague tra dition in the family of Sir THOMAS CRAWLE BOEVEY, of Flaxley Abbey in Gloucestershire that Mrs. CATHERINE BOEVEY, widow o WILLIAM BOEVEY, Esquire, and who die January 21, 1726, was the original from whenc the picture was drawn. She was left a widow a the early age of 22, and by her portrait (now a Flaxley Abbey, and drawn at a more advance period of her life), appears to have been a wo man of a handsome dignified figure, as she described to have been in the 113th numbe of the Spectator. She was a personage we known and much distinguished in her day, an is described very respectably in the New At lantis, under the name of Portia.

"From these facts I was induced to examir whether any internal evidence could be trace in the SPECTATOR to justify the tradition. Th result of that inquiry is as follows.

"The papers in the SPECTATOR which giv the description of the widow were certain written by STEELE, and that Mrs. BOEVEY w well known to STEELE, and held by him in hig estimation is equally certain. He dedicat the three volumes of the "Lady's Library" three different ladies. Lady Burlington, Mr BOEVEY, and Mrs. Steele; he describes eac of them in terms of the highest commendatio but each of them is distinguished by very di *criminating* characterstics. However exalte

the characters of Lady Burlington or Mrs. Steele, there is not one word in the dedication to either, which corresponds to the character of the Widow, but the characters of Mrs. BOEVEY and the Widow are drawn with marks of very striking coincidence. No. 113, of the SPECTATOR, as far as it relates to the Widow, is almost a parody on the character of Mrs. BOEVEY, as drawn in the dedication. Sir ROGER tells his friend that she is a reading lady, and that her discourse was as learned as the best philosopher could possibly make. She reads upon the nature of plants, and understands every thing. In the dedication STEELE says, "instead of Assemblies and Conversations, Books and Solitude have been your choice: you have charms of your own sex, and knowledge not inferior to the most learned of ours." In No. 118, "her superior merit is such," says Sir ROGER, "that I cannot approach her without awe, my "heart is checked by too much esteem."—Dedication. "Your person and fortune equally raise the admiration and awe of our whole sex."

"She is described as having a Confident, as the Knight calls her, to whom he expresses a peculiar aversion, No. 118 being chiefly on that subject. "Of all persons under the sun," says the good old Knight, "be sure to set a mark upon confidents." I know not whether the lady was deserving of the Knight's reprobation, but Mrs. BOEVEY certainly had a female friend of this description, of the name of Pope, who lived with her more than forty *years, whom she left* executrix, and who, it is

believed in the family, did not execute l
office in the most liberal manner.

"The character of Mrs. BOEVEY was dese
ing of all the applause which STEELE bestc
upon her; and though these coinciding ma
do not prove that Mrs. BOEVEY and the Wid
were the same, yet the presumption appe
reasonable that he who drew the two portr
so much alike painted from the same origin
and one he tells us himself was Mrs. BOEVI

"Two objections may be started against t
presumptive evidence: That the Knight fi
saw the Widow at the assizes at Worcest
where she appeared, according to his accou
to contest a law-suit.

"That this law-suit was in consequence o
dispute with the heir-at-law of her husband.

"There is no tradition of any such disp
having arisen; and if there had, as Mrs. B
VEY's residence and the property she occup
was in Gloucestershire, Gloucester would ha
been the place where the issue must have be
tried.

"I do not consider the objections as carryi
much weight. STEELE in delineating the c
racter might reasonably be unwilling to descr
her too closely; her residence at Flaxley A
bey was not far from the borders of Worcest
shire, and the Knight in making his first v
speaks of his going *across* the country for t
purpose.

Mrs. BOEVEY was buried in the family va
at Flaxley, with an inscription on the walls

apel to her memory. There is also a ment in Westminster Abbey."

this ingenious paper I have only to re- that it carries as much probability as de- ons from such facts can be expected to at this distance of time. It cannot, how- be improper to suggest to the reader, who wish to examine the evidence more close- at Mrs. BOEVEY was left a widow at the f twenty-two, in the year 1691, and con- ntly at the dates of the SPECTATORS in ı she is described, had arrived at the f forty-two. Sir ROGER is described as ı fifty-sixth year, a disproportion which ı not unsuitable to the character in which drawn, or to the unfortunate issue of his sses.

ORIGINAL DEDICATIONS.

VOL. I.

TO

JOHN LORD SOMERS,

BARON OF EVESHAM.

MY LORD,

I SHOULD not act the part of an impartial Spectator, if I dedicated the following papers to one who is not of the most consummate and most acknowledged merit.

None but a person of a finished character can be proper patron of a work which endeavours to cultivate and polish human life, by promoting virtue nd knowledge, and by recommending whatsoever ay be either useful or ornamental to society.

I know that the homage I now pay you, is offering kind of violence to one who is as solicitous to lun applause, as he is assiduous to deserve it. But, y lord, this is perhaps the only particular in which our prudence will be always disappointed.

While justice, candour, equanimity, a zeal for the ood of your country, and the most persuasive eloquence in bringing over others to it, are valuable istinctions; you are not to expect that the public ill so far comply with your inclinations, as to forear celebrating such extraordinary qualities. It

is in vain that you have endeavoured to conceal your share of merit in the many national services which you have effected. Do what you will, the present age will be talking of your virtues, though posterity alone will do them justice.

Other men pass through oppositions and contending interests in the ways of ambition; but your great abilities have been invited to power, and importuned to accept of advancement. Nor is it strange that this should happen to your lordship, who could bring into the service of your sovereign the arts and policies of ancient Greece and Rome; as well as the most exact knowledge of our own constitution in particular, and of the interests of Europe in general; to which I must also add, a certain dignity in yourself, that (to say the least of it) has been always equal to those great honours which have been conferred upon you.

It is very well known how much the church owed to you, in the most dangerous day it ever saw, that of the arraignment of its prelates; and how far the civil power, in the late and present reign, has been indebted to your counsels and wisdom.

But to enumerate the great advantages which the public has received from your administration, would be a more proper work for an history, than for an address of this nature.

Your lordship appears as great in your private life, as in the most important offices which you have borne. I would, therefore, rather choose to speak of the pleasure you afford all who are admitted to your conversation, of your elegant taste in all the polite arts of learning, of your great humanity and complacency of manners, and of the surprising influence which is peculiar to you, in making every one who converses with your lordship prefer you to

himself, without thinking the less meanly of his own talents. But if I should take notice of all that might be observed in your lordship, I should have nothing new to say upon any other character of distinction. I am,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most devoted,

Most obedient humble servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

VOL. II.

TO

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.

MY LORD,

SIMILITUDE of manners and studies is usually mentioned as one of the strongest motives to affection and esteem; but the passionate veneration I have for your lordship, I think flows from an admiration of qualities in you, of which, in the whole course of these papers, I have acknowledged myself incapable. While I busy myself as a stranger upon earth, and can pretend to no other than being a looker-on, you are conspicuous in the busy and polite world, both in the world of men, and that of letters. While I am silent and unobserved in public meetings, you are admired by all that approach you, as the life and genius of the conversation. What an happy conjunction of different talents meets in him whose whole discourse is at once animated by the strength and *force of reason, and* adorned with all the graces

and embellishments of wit! When learning diates common life, it is then in its highest use perfection; and it is to such as your lordship, the sciences owe the esteem which they have the active part of mankind. Knowledge of l in recluse men, is like that sort of lantern, v hides him who carries it, and serves only to through secret and gloomy paths of his own; in the possession of a man of business, it is, torch in the hand of one who is willing and al shew those who were bewildered, the way v leads to their prosperity and welfare. A gen concern for your country, and a passion for thing which is truly great and noble, are wha tuate all your life and actions; and I hope you forgive me when I have an ambition this book m placed in the library of so good a judge of wl valuable, in that library where the choice is that it will not be a disparagement to be the n est author in it. Forgive me, my lord, for t this occasion of telling all the world how arde love and honour you; and that I am, with th most gratitude for all your favours,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most obliged,
most obedient and most
humble Servant,

THE SPECTATO

VOL. III.

TO

THE RIGHT HON. HENRY BOYLE.*

SIR, 1712.

As the professed design of this work is to entertain its readers in general, without giving offence to any particular person, it would be difficult to find out so proper a patron for it as yourself, there being none whose merit is more universally acknowledged by all parties, and who has made himself more friends, and fewer enemies. Your great abilities and unquestioned integrity, in those high employments which you have passed through, would not have been able to have raised you this general approbation, had they not been accompanied with that moderation in an high fortune, and that affability of manners, which are so conspicuous through all parts of your life. Your aversion to any ostentatious arts of setting to shew those great services which you have done the public, has not likewise a little contributed to that universal acknowledgment which is paid you by your country.

The consideration of this part of your character, is that which hinders me from enlarging on those extraordinary talents, which have given you so great a figure in the British senate, as well as in that elegance and politeness which appear in your more retired conversation. I should be unpardonable if,

* Youngest son of Charles, Lord Clifford, and afterwards Lord Carleton.

after what I have said, I should longer deta
with an address of this nature: I cannot, h
conclude it, without acknowledging those gr
ligations which you have laid upon,

SIR,

Your most obedient
humble Servant,

THE SPECTA

VOL. IV.

TO

THE DUKE OF MARLBORO

MY LORD,

As it is natural to have a fondness for what l
us much time and attention to produce, I ho
grace will forgive my endeavour to preser
work from oblivion, by affixing to it your
rable name.

I shall not here presume to mention th
trious passages of your life, which are celebr
the whole age, and have been the subject
most sublime pens; but if I could convey
posterity in your private character, and desc
stature, the behaviour, and aspect, of the D
Marlborough, I question not but it would
reader with more agreeable images, and give
more delightful entertainment than what
found in the following, or any other book.

One cannot indeed without offence to
observe, that you excel the rest of mankind

least, as well as the greatest endowments. Nor were it a circumstance to be mentioned, if the graces and attractions of your person were not the only pre-eminence you have above others, which is left almost unobserved by greater writers.

Yet how pleasing would it be to those who shall read the surprising revolutions in your story, to be made acquainted with your ordinary life and deportment! How pleasing would it be to hear that the same man, who carried fire and sword into the countries of all that had opposed the cause of liberty, and struck a terror into the armies of France, had, in the midst of his high station, a behaviour as gentle as is usual in the first steps towards greatness! And if it were possible to express that easy grandeur, which did at once persuade and command; it would appear as clearly to those to come, as it does to his contemporaries, that all the great events which were brought to pass under the conduct of so well-governed a spirit, were the blessings of heaven upon wisdom and valour; and all which seem adverse fell out by divine permission which we are not to search into.

You have passed that year of life wherein the most able and fortunate captain, before your time, declared he had lived long enough both to nature and to glory; and your grace may make that reflection with much more justice. He spoke it after he had arrived at empire by an usurpation upon those whom he had enslaved; but the Prince of Mindelheim may rejoice in a sovereignty which was the gift of him whose dominions he had preserved.

Glory established upon the uninterrupted success of honourable designs and actions, is not subject to diminution; nor can any attempts prevail against it, but in the proportion which the narrow circuit *of rumour bears to the* unlimited extent of fame.

We may congratulate your grace not only
your high achievements, but likewise upon
happy expiration of your command, by which
glory is put out of the power of fortune: and
your person shall be so too, that the Author
Disposer of all things may place you in that h
mansion of bliss and immortality which is pre
for good princes, law-givers, and heroes, whe
in his due time removes them from the envy of
kind, is the hearty prayer of,

MY LORD,
Your Grace's most obedient,
Most devoted,
humble Servant,

THE SPECTATO

VOL. V.

TO

THE EARL OF WHARTON.

MY LORD, 1712-

THE author of the Spectator, having prefixed b
each of his volumes the name of some great pe
to whom he has particular obligations, lays his
to your lordship's patronage upon the same acc
I must confess, my lord, had not I already rec
great instances of your favour, I should have
afraid of submitting a work of this nature to
perusal. You are so thoroughly acquainted
the characters of men, and all the parts of h
life, that it is impossible for the least misrepres
tion of them to escape your notice. It is your

ship's particular distinction that you are master of the whole compass of business, and have signalized yourself in all the different scenes of it. We admire some for the dignity, others for the popularity of their behaviour; some for their clearness of judgment, others for their happiness of expression; some for the laying of schemes, and others for the putting of them in execution. It is your lordship only who enjoys these several talents united, and that too in as great perfection as others possess them singly. Your enemies acknowledge this great extent in your lordship's character, at the same time that they use their utmost industry and invention to derogate from it. But it is for your honour that those who are now your enemies were always so. You have acted in so much consistency with yourself, and promoted the interests of your country in so uniform a manner, that even those who would misrepresent your generous designs for the public good, cannot but approve the steadiness and intrepidity with which you pursue them. It is a most sensible pleasure to me that I have this opportunity of professing myself one of your great admirers, and, in a very particular manner,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most obliged,
and most obedient,
humble Servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

VOL. VI.

TO
THE EARL OF SUNDERLAND.

MY LORD, 1712-13.

VERY many favours and civilities (received from you in a private capacity) which I have no other way to acknowledge, will, I hope, excuse this presumption; but the justice I, as a Spectator, owe your character, places me above the want of an excuse. Candour and openness of heart, which shine in all your words and actions, exact the highest esteem from all who have the honour to know you; and a winning condescension to all subordinate to you, made business a pleasure to those who executed it under you, at the same time that it heightened her majesty's favour to all those who had the happiness of having it conveyed through your hands. A secretary of state, in the interest of mankind, joined with that of his fellow-subjects, accomplished with a great facility and elegance in all the modern as well as ancient languages, was a happy and proper member of a ministry, by whose services your sovereign is in so high and flourishing a condition, as makes all other princes and potentates powerful or inconsiderable in Europe, as they are friends or enemies to Great Britain. The importance of those great events which happened during that administration in which your lordship bore so important a charge, will be acknowledged as long as time shall *endure.* I shall not therefore attempt to rehearse

ıose illustrious passages, but give this application more private and particular turn, in desiring your rdship would continue your favour and patronage ı me, as you are a gentleman of the most polite erature, and perfectly accomplished in the knowdge of books* and men, which makes it necessary beseech your indulgence to the following leaves, ıd the author of them; who is, with the greatest ıth and respect,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's
obliged, obedient,
and humble Servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

VOL. VII.

TO

MR. METHUEN†.

SIR,

' is with great pleasure I take an opportunity of blishing the gratitude I owe you for the place u allow me in your friendship and familiarity. I ll not acknowledge to you that I have often had

* His lordship was the founder of the splendid and truly valuable library at Althorp.

† Afterwards Sir Paul Methuen, Knight of the Bath. This y ingenious gentleman, whilst ambassador at the court of rtugal, concluded the famous commercial treaty which bears name; and in the same capacity, at the court of Savoy, rted himself nobly as a military hero.

you in my thoughts, when I have endeavoured to draw, in some parts of these discourses, the character of a good-natured, honest, and accomplished gentleman. But such representations give my reader an idea of a person blameless only, or only laudable for such perfections as extend no farther than to his own private advantage and reputation.

But when I speak of you, I celebrate one who has had the happiness of possessing also those qualities which make a man useful to society, and of having had opportunities of exerting them in the most conspicuous manner.

The great part you had, as British ambassador, in procuring and cultivating the advantageous commerce between the courts of England and Portugal, has purchased you the lasting esteem of all who understand the interest of either nation.

Those personal excellencies which are overrated by the ordinary world, and too much neglected by wise men, you have applied with the justest skill and judgment. The most graceful address in horsemanship, in the use of the sword, and in dancing, has been employed by you as lower arts; and as they have occasionally served to cover or introduce the talents of a skilful minister.

But your abilities have not appeared only in one nation. When it was your province to act as her majesty's minister at the court of Savoy, at that time encamped, you accompanied that gallant prince through all the vicissitudes of his fortune, and shared by his side the dangers of that glorious day in which he recovered his capital. As far as it regards personal qualities, you attained, in that one hour, the highest military reputation. The behaviour of our minister in the action, and the good offices done the vanquished in the name of the Queen of England, *gave both* the conqueror and the captive the most

ly examples of the courage and generosity of the on he represented.

'our friends and companions in your absence fre- ntly talk these things of you; and you cannot : from us (by the most discreet silence in any ıg which regards yourself) that the frank enter- ment we have at your table, your easy conde- ısion in little incidents of mirth and diversion, general complacency of manners, are far from ıg the greatest obligations we have to you. I ıssure you, there is not one of your friends has a ıter sense of your merit in general, and of the ɔurs you every day do us, than,

SIR,

Your most obedient,

and most humble Servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

VOL. VIII.

TO

WILLIAM HONEYCOMB, ES2.*

THE seven former volumes of the Spectator havin been dedicated to some of the most celebrated pe sons of the age, I take leave to inscribe† this eight and last to you, as to a gentleman who hath ev been ambitious of appearing in the best company.

You are now wholly retired from the busy part mankind, and at leisure to reflect upon your pa achievements; for which reason I look upon yo as a person very well qualified for a dedication.

I may possibly disappoint my readers, and you self too, if I do not endeavour on this occasion make the world acquainted with your virtues. An here, Sir, I shall not compliment you upon your birt person, or fortune; nor on any other the like perfe tions which you possess, whether you will or no but shall only touch upon those which are of yo own acquiring, and in which every one must allo you have a real merit.

Your janty air and easy motion, the volubility your discourse, the suddenness of your laugh, t management of your snuff-box, with the whitene of your hands and teeth (which have justly gain you the envy of the most polite part of the ma

* Generally supposed to be Col. Cleland.

† This dedication is suspected to have been written Eustace Budgell, who might have better dedicated it to W *Wimble.*

world, and the love of the greatest beauties in the female) are entirely to be ascribed to your own personal genius and application.

You are formed for these accomplishments by a happy turn of nature, and have finished yourself in them by the utmost improvements of art. A man that is defective in either of these qualifications whatever may be the secret ambition of his heart) must never hope to make the figure you have done, among the fashionable part of his species. It is therefore no wonder we see such multitudes of aspiring young men fall short of you in all these beauties of your character, notwithstanding the study and practice of them is the whole business of their lives. But I need not tell you that the free and disengaged behaviour of a fine gentleman makes as many awkward beaux, as the easiness of your favourite hath made insipid poets.

At present you are content to aim all your charms at your own spouse, without farther thought of mischief to any others of the sex. I know you had formerly a very great contempt for that pedantic race of mortals who call themselves philosophers; and yet, to your honour be it spoken, there is not a sage of them all could have better acted up to their precepts in one of the most important points of life: I mean, in that generous disregard of popular opinion which you shewed some years ago, when you chose for your wife an obscure young woman, who doth not indeed pretend to an ancient family, but has certainly as many forefathers as any lady in the land, if she could but reckon up their names.

I must own I conceived very extraordinary hopes of you from the moment that you confessed your age, and from eight-and-forty (where you had stuck so many years) very ingeniously stepped into your grand *climacteric*. Your deportment has since been

very venerable and becoming. If I am ri formed you make a regular appearance eve ter-sessions among your brothers of the q and if things go on as they do, stand fair f a colonel of the militia. I am told that y passes away as agreeably in the amusemer country life, as it ever did in the gallantries town; and that you now take as much ple the planting of young trees, as you did for the cutting down of your old ones. In sh hear from all hands that you are thoroughly ciled to your dirty acres, and have not to wit to look into your own estate.

After having spoken thus much of my p must take the privilege of an author in sayin thing of myself. I shall therefore beg leave that I have purposely omitted setting those n the end of every paper, which appeared former volumes, that you may have an opp of shewing Mrs. Honeycomb the shrewdness conjectures, by ascribing every speculatio proper author: though you know how oft profound critics in style and sentiments ha judiciously erred in this particular, before th let into the secret. I am,

SIR,

Your most faithful
humble Servant,

THE SPECT.

THE

BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

IN the six hundred and thirty-second Spectator the reader will find an account of the rise of this eighth and last volume.

I have not been able to prevail upon the several gentlemen who were concerned in this work to let me acquaint the world with their names.

Perhaps it will be unnecessary to inform the reader, that no other papers which have appeared under the title of the Spectator, since the closing of this eighth volume, were written by any of those gentleman who had a hand in this or the former volumes.

THE SPECTATOR.

N° 1. THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1710-11.

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.
HOR. ARS POET. ver. 143.

One with a flash begins, and ends in smoke;
Another out of smoke brings glorious light,
And (without raising expectation high)
Surprises us with dazzling miracles.
ROSCOMMON.

I HAVE observed, that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure, till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author. To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural to a reader, I design this paper and my next, as prefatory discourses to my following writings, and shall give some account in them of the several persons that are engaged in this work. As the chief trouble of compiling, digesting, and correcting will fall to my

share, I must do myself the justice to open the work with my own history.

I was born to a small hereditary estate, which, according to the tradition of the village where it lies, was bounded by the same hedges and ditches in William the Conqueror's time that it is at present, and has been delivered down from father to son, whole and entire, without the loss or acquisition of a single field or meadow, during the space of six hundred years. There runs a story in the family, that when my mother was gone with child of me about three months, she dreamt that she was brought to bed of a judge. Whether this might proceed from a law-suit which was then depending in the family, or my father's being a justice of the peace, I cannot determine; for I am not so vain as to think it presaged any dignity that I should arrive at in my future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighbourhood put upon it. The gravity of my behaviour at my very first appearance in the world, and at the time that I sucked, seemed to favour my mother's dream: for, as she has often told me, I threw away my rattle before I was two months old, and would not make use of my coral until they had taken away the bells from it.

As for the rest of my infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in silence. I find, that during my nonage, I had the reputation of a very sullen youth, but was always a favourite of my school-master, who used to say, 'that my parts were solid, and would wear well.' I had not been long at the university, before I distinguished myself by a most profound silence; for during the space of eight years, excepting in the public exercises of the college, I scarce uttered the quantity of an hundred words; and indeed do not remember that I ever spoke three sentences together in my

whole life. Whilst I was in this learned body, I applied myself with so much diligence to my studies, that there are very few celebrated books, either in the learned or the modern tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

Upon the death of my father, I was resolved to travel into foreign countries, and therefore left the university, with the character of an odd unaccountable fellow, that had a great deal of learning, if I would but shew it. An insatiable thirst after knowledge carried me into all the countries of Europe, in which there was any thing new or strange to be seen; nay, to such a degree was my curiosity raised, that having read the controversies of some great men concerning the antiquities of Egypt, I made a voyage to Grand Cairo, on purpose to take the measure of a pyramid: and as soon as I had set myself right in that particular, returned to my native country with great satisfaction*.

I have passed my latter years in this city, where I am frequently seen in most public places, though there are not above half a dozen of my select friends that know me; of whom my next paper shall give a more particular account. There is no place of general resort wherein I do not often make my appearance; sometimes I am seen thrusting my head into a round of politicians at Will's, and listening with great attention to the narratives that are made in those little circular audiences. Sometimes I smoke a pipe at Child's†, and while I seem attentive to nothing but the Postman, overhear the conver-

* A sarcasm on Mr. Greaves, and his book intitled Pyramidographia.

† Child's coffee-house was in St. Paul's church-yard, and the resort of the clergy; St. James's stood then where it does now; Jonathan's *was in 'Change-alley*, and the Rose tavern was on the *outside of Temple-bar.*

sation of every table in the room. I appear
Sunday nights at St. James's coffee-house, and so
times join the little committee of politics in t
inner-room, as one who comes there to hear a
improve. My face is likewise very well known
the Grecian, the Cocoa-tree, and in the theat
both of Drury-lane and the Hay-market. I ha
been taken for a merchant upon the exchange
above these ten years, and sometimes pass for a J
in the assembly of stock-jobbers at Jonathan's.
short, wherever I see a cluster of people, I alwa
mix with them, though I never open my lips but
my own club.

Thus I live in the world rather as a Spectator
mankind, than as one of the species, by which mea
I have made myself a speculative statesman, s
dier, merchant, and artisan, without ever meddli
with any practical part in life. I am very w
versed in the theory of a husband, or a father, a
can discern the errors in the œconomy, busine
and diversion of others, better than those who
engaged in them; as standers-by discover blo
which are apt to escape those who are in the gam
I never espoused any party with violence, and
resolved to observe an exact neutrality between
Whigs and Tories, unless I shall be forced to
clare myself by the hostilities of either side.
short, I have acted in all the parts of my life as
looker on, which is the character I intend to p
serve in this paper.

I have given the reader just so much of my
tory and character, as to let him see I am not alto
ther unqualified for the business I have undertak
As for other particulars in my life and adventures
shall insert them in following papers, as I shall
occasion. In the mean time, when I consider h
much I have seen, read, and heard, I begin to bl

my own taciturnity; and since I have neither time nor inclination, to communicate the fulness of my heart in speech, I am resolved to do it in writing, and to print myself out, if possible, before I die. I have been often told by my friends, that it is pity so many useful discoveries which I have made should be in the possession of a silent man. For this reason, therefore, I shall publish a sheet-full of thoughts every morning, for the benefit of my contemporaries; and if I can any way contribute to the diversion, or improvement of the country in which I live, I shall leave it when I am summoned out of it, with the secret satisfaction of thinking that I have not lived in vain.

There are three very material points which I have not spoken to in this paper; and which, for several important reasons, I must keep to myself, at least for some time: I mean, an account of my name, my age, and my lodgings. I must confess, I would gratify my reader in any thing that is reasonable; but as for these three particulars, though I am sensible they might tend very much to the embellishment of my paper, I cannot yet come to a resolution of communicating them to the public. They would indeed draw me out of that obscurity which I have enjoyed for many years, and expose me in public places to several salutes and civilities, which have been always very disagreeable to me; for the greatest pain I can suffer, is the being talked to, and being stared at. It is for this reason likewise, that I keep my complexion and dress as very great secrets; though it is not impossible but I may make discoveries of both in the progress of the work I have undertaken.

After having been thus particular upon myself, I shall in to-morrow's paper give an account of those gentlemen *who are concerned* with me in this work;

for, as I have before intimated, a plan of it is l
and concerted (as all other matters of importa
are) in a club. However, as my friends have
gaged me to stand in the front, those who hav
mind to correspond with me, may direct their let
to the Spectator, at Mr. Buckley's, in Little Brit
For I must further acquaint the reader, that tho
our club meets only on Tuesdays and Thursdays,
have appointed a committee to sit every night
the inspection of all such papers as may contrib
to the advancement of the public weal. C

N° 2. FRIDAY, MARCH 2, 1710-11.

——————Ast alii sex
Et plures, uno conclamant ore—
JUV. Sat. vii. 167.

Six more at least join their consenting voice.

THE first of our society is a gentleman of W
cestershire, of an ancient descent, a baronet,
name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great gra
father was inventor of that famous country-da
which is called after him. All who know that sh
are very well acquainted with the parts and me
of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very sin
lar in his behaviour, but his singularities proc
from his good sense, and are contradictions to
manners of the world, only as he thinks the worl
in the wrong. However, this humour creates him
enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or ol
macy; and his being unconfined to modes and fo

makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in Soho-square*. It is said, he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked bully Dawson† in a public coffee-house for calling him youngster. But being ill-used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humours, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. It is said Sir Roger grew humble in his desires after he had forgot his cruel beauty, insomuch that it is reported he has frequently offended in point of chastity with beggars and gypsies: but this is looked upon, by his friends, rather as matter of raillery than truth. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed.

His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company. When he

* At that time the genteelest part of the town.

† This fellow was a noted sharper, swaggerer, and debauchee about town, at the time here pointed out; he was well known in *Black Friars* and its then infamous purlieus.

comes into a house he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit, that Sir Roger is a justice of the quorum; that he fills the chair at a quarter-session with great abilities, and three months ago gained universal applause, by explaining a passage in the game-act.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us is another bachelor, who is a member of the Inner Temple, a man of great probity, wit, and understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humoursome father, than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the laws of the land, and is the most learned of any of the house in those of the stage. Aristotle and Longinus are much better understood by him than Littleton or Coke. The father sends up every post questions relating to marriage-articles, leases and tenures, in the neighbourhood; all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves when he should be enquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes and Tully, but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool; but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable. As few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste for books is a little too just for the age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings of the ancients, makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic, and the time of

the play is his hour of business; exactly at five he passes through New-Inn, crosses through Russel-court, and takes a turn at Will's till the play begins; he has his shoes rubbed and his perriwig powdered at the barber's as you go into the Rose. It is for the good of the audience when he is at a play, for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London. A person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man) he calls the sea the British Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms; for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue, that if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation; and if another, from mother. I have heard him prove, that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valour, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims, amongst which the greatest favourite is, 'A penny saved is a penny got.' A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in another man. He has made his fortune himself; and says that England may be richer than other kingdoms, by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass, but blows home a ship in which he is *an owner.*

Next to Sir Andrew in the club-room sits Captain Sentry*, a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements and at several sieges; but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit, who is not something of a courtier as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose, I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he left the world, because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty and an even regular behaviour, are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds, who endeavour at the same end with himself, the favour of a commander. He will however in his way of talk excuse generals, for not disposing according to men's desert, or enquiring into it; for, says he, that great man who has a mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him: therefore he will conclude, that the man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders, by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting

* It has been said, that the real person alluded to under this name was C. Kempenfelt, father of the Admiral Kempenfelt who deplorably lost his life, when the Royal George of 100 guns sunk at Spithead, Aug. 29, 1782.

what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candour does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too obsequious, from an habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our society may not appear a set of humourists, unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have amongst us the gallant Will Honeycomb*, a gentleman who, according to his years should be in the decline of his life, but having ever been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, time has made but very little impression, either by wrinkles on his forehead, or traces on his brain. His person is well turned, and of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from which of the French king's wenches, our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods; whose frailty was covered by such a sort of petticoat, and whose vanity to shew her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year. In a word, all his conversation and knowledge has been in the female world. As other men of his age will take notice to

* It has been said that a Colonel Cleland was supposed to have *been the real person alluded* to under this character.

you what such a minister said upon su
an occasion, he will tell you, when
Monmouth danced at court, such a wou
smitten, another was taken with him a
his troop in the Park. In all these ins
tions, he has ever about the same tim
kind glance, or a blow of a fan from son
beauty, mother of the present Lord Su
you speak of a young commoner that
thing in the house, he starts up, 'H
blood in his veins, Tom Mirable beg
rogue cheated me in that affair; that y
mother used me more like a dog than a
ever made advances to.' This way of ta
very much enlivens the conversation am
more sedate turn; and I find there is no
company, but myself, who rarely speal
speaks of him as of that sort of man, wh
called a well bred fine gentleman. To
character, where women are not concern
honest worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to accoun
I am next to speak of, as one of our c
he visits us but seldom, but when he do
every man else a new enjoyment of hir
a clergyman, a very philosophic man,
learning, great sanctity of life, and the
good breeding. He has the misfortune
very weak constitution, and consequ
accept of such cares and business as pr
his function would oblige him to; he
among divines what a chamber-counsell
lawyers. The probity of his mind, and
of his life, create him followers, as be
or loud advances others. He seldom in
subject he speaks upon; but we are so
years, that he observes when he is su

earnestness to have him fall on some divine topic which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interest in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions. R.

N° 3. SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1710-11.

Et quoi quisque ferè studio devinctus adhæret,
Aut quibus in rebus multùm sumus antè morati,
Atque in quâ ratione fuit contenta magis mens,
In somnis eadem plerumque videmur obire.

LUCR. l. iv. 959.

———What studies please, what most delight,
And fill men's thoughts, they dream them o'er at night.

CREECH.

In one of my rambles, or rather speculations, I looked into the great hall, where the bank is kept, and was not a little pleased to see the directors, secretaries, and clerks, with all the other members of that wealthy corporation, ranged in their several stations, according to the parts they act, in that just and regular œconomy. This revived in my memory the many discourses which I had both read and heard, concerning the decay of public credit, with the methods of restoring it, and which, in my opinion, have always been defective, because they have always been made with an eye to separate interests, and party principles.

The thoughts of the day gave my mind employment for the whole night, so that I fell insensibly into a kind of methodical dream, which disposed all my contemplations into a vision or allegory, or what else the reader shall please to call it.

Methought I returned to the great hall, where I had been the morning before, but to my surprise, instead of the company that I left there, I saw, towards the upper end of the hall, a beautiful virgin, seated on a throne of gold. Her name (as they told me) was Public Credit. The walls, instead of being adorned with pictures and maps, were hung with many acts of parliament written in golden letters. At the upper end of the hall was the magna charta, with the act of uniformity on the right hand, and the act of toleration on the left. At the lower end of the hall was the act of settlement, which was placed full in the eye of the virgin that sat upon the throne. Both the sides of the hall were covered with such acts of parliament as had been made for the establishment of public funds. The lady seemed to set an unspeakable value upon these several pieces of furniture, insomuch that she often refreshed her eye with them, and often smiled with a secret pleasure, as she looked upon them; but, at the same time, shewed a very particular uneasiness, if she saw any thing approaching that might hurt them. She appeared, indeed, infinitely timorous in all her behaviour: and whether it was from the delicacy of her constitution, or that she was troubled with vapours, as I was afterwards told by one, who I found was none of her well-wishers, she changed colour, and startled at every thing she heard. She was likewise (as I afterwards found) a greater valetudinarian than any I had ever met with, even in her own sex, and subject to such momentary consumptions, that *in the twinkling* of an eye, she should fall away

om the most florid complexion, and most healthful ate of body, and wither into a skeleton. Her coveries were often as sudden as her decays, inso- uch that she would revive in a moment out of wasting distemper, into a habit of the highest health nd vigour.

I had very soon an opportunity of observing these uick turns and changes in her constitution. There t at her feet a couple of secretaries, who received very hour letters from all parts of the world, which he one or the other of them was perpetually read- g to her; and according to the news she heard, to hich she was exceedingly attentive, she changed olour, and discovered many symptoms of health or ickness.

Behind the throne was a prodigious heap of bags f money, which were piled upon one another so igh that they touched the ceiling. The floor on er right hand, and on her left, was covered with ast sums of gold that rose up in pyramids on either ide of her. But this I did not so much wonder at, hen I heard, upon enquiry, that she had the same irtue in her touch, which the poets tell us a Lydian ing was formerly possessed of: and that she could onvert whatever she pleased into that precious etal.

After a little dizziness, and confused hurry of hought, which a man often meets with in a dream, ethought the hall was alarmed, the doors flew pen, and there entered half a dozen of the most ideous phantoms that I had ever seen (even in a ream) before that time. They came in two by wo, though matched in the most dissociable man- er, and mingled together in a kind of dance. It would be tedious to describe their habits and per- ons, for which reason I shall only inform my reader, hat the *first couple* were Tyranny and Anarchy,

the second were Bigotry and Atheism, the third Genius of a commonwealth, and a young ma about twenty-two years of age*, whose name I c not learn. He had a sword in his right h which in the dance he often brandished at th of settlement; and a citizen, who stood by whispered in my ear, that he saw a sponge i left hand†. The dance of so many jarring nat put me in mind of the sun, moon, and earth, in Rehearsal, that danced together for no other but to eclipse one another.

The reader will easily suppose, by what has before said, that the lady on the throne would been almost frighted to distraction, had she seen any one of these spectres; what then must have her condition when she saw them all in a body? fainted and died away at the sight.

'Et neque jam color est mixto candore rubori;
Nec vigor, et vires, et quæ modò visa placebant;
Nec corpus remanet———'

OVID, MET. iii. 491.

'———Her spirits faint,
Her blooming cheeks assume a pallid teint,
And scarce her form remains.'

There was as great a change in the hill of mo bags, and the heaps of money, the former shrini and falling into so many empty bags, that I now fo not above a tenth part of them had been filled v money.

The rest that took up the same space, and m the same figure, as the bags that were really fi with money, had been blown up with air, and ca

* James Stuart, the pretended Prince of Wales, born J 10, 1688. See Tat. No. 167.

† To wipe out the national debt.

o my memory the bags full of wind, which Homer s us, his hero received as a present from Æolus. e great heaps of gold on either side the throne, w appeared to be only heaps of paper, or little s of notched sticks, bound up together in bundles, Bath faggots.

Whilst I was lamenting this sudden desolation that l been made before me, the whole scene vanished. the room of the frightful spectres, there now en- ed a second dance of apparitions very agreeably tched together, and made up of very amiable phan- s. The first pair was Liberty with Monarchy at right hand. The second was Moderation leading Religion; and the third a person whom I had never n*, with the Genius of Great Britain. At the first rance the lady revived, the bags swelled to their ner bulk, the pile of faggots and heaps of paper nged into pyramids of guineas: and for my own rt I was so transported with joy, that I awaked, ough I must confess I would fain have fallen asleep ain to have closed my vision, if I could have done

C.

* The Elector of Hanover, afterwards George I.

N° 4. MONDAY, MARCH 5, 1

——Egregii mortalem altique silentii
HOR. 2 Sat.

One of uncommon silence and reserve,

AN author when he first appears in t very apt to believe it has nothing to thin performances. With a good share of t thy heart, I made it my business these t listen after my own fame; and as I ha met with circumstances which did not I have been encountered by others, wl much mortification. It is incredible t empty I have in this time observed som species to be, what mere blanks they ar first come abroad in the morning, how are at a stand, until they are set a-going b graph in a newspaper.

Such persons are very acceptable to a y for they desire no more in any thing bu to be agreeable. If I found consola such, I was as much disquieted by the i others. These are mortals who have a c sity without power of reflection, and pe pers like spectators rather than readers. so little pleasure in enquiries that so ne ourselves, (it being the worst way in t fame, to be too anxious about it) that upo I resolved for the future, to go on in way; and without too much fear or hop business of reputation, to be very careful

of my actions, but very negligent of the consequences of them.

It is an endless and frivolous pursuit to act by any other rule, than the care of satisfying our own minds in what we do. One would think a silent man, who concerned himself with no one breathing, should be very little liable to misrepresentations; and yet I remember I was once taken up for a jesuit, for no other reason but my profound taciturnity. It is from this misfortune, that to be out of harm's way, I have ever since affected crowds. He who comes into assemblies only to gratify his curiosity, and not to make a figure, enjoys the pleasures of retirement in a more exquisite degree, than he possibly could in his closet; the lover, the ambitious, and the miser, are followed thither by a worse crowd than any they can withdraw from. To be exempt from the passions with which others are tormented, is the only pleasing solitude. I can very justly say with the ancient sage, 'I am never less alone than when alone.'

As I am insignificant to the company in public places, and as it is visible I do not come thither as most do, to shew myself, I gratify the vanity of all who pretend to make an appearance, and have often as kind looks from well-dressed gentlemen and ladies, as a poet would bestow upon one of his audience. There are so many gratifications attend this public sort of obscurity, that some little distastes I daily receive have lost their anguish; and I did the other day, without the least displeasure, overhear one say of me, 'that strange fellow;' and another answer, 'I have known the fellow's face these twelve years, and so must you; but I believe you are the first ever asked who he was.' There are, I must confess, many to whom my person is as well known as that *of their nearest* relations, who give them-

selves no farther trouble about calling me by my name or quality, but speak of me very currently by the appellation of Mr. What-d'ye-call-him.

To make up for these trivial disadvantages, I have the highest satisfaction of beholding all nature with an unprejudiced eye; and having nothing to do with men's passions or interests, I can, with the greater sagacity, consider their talents, manners, failings, and merits.

It is remarkable, that those who want any one sense, possess the others with greater force and vivacity. Thus my want of, or rather resignation of speech, gives me all the advantages of a dumb man. I have, methinks, a more than ordinary penetration in seeing; and flatter myself that I have looked into the highest and lowest of mankind, and made shrewd guesses, without being admitted to their conversation, at the inmost thoughts and reflections of all whom I behold. It is from hence that good or ill-fortune has no manner of force towards affecting my judgment. I see men flourishing in courts, and languishing in jails, without being prejudiced, from their circumstances, to their favour or disadvantage; but from their inward manner of bearing their condition, often pity the prosperous, and admire the unhappy.

Those who converse with the dumb, know from the turn of their eyes, and the changes of their countenance, their sentiments of the objects before them. I have indulged my silence to such an extravagance, that the few who are intimate with me, answer my smiles with concurrent sentences, and argue to the very point I shaked my head at, without my speaking. Will Honeycomb was very entertaining the other night at a play, to a gentleman who sat on his right hand, while I was at his left. The gentleman *believed* Will was talking to himself, when upon my

looking with great approbation at a young thing in a box before us, he said, 'I am quite of another opinion. She has, I will allow, a very pleasing aspect, but, methinks, that simplicity in her countenance is rather childish than innocent.' When I observed her a second time, he said, 'I grant her dress is very becoming, but perhaps the merit of that choice is owing to her mother; for though,' continued he, 'I allow a beauty to be as much to be commended for the elegance of her dress, as a wit for that of his language; yet if she has stolen the colour of her ribbands from another, or had advice about her trimmings, I shall not allow her the praise of dress, any more than I would call a plagiary an author.' When I threw my eye towards the next woman to her, Will spoke what I looked, according to his romantic imagination, in the following manner:

'Behold you who dare, that charming virgin; behold the beauty of her person chastised by the innocence of her thoughts. Chastity, good-nature, and affability, are the graces that play in her countenance; she knows she is handsome, but she knows she is good. Conscious beauty adorned with conscious virtue! What a spirit is there in those eyes! What a bloom in that person! How is the whole woman expressed in her appearance! Her air has the beauty of motion, and her look the force of language.'

It was prudence to turn away my eyes from this object, and therefore I turned them to the thoughtless creatures who make up the lump of that sex, and move a knowing eye no more than the portraiture of insignificant people by ordinary painters, which are but pictures of pictures.

Thus the working of my own mind is the general entertainment of my life; I never enter into the commerce *of discourse with* any but my particular

friends, and not in public even with them. Such an habit has perhaps raised in me uncommon reflections; but this effect I cannot communicate but by my writings. As my pleasures are almost wholly confined to those of the sight, I take it for a peculiar happiness that I have always had an easy and familiar admittance to the fair sex. If I never praised or flattered, I never belied or contradicted them. As these compose half the world, and are, by the just complaisance and gallantry of our nation, the more powerful part of our people, I shall dedicate a considerable share of these my speculations to their service, and shall lead the young through all the becoming duties of virginity, marriage, and widowhood. When it is a woman's day, in my works, I shall endeavour at a style and air suitable to their understanding. When I say this, I must be understood to mean, that I shall not lower but exalt the subjects I treat upon. Discourse for their entertainment, is not to be debased but refined. A man may appear learned without talking sentences, as in his ordinary gesture he discovers he can dance, though he does not cut capers. In a word, I shall take it for the greatest glory of my work, if among reasonable women this paper may furnish tea-table talk. In order to it, I shall treat of matters which relate to females, as they are concerned to approach or fly from the other sex, or as they are tied to them by blood, interest, or affection. Upon this occasion I think it but reasonable to declare, that whatever skill I may have in speculation, I shall never betray what the eyes of lovers say to each other in my presence. At the same time I shall not think myself obliged by this promise to conceal any false protestations which I observe made by glances in public assemblies; but endeavour to make both sexes appear in their conduct what they are in their hearts. *By this* means, love, during the time of my specula

ns, shall be carried on with the same sincerity as y other affair of less consideration. As this is the eatest concern, men shall be from henceforth liable the greatest reproach for misbehaviour in it. lsehood in love shall hereafter bear a blacker as-ct than infidelity in friendship, or villany in busi-ss. For this great and good end, all breaches ainst that noble passion, the cement of society, shall severely examined. But this, and all other mat-rs loosely hinted at now, and in my former papers, all have their proper place in my following dis-urses. The present writing is only to admonish the orld, that they shall not find me an idle but a busy pectator. R.

N° 5. TUESDAY, MARCH 6, 1710-11.

Spectatum admissi risum teneatis?
HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 5.

Admitted to the sight, would you not laugh?

N opera may be allowed to be extravagantly lavish its decorations, as its only design is to gratify the nses, and keep up an indolent attention in the idience. Common sense however requires, that ere should be nothing in the scenes and machines, ich may appear childish and absurd. How uld the wits of King Charles's time have laughed, have seen Nicolini exposed to a tempest in robes ermine, and sailing in an open boat upon a sea of steboard? What a field of raillery would they ve been *led into, had they* been entertained with

painted dragons spitting wildfire, enchanted chariots drawn by Flanders mares, and real cascades in artificial landscapes? A little skill in criticism would inform us, that shadows and realities ought not to be mixed together in the same piece; and that the scenes which are designed as the representations of nature should be filled with resemblances, and not with the things themselves. If one would represent a wide champaign country filled with herds and flocks it would be ridiculous to draw the country only upon the scenes, and to crowd several parts of the stage with sheep and oxen. This is joining together inconsistencies, and making the decoration partly real, and partly imaginary. I would recommend what I have here said, to the directors, as well as to the admirers of our modern opera.

As I was walking in the streets about a fortnight ago, I saw an ordinary fellow carrying a cage full of little birds upon his shoulder; and, as I was wondering with myself what use he would put them to, he was met very luckily by an acquaintance, who had the same curiosity. Upon his asking what he had upon his shoulder, he told him that he had been buying sparrows for the opera. 'Sparrows for the opera,' says his friend, licking his lips, 'what, are they to be roasted?'—'No, no,' says the other, 'they are to enter towards the end of the first act, and to fly about the stage.'

This strange dialogue awakened my curiosity so far, that I immediately bought the opera, by which means I perceived the sparrows were to act the part of singing birds in a delightful grove; though upon a nearer inquiry I found the sparrows put the same trick upon the audience, that Sir Martin Mar-all*

* A comedy by J. Dryden, borrowed from Quinault's *Amant Indiscret*, and the Etourdi of Molière.

practised upon his mistress: for though they flew in sight, the music proceeded from a concert of flageolets and bird-calls, which were planted behind the scenes. At the same time I made this discovery, I found by the discourse of the actors, that there were great designs on foot for the improvement of the opera; that it had been proposed to break down a part of the wall, and to surprise the audience with a party of an hundred horse, and that there was actually a project of bringing the New-river into the house, to be employed in jetteaus and water-works. This project, as I have since heard, is postponed till the summer season; when it is thought the coolness that proceeds from fountains and cascades will be more acceptable and refreshing to people of quality. In the mean time, to find out a more agreeable entertainment for the winter-season, the opera of Rinaldo is filled with thunder and lightning, illuminations and fire-works; which the audience may look upon without catching cold, and indeed without much danger of being burnt; for there are several engines filled with water, and ready to play at a minute's warning, in case any such accident should happen. However, as I have a very great friendship for the owner of this theatre, I hope that he has been wise enough to insure his house before he would let this opera be acted in it.

It is no wonder, that those scenes should be very surprising, which were contrived by two poets of different nations, and raised by two magicians of different sexes. Armida (as we are told in the argument) was an Amazonian enchantress, and poor Signior Cassani (as we learn from the persons represented) a Christian conjuror (*Mago Christiano*). I must confess I am very much puzzled to find how an Amazon should be versed in the black art, or

how a good Christian, for such is the part of the magician, should deal with the devil.

To consider the poet after the conjurors, I shall give you a taste of the Italian from the first line of his preface: '*Eccoti, benigno lettore, un parto di poche sere, che se ben nato di notte, non è però aborti di tenebre, mà si farà conoscere figlio d'Apollo con qualche raggio di Parnasso.*' 'Behold, gentle reader, the birth of a few evenings, which though it be the offspring of the night, is not the abortive of darkness, but will make itself known to be the son of Apollo, with a certain ray of Parnassus.' He afterwards proceeds to call Mynheer Handel the Orpheus of our age, and to acquaint us, in the same sublimity of style, that he composed this opera in a fortnight. Such are the wits to whose tastes we so ambitiously conform ourselves. The truth of it is, the finest writers among the modern Italians express themselves in such a florid form of words, and such tedious circumlocutions, as are used by none but pedants in our own country; and at the same time fill their writings with such poor imaginations and conceits, as our youths are ashamed of, before they have been two years at the university. Some may be apt to think that it is the difference of genius which produces this difference in the works of the two nations; but to shew that there is nothing in this, if we look into the writings of the old Italians such as Cicero and Virgil, we shall find that the English writers, in their way of thinking and expressing themselves, resemble those authors much more than the modern Italians pretend to do. And as for the poet himself, from whom the dreams of this opera* are taken, I must entirely agree with

* Rinaldo, an opera, 8vo. 1711. The plan by Aaron Hill the Italian words by Sig. G. Rossi; and the music by Handel.

Monsieur Boileau, that one verse in Virgil is worth all the clinquant or tinsel of Tasso.

But to return to the sparrows: there have been so many flights of them let loose in this opera, that it is feared the house will never get rid of them; and that in other plays they may make their entrance in very wrong and improper scenes, so as to be seen flying in a lady's bed-chamber, or perching upon a king's throne; besides the inconveniences which the heads of the audience may sometimes suffer from them. I am credibly informed, that there was once a design of casting into an opera the story of Whittington and his Cat, and that in order to it, there had been got together a great quantity of mice; but Mr. Rich, the proprietor of the play-house, very prudently considered that it would be impossible for the cat to kill them all, and that consequently the princes of the stage might be as much infested with mice, as the prince of the island was before the cat's arrival upon it; for which reason he would not permit it to be acted in his house. And indeed I cannot blame him: for, as he said very well upon that occasion, I do not hear that any of the performers in our opera pretend to equal the famous pied piper*, who made all the mice of a great town in Germany follow his music, and by that means cleared the place of those little noxious animals.

Before I dismiss this paper, I must inform my reader, that I hear there is a treaty on foot between London and Wise† (who will be appointed gardeners of the playhouse) to furnish the opera of Rinaldo and Armida with an orange-grove; and that

* June 26, 1284, the rats and mice by which Hamelen was infested, were allured, it is said, by a piper, to a contiguous river, in which they were all drowned.

† London *and Wise were the* Queen's gardeners at this time.

the next time it is acted, the singing-birds will be personated by tom-tits, the undertakers being resolved to spare neither pains nor money for the gratification of the audience. C.

N° 6. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7, 1710-11.

Credebant hoc grande nefas, et morte piandum,
Si juvenis vetulo non assurrexerat ———
JUV. Sat. xiii. 54.

'Twas impious then (so much was age rever'd)
For youth to keep their seats when an old man appear'd.

I KNOW no evil under the sun so great as the abuse of the understanding, and yet there is no one vice more common. It has diffused itself through both sexes, and all qualities of mankind, and there is hardly that person to be found, who is not more concerned for the reputation of wit and sense, than of honesty and virtue. But this unhappy affectation of being wise rather than honest, witty than good-natured, is the source of most of the ill habits of life. Such false impressions are owing to the abandoned writings of men of wit, and the awkward imitation of the rest of mankind.

For this reason Sir Roger was saying last night, that he was of opinion none but men of fine parts deserve to be hanged. The reflections of such men are so delicate upon all occurrences which they are concerned in, that they should be exposed to more than ordinary infamy and punishment, for offending against such quick admonitions as their own souls *give them*, and blunting the fine edge of their minds

uch a manner, that they are no more shocked at and folly than men of slower capacities. There o greater monster in being, than a very ill man reat parts. He lives like a man in a palsy, with side of him dead. While perhaps he enjoys satisfaction of luxury, of wealth, of ambition, he lost the taste of good-will, of friendship, of in-ence. Scarecrow, the beggar in Lincoln's-inn-ls, who disabled himself in his right leg, and asks s all day to get himself a warm supper and a l at night, is not half so despicable a wretch, as a man of sense. The beggar has no relish ve sensations; he finds rest more agreeable than ion; and while he has a warm fire and his y, never reflects that he deserves to be whipped. ry man who terminates his satisfactions and en-nents within the supply of his own necessities passions, is, says Sir Roger, in my eye, as poor gue as Scarecrow. 'But,' continued he, 'for loss of public and private virtue, we are be-len to your men of fine parts forsooth; it is with n no matter what is done, so it be done with an

But to me, who am so whimsical in a corrupt as to act according to nature and reason, a selfish , in the most shining circumstance and equipage, ears in the same condition with the fellow above-ntioned, but more contemptible in proportion to at more he robs the public of, and enjoys above . I lay it down therefore for a rule, that the ole man is to move together; that every action of importance, is to have a prospect of public d: and that the general tendency of our indif-nt actions, ought to be agreeable to the dictates reason, of religion, of good-breeding; without , a man, as I have before hinted, is hopping in-d of walking, he is not in his entire and proper tion.'

While the honest knight was thus bewildering himself in good starts, I looked attentively upon him, which made him, I thought, collect his mind a little. 'What I aim at,' says he, 'is to represent, that I am of opinion, to polish our understandings and neglect our manners, is of all things the most inexcusable. Reason should govern passion, but instead of that, you see, it is often subservient to it; and as unaccountable as one would think it, a wise man is not always a good man.' This degeneracy is not only the guilt of particular persons, but also of some times of a whole people; and perhaps it may appear upon examination that the most polite ages are the least virtuous. This may be attributed to the folly of admitting wit and learning as merits in themselves, without considering the application of them. By this means it becomes a rule, not to much to regard what we do, as how we do it. But this false beauty will not pass upon men of honest minds, and true taste. Sir Richard Blackmore says, with as much good sense as virtue, 'It is a mighty shame and dishonour to employ excellent faculties and abundance of wit, to humour and please men in their vices and follies. The great enemy of mankind, notwithstanding his wit and angelic faculties, is the most odious being in the whole creation.' He goes on soon after to say, very generously, that he undertook the writing of his poem 'to rescue the Muses out of the hands of ravishers, to restore them to their sweet and chaste mansions, and to engage them in an employment suitable to their dignity.' This certainly ought to be the purpose of every man who appears in public, and whoever does not proceed upon that foundation, injures his country as fast as he succeeds in his studies. When modesty ceases to be the chief ornament of *one sex*, and integrity of the other, society is upon

a wrong basis, and we shall be ever after without rules to guide our judgment in what is really becoming and ornamental. Nature and reason direct one thing, passion and humour another. To follow the dictates of these two latter, is going into a road that is both endless and intricate; when we pursue the other, our passage is delightful, and what we aim at easily attainable.

I do not doubt but England is at present as polite a nation as any in the world; but any man who thinks, can easily see, that the affectation of being gay and in fashion, has very near eaten up our good sense, and our religion. Is there any thing so just as that mode and gallantry should be built upon exerting ourselves in what is proper and agreeable to the institutions of justice and piety among us? And yet is there any thing more common, than that we run in perfect contradiction to them? All which is supported by no other pretension, than that it is done with what we call a good grace.

Nothing ought to be held laudable or becoming, but what nature itself should prompt us to think so. Respect to all kind of superiors is founded, I think, upon instinct; and yet what is so ridiculous as age! I make this abrupt transition to the mention of this vice more than any other, in order to introduce a little story, which I think a pretty instance, that the most polite age is in danger of being the most vicious.

'It happened at Athens, during a public representation of some play exhibited in honour of the commonwealth, that an old gentleman came too late for a place suitable to his age and quality. Many of the young gentlemen who observed the difficulty and confusion he was in, made signs to him that they would accommodate him if he came where they sat. The good man *bustled through* the crowd accordingly;

but when he came to the seats to which he was in vited, the jest was to sit close and expose him, as h stood, out of countenanc to the whole audienc The frolic went round the Athenian benches. Bu on those occasions there were also particular place assigned for foreigners. When the good man skulke towards the boxes appointed for the Lacedemonian that honest people, more virtuous than polite, ros up all to a man, and with the greatest respect receive him among them. The Athenians being sudden touched with a sense of the Spartan virtue and the own degeneracy, gave a thunder of applause; an the old man cried out, "The Athenians understan what is good, but the Lacedemonians practise it." H

N° 7. THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1710-11.

Somnia terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentuque Thessala rides?
HOR. 2 Ep. ii. 208.

Visions and magic spells, can you despise,
And laugh at witches, ghosts, and prodigies?

GOING yesterday to dine with an old acquaintanc I had the misfortune to find his whole family ver much dejected. Upon asking him the occasion o it, he told me that his wife had dreamt a strang dream the night before, which they were afraid por tended some misfortune to themselves or to the children. At her coming into the room, I observ a settled melancholy in her countenance, which *should* have been troubled for, had I not heard fro

whence it proceeded. We were no sooner sat down, but after having looked upon me a little while, 'My dear,' says she, turning to her husband, 'you may now see the stranger that was in the candle last night.' Soon after this, as they began to talk of family affairs, a little boy at the lower end of the table told her, that he was to go into join-hand on Thursday. 'Thursday!' says she, 'No, child, if it please God, you shall not begin upon Childermas-day; tell your writing-master that Friday will be soon enough.' I was reflecting with myself on the oddness of her fancy, and wondering that any body would establish it as a rule, to lose a day in every week. In the midst of these my musings, she desired me to reach her a little salt upon the point of my knife, which I did in such a trepidation and hurry of obedience, that I let it drop by the way; at which she immediately startled, and said it fell towards her. Upon this I looked very blank; and observing the concern of the whole table, began to consider myself with some confusion, as a person that had brought a disaster upon the family. The lady, however, recovering herself after a little space, said to her husband with a sigh, 'My dear, misfortunes never come single.' My friend, I found, acted but an under part at his table, and being a man of more good-nature than understanding, thinks himself obliged to fall in with all the passions and humours of his yoke-fellow. 'Do not you remember, child,' says she, 'that the pigeon-house fell the very afternoon that our careless wench spilt the salt upon the table?' 'Yes,' says he, 'my dear, and the next post brought us an account of the battle of Almanza.' The reader may guess at the figure I made, after having done all this mischief. I dispatched my dinner as soon as I could, with my usual taciturnity; when to my utter confusion, the lady *seeing me* quitting my knife and fork,

and laying them across one another upon my plate, desired me that I would humour her so far as to take them out of that figure, and place them side by side. What the absurdity was which I had committed I did not know, but I suppose there was some traditionary superstition in it; and therefore, in obedience to the lady of the house, I disposed of my knife and fork in two parallel lines, which is the figure I shall always lay them in for the future, though I do not know any reason for it.

It is not difficult for a man to see that a person has conceived an aversion to him. For my own part, I quickly found, by the lady's looks, that she regarded me as a very odd kind of fellow, with an unfortunate aspect. For which reason I took my leave immediately after dinner, and withdrew to my own lodgings. Upon my return home, I fell into a profound contemplation on the evils that attend these superstitious follies of mankind; how they subject us to imaginary afflictions, and additional sorrows, that do not properly come within our lot. As if the natural calamities of life were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling accidents, as from real evils. I have known the shooting of a star spoil a night's rest; and have seen a man in love grow pale, and lose his appetite, upon the plucking of a merry-thought. A screech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers; nay, the voice of a cricket hath struck more terror than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable, which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognostics. A rusty nail, or a crooked pin, shoot up into prodigies.

I remember I was once in a mixt assembly, that was *full* of noise and mirth, when on a sudden an

old woman unluckily observed there were thirteen of us in company. The remark struck a panic terror into several who were present, insomuch that one or two of the ladies were going to leave the room; but a friend of mine taking notice that one of our female companions was big with child, affirmed there were fourteen in the room, and that, instead of portending one of the company should die, it plainly foretold one of them should be born. Had not my friend found this expedient to break the omen, I question not but half the women in the company would have fallen sick that very night.

An old maid that is troubled with the vapours, produces infinite disturbances of this kind, among her friends and neighbours. I know a maiden aunt of a great family, who is one of these antiquated Sybils, that forebodes and prophesies from one end of the year to the other. She is always seeing apparitions, and hearing death-watches; and was the other day almost frighted out of her wits by the great house-dog that howled in the stable, at a time when she lay ill of the tooth-ach. Such an extravagant cast of mind engages multitudes of people, not only in impertinent terrors, but in supernumerary duties of life; and arises from that fear and ignorance which are natural to the soul of man. The horror with which we entertain the thoughts of death, (or indeed of any future evil) and the uncertainty of its approach, fill a melancholy mind with innumerable apprehensions and suspicions, and consequently dispose it to the observation of such groundless prodigies and predictions. For as it is the chief concern of wise men to retrench the evils of life by the reasonings of philosophy; it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of superstition.

For my *own part, I should* be very much troubled

were I endowed with this divining qua
it should inform me truly of every thi
befal me. I would not anticipate the
happiness, nor feel the weight of any misc
actually arrives.

I know but one way of fortifying my
these gloomy presages and terrors of mi
is, by securing to myself the friendsh
tection of that Being who disposes of eve
verns futurity. He sees, at one view
thread of my existence, not only that par
I have already passed through, but that
forward into all the depths of eternity.
me down to sleep, I recommend myself
when I awake, I give myself up to l
Amidst all the evils that threaten me, I w
him for help, and question not but he wil
them, or turn them to my advantage.
know neither the time nor the manner o
am to die, I am not at all solicitous abou
I am sure that he knows them both, and
not fail to comfort and support me unde

N° 8. FRIDAY, MARCH 9, 1710-11.

At Venus obscuro gradientes aëre sepsit,
Et multo nebulæ circùm Dea fudit amictu,
Cernere ne quis eos———

VIRG. Æn. i. 415.

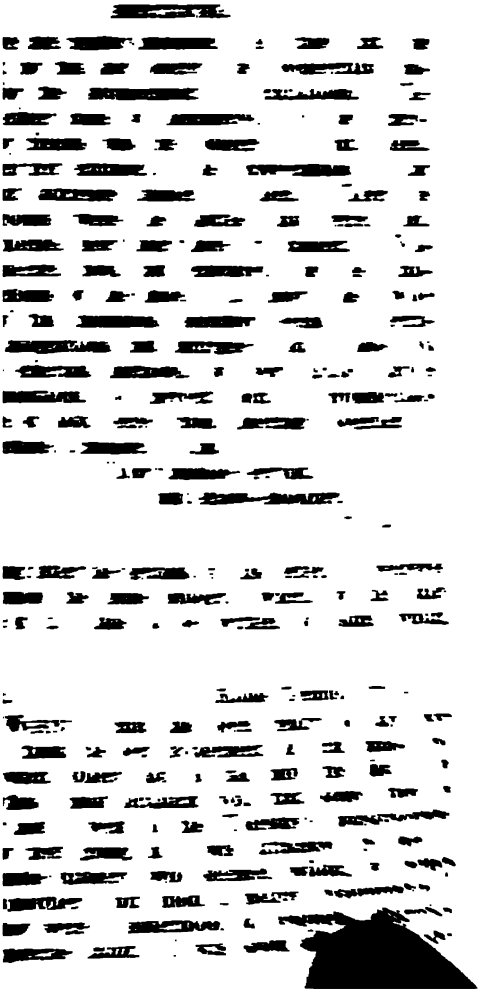
They march obscure, for Venus kindly shrouds
With mists their persons, and involves in clouds.
DRYDEN.

I SHALL here communicate to the world a couple of letters, which I believe will give the reader as good an entertainment as any that I am able to furnish him with, and therefore shall make no apology for them:

'*TO THE SPECTATOR, &c.*

'SIR,

'I AM one of the directors of the society for the reformation of manners, and therefore think myself a proper person for your correspondence. I have thoroughly examined the present state of religion in Great Britain, and am able to acquaint you with the predominant vice of every market-town in the whole island. I can tell you the progress that virtue has made in all our cities, boroughs, and corporations; and know as well the evil practices that are committed in Berwick or Exeter, as what is done in my own family. In a word, sir, I have my correspondents in the remotest parts of the nation, who send me up punctual accounts from time to



time of all the little irregularities, that fall under their notice in their several districts and divisions.

'I am no less acquainted with the particular quarters and regions of this great town, than with the different parts and distributions of the whole nation. I can describe every parish by its impieties, and can tell you in which of our streets lewdness prevails; which gaming has taken the possession of, and where drunkenness has got the better of them both. When I am disposed to raise a fine for the poor, I know the lanes and alleys that are inhabited by common swearers. When I would encourage the hospital of Bridewell, and improve the hempen manufacture, I am very well acquainted with all the haunts and resorts of female night-walkers.

'After this short account of myself, I must let you know, that the design of this paper is to give you information of a certain irregular assembly, which I think falls very properly under your observation, especially since the persons it is composed of are criminals too considerable for the animadversions of our society. I mean, sir, the Midnight Mask, which has of late been frequently held in one of the most conspicuous parts of the town, and which I hear will be continued with additions and improvements: as all the persons who compose this lawless assembly are masked, we dare not attack any of them in our way, lest we should send a woman of quality to Bridewell, or a peer of Great Britain to the Counter: besides that their numbers are so very great, that I am afraid they would be able to rout our whole fraternity, though we were accompanied with our guard of constables. Both these reasons, which secure them from our authority, make them obnoxious to yours; as both their disguise and their numbers will give no particular person reason to think himself affronted by *you.*

if we are rightly informed, the rules that are rved by this new society, are wonderfully con- d for the advancement of cuckoldom. The en either come by themselves, or are intro- d by friends who are obliged to quit them, n their first entrance, to the conversation of any y that addresses himself to them. There are ral rooms where the parties may retire, and, hey please, shew their faces by consent. Whis- , squeezes, nods, and embraces, are the inno- freedoms of the place. In short, the whole m of this libidinous assembly seems to termi- in assignations and intrigues; and I hope you take effectual methods, by your public advice admonitions, to prevent such a promiscuous itude of both sexes from meeting together in landestine a manner. I am

'Your humble servant,

'and fellow-labourer,

'T. B.'

ot long after the perusal of this letter, I received her upon the same subject; which, by the date style of it, I take to be written by some young lar:

'SIR, Middle Temple, 1710-11.

'WHEN a man has been guilty of any vice lly, I think the best atonement he can make for to warn others not to fall into the like. In r to this I must acquaint you, that some time in uary last I went to the Tuesday's masquerade. n my first going in I was attacked by half a n female quakers, who seemed willing to adopt or a brother; but upon a nearer examination I d they were a sisterhood of coquets, disguised hat precise habit. I was soon after taken out

to dance, and, as I fancied, by a woman of tl quality, for she was very tall, and moved gr: As soon as the minuet was over, we ogled one a through our masks; and as I am very well 1 Waller, I repeated to her the four following v: er of his poem to Vandyke:

> "The heedless lover does not know
> Whose eyes they are that wound him so;
> But confounded with thy art,
> Inquires her name that has his heart."

'I pronounced these words with such a langu air that I had some reason to conclude I had a conquest. She told me that she hoped m was not akin to my tongue, and looking upc watch, I accidentally discovered the figure: of ronet on the back part of it. I was so transp with the thought of such an amour, that I plie from one room to another with all the gallan could invent; and at length brought things happy an issue, that she gave me a private m the next day, without page or footman, coa equipage. My heart danced in raptures, but not lived in this golden dream above three before I found good reason to wish that I had tinued true to my laundress. I have since hea a very great accident, that this fine lady doe live far from Covent-garden, and that I am nc first cully whom she has passed herself upon countess.

'Thus, sir, you see how I have mistaken a for a Juno; and if you can make any use of thi venture, for the benefit of those who may po be as vain young coxcombs as myself, I do heartily give you leave.

'I am, SIR,

'Your most humble admirer,

'B. L.

I design to visit the next masquerade myself, in the same habit I wore at Grand Cairo; and till then shall suspend my judgment of this midnight entertainment. C.

*** Letters for the Spectator, to be left with Mr. Buckley, at the Dolphin, in Little Britain.—Spect. in folio.

№ 9. SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1710-11.

——— *Tigris agit rabidâ cum tigride pacem*
Perpetuam, sævis inter se convenit ursis.
JUV. Sat. xv. 163.

Tiger with tiger, bear with bear, you'll find
In leagues offensive and defensive join'd.
TATE.

MAN is said to be a sociable animal, and, as an instance of it, we may observe that we take all occasions and pretences of forming ourselves into those little nocturnal assemblies, which are commonly known by the name of clubs. When a set of men find themselves agree in any particular, though never so trivial, they establish themselves into a kind of fraternity, and meet once or twice a week, upon the account of such a fantastic resemblance. I know a considerable market-town, in which there was a club of fat men, that did not come together (as you may well suppose) to entertain one another with sprightliness and wit, but to keep one another in countenance. The room where the club met was something of the largest, and had two entrances, one by a door of a moderate size, and the other by a pair of folding-doors. If a candidate for this

corpulent club could make his entrance through the first, he was looked upon as unqualified; but if he stuck in the passage, and could not force his way through it, the folding-doors were immediately thrown open for his reception, and he was saluted as a brother. I have heard that this club, though it consisted but of fifteen persons, weighed above three ton.

In opposition to this society, there sprung up another composed of scarecrows and skeletons, who, being very meagre and envious, did all they could to thwart the designs of their bulky brethren, whom they represented as men of dangerous principles; till at length they worked them out of the favour of the people, and consequently out of the magistracy. These factions tore the corporation in pieces for several years, till at length they came to this accommodation; that the two bailiffs of the town should be annually chosen out of the two clubs; by which means the principal magistrates are at this day coupled like rabbits, one fat and one lean.

Every one has heard of the club, or rather the confederacy, of the Kings. This grand alliance was formed a little after the return of King Charles the Second, and admitted into it men of all qualities and professions, provided they agreed in the surname of King, which, as they imagined, sufficiently declared the owners of it to be altogether untainted with republican and anti-monarchical principles.

A christian name has likewise been often used as a badge of distinction, and made the occasion of a club. That of the George's, which used to meet at the sign of the George on St. George's day, and swear 'Before George,' is still fresh in every one's memory.

There are at present, in several parts of this city, *what they* call street clubs, in which the chief inha-

bitants of the street converse together every night. I remember, upon my inquiring after lodgings in Ormond-street, the landlord, to recommend that quarter of the town, told me there was at that time a very good club in it; he also told me, upon further discourse with him, that two or three noisy country 'squires, who were settled there the year before, had considerably sunk the price of house-rent; and that the club (to prevent the like inconveniences for the future) had thoughts of taking every house that became vacant into their own hands, till they had found a tenant for it, of a sociable nature and good conversation.

The Hum Drum club, of which I was formerly an unworthy member, was made up of very honest gentlemen of peaceable dispositions, that used to sit together, smoke their pipes, and say nothing till midnight. The Mum club (as I am informed) is an institution of the same nature, and as great an enemy to noise.

After these two innocent societies, I cannot forbear mentioning a very mischievous one, that was erected in the reign of King Charles the Second: I mean the club of Duellists, in which none was to be admitted that had not fought his man. The president of it was said to have killed half a dozen in single combat; and as for the other members, they took their seats according to the number of their slain. There was likewise a side table, for such as had only drawn blood, and shewn a laudable ambition of taking the first opportunity to qualify themselves for the first table. This club, consisting only of men of honour, did not continue long, most of the members of it being put to the sword, or hanged, a little after its institution.

Our modern celebrated clubs are founded upon eating and drinking, which are points wherein most

men agree, and in which the learned and the illiterate, the dull and the airy, the philosopher and the buffoon, can all of them bear a part. The Kit-cat* itself is said to have taken its original from a mutton-pie. The Beef-steak†, and October clubs, are neither of them averse to eating and drinking, if we may form a judgment of them from their respective titles.

When men are thus knit together, by a love of society, not a spirit of faction, and do not meet to censure or annoy those that are absent, but to enjoy one another; when they are thus combined for their own improvement, or for the good of others, or at least to relax themselves from the business of the day, by an innocent and cheerful conversation, there may be something very useful in these little institutions and establishments.

I cannot forbear concluding this paper with a scheme of laws that I met with upon a wall in a little alehouse. How I came thither I may inform

* An account of this club, which took its name from Christopher Cat, the maker of their mutton-pies, has been given in the new edition of the Tatler, with notes, in 6 vols. The portraits of its members were drawn by Kneller, who was himself one of their number, and all portraits of the same dimensions and form, are at this time called kit-cat pictures. The original portraits are now the property of William Baker, Esq. to whom they came by inheritance from J. Tonson, who was secretary to the club. It was originally formed in Shire-lane about the time of the trial of the seven bishops, for a little free evening conversation, but in Queen Anne's reign comprehended above forty noblemen and gentlemen of the first rank for quality, merit, and fortune, firm friends to the Hanoverian succession.

† Of this club, it is said, that Mrs. Woffington, the only woman in it, was president; Richard Estcourt, the comedian, was their providore, and as an honourable badge of his office, wore a small gridiron of gold hung round his neck with a green silk *ribband.*

r reader at a more convenient time. These laws re enacted by a knot of artisans and mechanics, o used to meet every night; and as there is some-ing in them which gives us a pretty picture of low e, I shall transcribe them word for word.

ules to be observed in the Two-penny club, erected in this place for the preservation of friendship and good neighbourhood.

I. Every member at his first coming in shall lay own his two-pence.

II. Every member shall fill his pipe out of his n box.

III. If any member absents himself he shall for-it a penny for the use of the club, unless in case of kness or imprisonment.

IV. If any member swears or curses, his neighbour ay give him a kick upon the shins.

V. If any member tells stories in the club that are ot true, he shall forfeit for every third lie an half-enny.

VI. If any member strikes another wrongfully, he all pay his club for him.

VII. If any member brings his wife into the club, e shall pay for whatever she drinks or smokes.

VIII. If any member's wife comes to fetch him me from the club, she shall speak to him without e door.

IX. If any member calls another a cuckold, he shall e turned out of the club.

X. None shall be admitted into the club that is of e same trade with any member of it.

XI. None of the club shall have his clothes or shoes ade or mended, but by a brother member.

XII. No non-juror shall be capable of being a ember.

The morality of this little club is guarded by such wholesome laws and penalties, that I question not but my reader will be as well pleased with them, as he would have been with the *Leges Convivales* of Ben Jonson, the regulations of an old Roman club cited by Lipsius, or the rules of a *Symposium* in an ancient Greek author.

N° 10. MONDAY, MARCH 12, 1710-11.

Non aliter quàm qui adverso vix flumine lembum
Remigiis subigit: si brachia fortè remisit,
Atque illum in præceps prono rapit alveus amni.
VIRG. Georg. i. 201.

So the boat's brawny crew the current stem,
And, slow advancing, struggle with the stream:
But if they slack their hands, or cease to strive,
Then down the flood with headlong haste they drive.
DRYDEN.

It is with much satisfaction that I hear this great city inquiring day by day after these my papers, and receiving my morning lectures with a becoming seriousness and attention. My publisher tells me, that there are already three thousand of them distributed every day: so that if I allow twenty readers to every paper, which I look upon as a modest computation, I may reckon about threescore thousand disciples in London and Westminster, who I hope will take care to distinguish themselves from the thoughtless herd of their ignorant and inattentive brethren. Since I have raised to myself so *great an* audience, I shall spare no pains to make

their instruction agreeable, and their diversion useful. For which reasons I shall endeavour to enliven morality with wit, and to temper wit with morality, that my readers may, if possible, both ways find their account in the speculation of the day. And to the end that their virtue and discretion may not be short, transient, intermitting starts of thought, I have resolved to refresh their memories from day to day, till I have recovered them out of that desperate state of vice and folly, into which the age is fallen. The mind that lies fallow for a single day, sprouts up in follies that are only to be killed by a constant and assiduous culture. It was said of Socrates, that he brought philosophy down from heaven, to inhabit among men; and I shall be ambitious to have it said of me, that I have brought philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables, and in coffee-houses.

I would therefore in a very particular manner recommend these my speculations to all well-regulated families, that set apart an hour in every morning for tea and bread and butter; and would earnestly advise them for their good to order this paper to be punctually served up, and to be looked upon as a part of the tea-equipage.

Sir Francis Bacon observes, that a well-written book, compared with its rivals and antagonists, is like Moses's serpent, that immediately swallowed up and devoured those of the Egyptians. I shall not be so vain as to think, that where the Spectator appears, the other public prints will vanish; but shall leave it to my reader's consideration, whether it is not much better to be let into the knowledge of one's self, than to hear what passes in Muscovy or Poland: and to amuse ourselves with such writings as tend *to the wearing* out of ignorance, passion,

and prejudice, than such as naturally conduce to inflame hatreds, and make enmities irreconcilable.

In the next place I would recommend this paper to the daily perusal of those gentlemen whom I cannot but consider as my good brothers and allies, I mean the fraternity of Spectators, who live in the world without having any thing to do in it; and either by the affluence of their fortunes, or laziness of their dispositions, have no other business with the rest of mankind, but to look upon them. Under this class of men are comprehended all contemplative tradesmen, titular physicians, fellows of the royal society, templars that are not given to be contentious, and statesmen that are out of business; in short, every one that considers the world as a theatre, and desires to form a right judgment of those who are the actors on it.

There is another set of men that I must likewise lay a claim to, whom I have lately called the blanks of society, as being altogether unfurnished with ideas, till the business and conversation of the day has supplied them. I have often considered these poor souls with an eye of great commiseration, when I have heard them asking the first man they have met with, whether there was any news stirring? and by that means gathering together materials for thinking. These needy persons do not know what to talk of, till about twelve o'clock in the morning; for by that time they are pretty good judges of the weather, know which way the wind sits, and whether the Dutch mail be come in. As they lie at the mercy of the first man they meet, and are grave or impertinent all the day long, according to the notions which they have imbibed in the morning, I would earnestly intreat them not to stir out of their chambers till they have read this paper, and do promise

n that I will daily instil into them such sound wholesome sentiments, as shall have a good ct on their conversation for the ensuing twelve rs.

ut there are none to whom this paper will be e useful than to the female world. I have often ught there has not been sufficient pains taken in ing out proper employments and diversions for fair ones. Their amusements seem contrived them, rather as they are women, than as they are onable creatures; and are more adapted to the than to the species. The toilet is their great e of business, and the right adjusting of their the principal employment of their lives. The ing of a suit of ribbands is reckoned a very good ning's work; and if they make an excursion to ercer's or a toy-shop, so great a fatigue makes n unfit for any thing else all the day after. Their e serious occupations are sewing and embroidery, their greatest drudgery the preparation of jellies sweetmeats. This, I say, is the state of ordi- y women; though I know there are multitudes of e of a more elevated life and conversation, that e in an exalted sphere of knowledge and virtue, join all the beauties of the mind to the ornaments lress, and inspire a kind of awe and respect, as l as love, into their male beholders. I hope to ease the number of these by publishing this daily er, which I shall always endeavour to make an ocent if not an improving entertainment, and by t means at least divert the minds of my female lers from greater trifles. At the same time, as I uld fain give some finishing touches to those which already the most beautiful pieces in human nature, ıall endeavour to point out all those imperfections t are the blemishes, as well as those virtues which the *embellishments* of the sex. In the mean

while, I hope these my gentle readers, who have so much time on their hands, will not grudge throwing away a quarter of an hour in a day on this paper, since they may do it without any hindrance to business.

I know several of my friends and well-wishers are in great pain for me, lest I should not be able to keep up the spirit of a paper which I oblige myself to furnish every day; but to make them easy in this particular, I will promise them faithfully to give it over as soon as I grow dull. This I know will be matter of great raillery to the small wits, who will frequently put me in mind of my promise, desire me to keep my word, assure me that it is high time to give over, with many other little pleasantries of the like nature, which men of a little smart genius cannot forbear throwing out against their best friends, when they have such an handle given them of being witty. But let them remember, that I do hereby enter my caveat against this piece of raillery. C.

N° 11. TUESDAY, MARCH 13, 1710-11.

Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas.
JUV. Sat. ii. 63.

The doves are censur'd, while the crows are spar'd.

ARIETTA is visited by all persons of both sexes, who have any pretence to wit and gallantry. She is *in that* time of life which is neither affected with *the follies* of youth, or infirmities of age; and has

sation is so mixed with gaiety and prudence, ıe is agreeable both to the old and the young. ehaviour is very frank, without being in the blameable; as she is out of the track of any us or ambitious pursuits of her own, her visi- ntertain her with accounts of themselves very whether they concern their passions or their ts. I made her a visit this afternoon, having formerly introduced to the honour of her ntance by my friend Will Honeycomb, who evailed upon her to admit me sometimes into ssembly, as a civil inoffensive man. I found companied with one person only, a common- talker, who, upon my entrance, arose, and a very slight civility sat down again; then, g to Arietta, pursued his discourse, which I was upon the old topic of constancy in love. ent on with great facility in repeating what he every day of his life; and with the ornaments significant laughs and gestures, enforced his ents by quotations out of plays and songs, allude to the perjuries of the fair, and the ge- levity of women. Methought he strove to more than ordinarily in his talkative way, that ight insult my silence, and distinguish himself e a woman of Arietta's taste and understanding. ad often an inclination to interrupt him, but find no opportunity, till the larum ceased elf, which it did not till he had repeated and ered the celebrated story of the Ephesian Ma-

ietta seemed to regard this piece of raillery as utrage done to her sex; as indeed I have al- observed that women, whether out of a nicer d to their honour, or what other reason I cannot are more sensibly touched with those general as-

persions which are cast upon their sex, than up by what is said of theirs.

When she had a little recovered herself fro serious anger she was in, she replied in the foll manner.

'Sir, when I consider how perfectly new a have said on this subject is, and that the ster have given us is not quite two thousand year I cannot but think it a piece of presumption t pute it with you: but your quotations put mind of the fable of the lion and the man. man walking with that noble animal, shewed in the ostentation of human superiority, a sig man killing a lion. Upon which, the lion said justly, "We lions are none of us painters, el could shew a hundred men killed by lions, fo lion killed by a man." You men are writers, an represent us women as unbecoming as you plea your works, while we are unable to return th jury. You have twice or thrice observed in discourse, that hypocrisy is the very foundati our education; and that an ability to dissemb affections is a professed part of our breeding. and such other reflections, are sprinkled up down the writings of all ages, by authors, who behind them memorials of their resentment a the scorn of particular women, in invectives a the whole sex. Such a writer, I doubt not the celebrated Petronius, who invented the pl aggravations of the frailty of the Ephesian lady when we consider this question between the which has been either a point of dispute or r ever since there were men and women, let us facts from plain people, and from such as hav either ambition or capacity to embellish their r tions with any beauties of imagination. I wa

other day amusing myself with Lignon's Account of Barbadoes; and, in answer to your well-wrought tale, I will give you (as it dwells upon my memory) out of that honest traveller, in his fifty-fifth page, the history of Inkle and Yarico.

'Mr. Thomas Inkle, of London, aged twenty years, embarked in the Downs, in the good ship called the Achilles, bound for the West-Indies, on the 16th of June, 1647, in order to improve his fortune by trade and merchandize. Our adventurer was the third son of an eminent citizen, who had taken particular care to instil into his mind an early love of gain, by making him a perfect master of numbers, and consequently giving him a quick view of loss and advantage, and preventing the natural impulses of his passion, by prepossession towards his interests. With a mind thus turned, young Inkle had a person every way agreeable, a ruddy vigour in his countenance, strength in his limbs, with ringlets of fair hair loosely flowing on his shoulders. It happened, in the course of the voyage, that the Achilles, in some distress, put into a creek on the main of America, in search of provisions. The youth, who is the hero of my story, among others went on shore on this occasion. From their first landing they were observed by a party of Indians, who hid themselves in the woods for that purpose. The English unadvisedly marched a great distance from the shore into the country, and were intercepted by the natives, who slew the greatest number of them. Our adventurer escaped, among others, by flying into a forest. Upon his coming into a remote and pathless part of the wood, he threw himself, tired and breathless, on a little hillock, when an Indian maid rushed from a thicket behind him. After the first surprise they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the European was highly charmed

with the limbs, features, and wild graces of the naked American; the American was no less taken with the dress, complexion, and shape of an European, covered from head to foot. The Indian grew immediately enamoured of him, and consequently solicitous for his preservation. She therefore conveyed him to a cave, where she gave him a delicious repast of fruits, and led him to a stream to slake his thirst. In the midst of these good offices she would sometimes play with his hair, and delight in the opposition of its colour to that of her fingers; then open his bosom, then laugh at him for covering it. She was, it seems, a person of distinction, for she every day came to him in a different dress, of the most beautiful shells, bugles, and bedes. She likewise brought him a great many spoils, which her other lovers had presented to her, so that his cave was richly adorned with all the spotted skins of beasts, and most party-coloured feathers of fowls which that world afforded. To make his confinement more tolerable, she would carry him in the dusk of the evening, or by the favour of moonlight, to unfrequented groves and solitudes, and show him where to lie down in safety, and sleep amidst the falls of waters and melody of nightingales. Her part was to watch and hold him awake in her arms, for fear of her countrymen, and wake him on occasions to consult his safety. In this manner did the lovers pass away their time, till they had learned a language of their own, in which the voyager communicated to his mistress, how happy he should be to have her in his country, where she should be clothed in such silks as his waistcoat was made of, and be carried in houses drawn by horses, without being exposed to wind or weather. All this he promised her the enjoyment of, without such fears and alarms as they were there tormented with. In

nder correspondence these lovers lived for months, when Yarico, instructed by her lover, red a vessel on the coast, to which she made ; and in the night, with the utmost joy and tion, accompanied him to a ship's crew of his ymen, bound for Barbadoes. When a vessel he main arrives in that island, it seems the s come down to the shore, where there is an iate market of the Indians and other slaves, as of horses and oxen.

be short, Mr. Thomas Inkle, now coming into territorities, began seriously to reflect upon his time, and to weigh with himself how many terest of his money he had lost during his stay arico. This thought made the young man , and careful what account he should be able his friends of his voyage. Upon which consi- n, the prudent and frugal young man sold to a Barbadian merchant; notwithstanding e poor girl, to incline him to commiserate her on, told him that she was with child by him: only made use of that information, to rise in nands upon the purchaser."

as so touched with this story (which I think be always a counterpart to the Ephesian Ma- hat I left the room with tears in my eyes, which an of Arietta's good sense did, I am sure, take ater applause than any compliments I could her. R.

N° 12. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14, 1710-11.

———*Veteres avias tibi de pulmone revello.*
PERS. Sat. v. 92.

I root th' old woman from thy trembling heart.

At my coming to London, it was some time before I could settle myself in a house to my liking. I was forced to quit my first lodgings, by reason of an officious landlady, that would be asking me every morning how I had slept. I then fell into an honest family, and lived very happily for above a week; when my landlord, who was a jolly good-natured man, took it into his head that I wanted company, and therefore would frequently come into my chamber, to keep me from being alone. This I bore for two or three days; but telling me one day that he was afraid I was melancholy, I thought it was high time for me to be gone, and accordingly took new lodgings that very night. About a week after, I found my jolly landlord, who, as I said before, was an honest hearty man, had put me into an advertisement in the Daily Courant, in the following words: 'Whereas a melancholy man left his lodgings on Thursday last in the afternoon, and was afterwards seen going towards Islington: if any one can give notice of him to R. B. fishmonger in the Strand, he shall be very well rewarded for his pains.' As I am the best man in the world to keep my own counsel, and my landlord the fishmonger not knowing my name, this accident of my life was never discovered *to this* very day.

I am now settled with a widow woman, who has great many children, and complies with my hu- iour in every thing. I do not remember that we ave exchanged a word together these five years; y coffee comes into my chamber every morning ithout asking for it; if I want fire I point to my imney, if water to my bason; upon which my ndlady nods, as much as to say, she takes my eaning, and immediately obeys my signals. She as likewise modelled her family so well, that when r little boy offers to pull me by the coat, or prattle my face, his eldest sister immediately calls him f, and bids him not to disturb the gentleman. At y first entering into the family, I was troubled th the civility of their rising up to me every time came into the room; but my landlady observing t upon these occasions I always cried Pish, and nt out again, has forbidden any such ceremony to e used in the house; so that at present I walk into e kitchen or parlour, without being taken notice ; or giving any interruption to the business or dis- urse of the family. The maid will ask her mis- s (though I am by) whether the gentleman is ady to go to dinner, as the mistress (who is in- ed an excellent housewife) scolds at the servants heartily before my face, as behind my back. short, I move up and down the house, and ter into all companies with the same liberty as cat, or any other domestic animal, and am as tle suspected of telling any thing that I hear or e.

I remember last winter there were several young ds of the neighbourhood sitting about the fire with y landlady's daughters, and telling stories of spirits d apparitions. Upon my opening the door the ung women broke off their discourse, but my ndlady's daughters telling them that it was nobody

but the gentleman (for that is the name which I go by in the neighbourhood, as well as in the family) the went on without minding me. I seated myself by the candle that stood on a table at the upper end of the room, and pretending to read a book that I took out of my pocket, heard several dreadful stories of ghosts, as pale as ashes, that had stood at the feet of a bed, or walked over a church-yard by moonlight; and of others that had been conjured into the sea, for disturbing people's rest, and drawing the curtains at midnight, with many other old wives fables of the like nature. As one spirit succeeded another, I observed that at the end of every story the whole company closed their ranks, and crowded about the fire. I took notice in particular of a little boy, who was so attentive to every story, that he was mistaken if he ventures to go to bed by himself all twelvemonth. Indeed they talked so long, that the imaginations of the whole assembly were manifestly crazed, and, I am sure, will be the worse for it as long as they live. I heard one of the girls, that had looked upon me over her shoulder, asking the company how long I had been in the room, and whether I did not look paler than I used to do. This put me under some apprehensions that I should be forced to explain myself, if I did not retire; for which reason I took the candle into my hand, and went up into my chamber, not without wondering at this unaccountable weakness in reasonable creatures, that they should love to astonish and terrify one another. Were I a father, I should take a particular care to preserve my children from these little horrors of imagination, which they are apt to contract when they are young, and are not able to shake off when they are in years. I have known a soldier that has entered a breach, affrighted at his own shadow, and *look* pale upon a little scratching at his door, who

y before had marched up against a battery of
ı. There are instances of persons, who have
errified even to distraction, at the figure of a
r the shaking of a bullrush. The truth of it
ook upon a sound imagination as the greatest
g of life, next to a clear judgment, and a good
nce. In the mean time, since there are very
hose minds are not more or less subject to
lreadful thoughts and apprehensions, we ought
ı ourselves against them by the dictates of
and religion, 'to pull the old woman out of
arts' (as Persius expresses it in the motto of
per) and extinguish those impertinent notions
we imbibed at a time that we were not able
lge of their absurdity. Or, if we believe, as
wise and good men have done, that there are
phantoms and apparitions as those I have
speaking of, let us endeavour to establish to
ves an interest in him who holds the reins of
hole creation in his hands, and moderates them
such a manner, that it is impossible for one
to break loose upon another, without his know-
and permission.

my own part, I am apt to join in the opinion
hose who believe that all the regions of na-
warm with spirits; and that we have multi-
of spectators on all our actions, when we think
ves most alone; but instead of terrifying my-
th such a notion, I am wonderfully pleased to
that I am always engaged with such an innume-
society in searching out the wonders of the crea-
and joining in the same consort of praise and
ion.

ton has finely described this mixed commu-
f men and spirits in paradise; and had doubt-
is eye upon a verse in old Hesiod, which is

almost word for word the same with his third line in the following passage:

———Nor think, though men were none,
That heav'n would want spectators, God want praise:
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep;
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
Both day and night. How often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator? Oft in bands,
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds,
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heav'n.
PARAD. LOST.

C.

N° 13. THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1710-11.

Dic mihi, si fueris tu leo, qualis eris?
MART.

Were you a lion, how would you behave?

THERE is nothing that of late years has afforded matter of greater amusement to the town than Signior Nicolini's combat with a lion in the Haymarket, which has been very often exhibited to the general satisfaction of most of the nobility and gentry in the kingdom of Great Britain. Upon the first rumour of this intended combat, it was confidently affirmed, and is still believed, by many in both galleries, that there would be a tame lion sent from the tower every opera night, in order to be killed by Hydas-

his report, though altogether groundless, so ally prevailed in the upper regions of the use, that some of the most refined politicians e parts of the audience gave it out in whis- at the lion was a cousin-german of the tiger ade his appearance in King William's days, and e stage would be supplied with lions at the expence, during the whole session. Many like- ere the conjectures of the treatment which this as to meet with from the hands of Signior i; some supposed that he was to subdue him ativo, as Orpheus used to serve the wild beasts ime, and afterwards to knock him on the head; ancied that the lion would not pretend to lay ws upon the hero, by reason of the received ı, that a lion will not hurt a virgin. Several, etended to have seen the opera in Italy, had ed their friends, that the lion was to act a part Dutch, and roar twice or thrice to a thorough- efore he fell at the feet of Hydaspes. To clear natter that was so variously reported, I have it my business to examine whether this pre- lion is really the savage he appears to be, or counterfeit.

before I communicate my discoveries, I must nt the reader, that upon my walking behind enes last winter, as I was thinking on some- else, I accidently justled against a monstrous that extremely startled me, and upon my survey of it, appeared to be a lion rampant. n seeing me very much surprised, told me, in a voice, that I might come by him if I pleased; says he, 'I do not intend to hurt any body.' ked him very kindly, and passed by him: and ttle time after saw him leap upon the stage, t his part with very great applause. It has *bserved by several*, that the lion has changed

his manner of acting twice or thrice since his first appearance; which will not seem strange, when I acquaint my reader that the lion has been changed upon the audience three several times. The first lion was a candle-snuffer, who being a fellow of a testy choleric temper, overdid his part, and would not suffer himself to be killed so easily as he ought to have done; besides, it was observed of him, that he grew more surly every time that he came out of the lion; and having dropt some words in ordinary conversation, as if he had not fought his best, and that he suffered himself to be thrown upon his back in the scuffle, and that he would wrestle with Mr. Nicolini for what he pleased, out of his lion's skin, it was thought proper to discard him: and it is verily believed, to this day, that had he been brought upon the stage another time, he would certainly have done mischief. Besides, it was objected against the first lion, that he reared himself so high upon his hinder paws, and walked in so erect a posture, that he looked more like an old man than a lion.

The second lion was a tailor by trade, who belonged to the playhouse, and had the character of a mild and peaceable man in his profession. If the former was too furious, this was too sheepish for his part; inasmuch, that after a short modest walk upon the stage, he would fall at the first touch of Hydaspes, without grappling with him, and giving him an opportunity of shewing his variety of Italian trips. It is said, indeed, that he once gave him a rip in his flesh-colour doublet: but this was only to make work for himself, in his private character of a tailor. I must not omit, that it was this second lion who treated me with so much humanity behind the scenes.

The acting lion at present is, as I am informed, a country gentleman, who does it for his diversion, *but desires* his name may be concealed. He says,

ery handsomely, in his own excuse, that he does ot act for gain, that he indulges an innocent plea- ire in it; and that it is better to pass away an even- ig in this manner, than in gaming and drinking: ut at the same time says, with a very agreeable illery upon himself, that if his name should be nown, the ill-natured world might call him, 'the ss in the lion's skin.' This gentleman's temper is made ut of such a happy mixture of the mild and the cho- ric, that he outdoes both his predecessors, and has rawn together greater audiences than have been nown in the memory of man.

I must not conclude my narrative, without taking otice of a groundless report that has been raised to i gentleman's disadvantage, of whom I must declare yself an admirer; namely, that Signior Nicolini and he lion have been seen sitting peaceably by one ano- her, and smoking a pipe together behind the scenes; y which their common enemies would insinuate, that t is but a sham combat which they represent upon he stage: but upon enquiry I find, that if any such orrespondence has passed between them, it was not ill the combat was over, when the lion was to be ooked upon as dead, according to the received ules of the drama. Besides this is what is practised very day in Westminster-hall, where nothing is nore usual than to see a couple of lawyers, who ave been tearing each other to pieces in the court, mbracing one another as soon as they are out f it.

I would not be thought in any part of this rela- ion, to reflect upon Signior Nicolini, who in acting his part only complies with the wretched taste of is audience; he knows very well, that the lion has nany more admirers than himself; as they say of he famous equestrian statue on the Pont-Neuf at 'aris, *that more people* go to see the horse, than the

king who sits upon it. On the contrary, me a just indignation to see a person whos gives new majesty to kings, resolution to herc softness to lovers, thus sinking from the grea his behaviour, and degraded into the chara the London Prentice. I have often wishe our tragedians would copy after this great m action. Could they make the same use arms and legs, and inform their faces with ficant looks and passions, how glorious wc English tragedy appear with that action v capable of giving dignity to the forced thoug conceits, and unnatural expressions of an opera! In the mean time, I have related th bat of the lion, to shew what are at pres reigning entertainments of the politer part o Britain.

Audiences have often been reproached by for the coarseness of their taste: but our grievance does not seem to be the want of taste, but of common sense.

N° 14. FRIDAY, MARCH 16, 1710-1

———*Teque his, infelix, exue monstris.*
OVID, Met. iv

Wretch that thou art! put off this monstrous sha

I WAS reflecting this morning upon the spi humour of the public diversions five and years ago, and those of the present time;

nented to myself, that though in those days they neglected their morality, they kept up their good ense; but that the beau monde, at present, is only rown more childish, not more innocent, than the forner. While I was in this train of thought, an odd ellow, whose face I have often seen at the playhouse, ave me the following letter with these words: 'Sir, he Lion presents his humble service to you, and deired me to give this into your own hands.'

'From my Den in the Haymarket, March 15.

'SIR,

'I HAVE read all your papers, and have stiled my resentment against your reflections upon opeas, until that of this day, wherein you plainly insiuate, that Signior Nicolini and myself have a correondence more friendly than is consistent with the lour of his character, or the fierceness of mine. I esire you would, for your own sake, forbear such timations for the future; and must say it is a great iece of ill nature in you, to shew so great an esteem r a foreigner, and to discourage a Lion that is your wn countryman.

"I take notice of your fable of the lion and man, it am so equally concerned in that matter, that I all not be offended to which soever of the animals ie superiority is given. You have misrepresented e, in saying that I am a country gentleman, who t only for my diversion; whereas, had I still the me woods to range in which I once had when I as a fox hunter, I should not resign my manhood r a maintenance; and assure you, as low as my rcumstances are at present, I am so much a man f honour, that I would scorn to be any beast for read, but a lion.

Yours, &c.'

I had no sooner ended this, than [illegible] lady's children brought me in several [illegible] some of which I shall make up my present paper, they all having a tendency to the same subject, viz. the [illegible] of our present diversions.

'SIR, Covent-Garden, March 13.

'I HAVE been for twenty years under-sexton of this parish of St. Paul's, Covent-garden, and have not missed tolling in to prayers six times in all those years; which office I have performed to my great satisfaction, until this fortnight last past, during which time I find my congregation take the warning of my bell, morning and evening, to go to a puppet-show set forth by one Powell under the Piazzas. By this means I have not only lost my two customers, whom I used to place for sixpence apiece over against Mrs. Rachael Eyebright, but Mrs. Rachael herself is gone thither also. There now appear among us none but a few ordinary people, who come to church only to say their prayers, so that I have no work worth speaking of but on Sundays. I have placed my son at the Piazzas, to acquaint the ladies that the bell rings for church, and that it stands on the other side of the garden! but they only laugh at the child.

'I desire you would lay this before all the world that I may not be made such a tool for the future and that punchinello may choose hours less canonical. As things are now, Mr. Powell has a full congregation, while we have a very thin house; which if you can remedy, you will very much oblige,

SIR,

Yours, &c.'

owing epistle I find is from the undertaker
uerade.

I HAVE observed the rules of my mask so
n not inquiring into persons) that I can-
ether you were one of the company or
uesday; but if you were not, and still
ome, I desire you would, for your own
nt, please to admonish the town, that
indifferently, are not fit for this sort of
I could wish, sir, you could make them
that it is a kind of acting to go in mas-
d a man should be able to say or do
er for the dress in which he appears.
ow and then rakes in the habit of Ro-
rs, and grave politicians in the dress of
misfortune of the thing is, that people
elves in what they have a mind to be, and
ey are fit for. There is not a girl in the
t her have her will in going to a mask,
all dress as a shepherdess. But let me
to read the Arcadia, or some other good
fore they appear in any such character
se. The last day we presented, every
o rashly habited, that when they came to
h other, a nymph with a crook had not
y but in the pert style of the pit bawdry;
n the habit of a philosopher was speech-
occasion offered of expressing himself
e of the tyring rooms. We had a judge
a minuet, with a quaker for his partner,
a dozen harlequins stood by as specta-
urk drank me off two bottles of wine,
at me up half a ham of bacon. If I can
esign to bear, and make the maskers pre-
haracters in my assemblies, I hope you

will allow there is a foundation laid for more and improving gallantries than any the town sent affords, and consequently that you will giv approbation to the endeavours of,

SIR,

Your most obedient humble Ser

I am very glad the following epistle obliges mention Mr. Powell a second time in the same for indeed there cannot be too great encoura given to his skill in motions*, provided he is proper restrictions.

'SIR,

'THE opera at the Haymarket, and tha the little Piazza in Covent-garden, being at the two leading diversions of the town, ar Powell professing in his advertisements to set u tington and his Cat against Rinaldo and Armi curiosity led me the beginning of last week both these performances, and make my obse upon them.

'First, therefore, I cannot but observe th Powell wisely forbearing to give his company of fare before hand, every scene is new an pected; whereas it is certain, that the underta

found the hero was obliged to go to Armida, and hand her out of her coach. We had also but a very short allowance of thunder and lightning; though I cannot in this place omit doing justice to the boy who had the direction of the two painted dragons, and made them spit fire and smoke. He flashed out his rosin in such just proportions, and in such due time, that I could not forbear conceiving hopes of his being one day a most excellent player. I saw, indeed, but two things wanting to render his whole action complete, I mean the keeping his head a little lower, and hiding his candle.

'I observe that Mr. Powell and the undertakers of the opera had both the same thought, and I think much about the same time, of introducing animals on their several stages, though indeed with very different success. The sparrows and chaffinches at the Haymarket fly as yet very irregularly over the stage; and instead of perching on the trees, and performing their parts, these young actors either get into the galleries, or put out the candles; whereas Mr. Powell has so well disciplined his pig, that in the first scene he and Punch dance a minuet together. I am informed, however, that Mr. Powell resolves to excel his adversaries in their own way; and introduce larks in his next opera of Susannah, or Innocence Betrayed, which will be exhibited next week, with a pair of new Elders.

'The moral of Mr. Powell's drama is violated, I confess, by Punch's national reflections on the French, and King Harry's laying his leg upon the Queen's lap, in too ludicrous a manner, before so great an assembly.

'As to the mechanism and scenery, every thing, indeed, was uniform, and of a piece, and the scenes were managed very dextrously; which calls on me to take notice, *that at the* Haymarket, the undertakers

forgetting to change the side-scenes, we were present with a prospect of the ocean in the midst of a deligh ful grove; and though the gentlemen on the stage h very much contributed to the beauty of the grove, walking up and down between the trees, I must own was not a little astonished to see a well-dressed you fellow, in a full-bottomed wig, appear in the midst the sea, and without any visible concern taking snuf

'I shall only observe one thing further, in whi both dramas agree; which is, that by the squeak their voices the heroes of each are eunuchs; and the wit in both pieces is equal, I must prefer t performance of Mr. Powell, because it is in our ow language.

I am, &c.'

N° 15. SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1710-11.

Parva leves capiunt animos——

OVID, ARS AM. i. 159.

Light minds are pleas'd with trifles.

WHEN I was in France, I used to gaze with gre astonishment at the splendid equipages, and part coloured habits of that fantastic nation. I was o day in particular contemplating a lady that sat in coach adorned with gilded Cupids, and finely paint with the Loves of Venus and Adonis. The coa was drawn by six milk-white horses, and loaded b hind with the same number of powdered footme Just before the lady were a couple of beautiful pag *that* were stuck among the harness, and by their g

dresses and smiling features, looked like the elder brothers of the little boys that were carved and painted in every corner of the coach.

The lady was the unfortunate Cleanthe, who afterwards gave an occasion to a pretty melancholy novel. She had, for several years, received the addresses of a gentleman, whom, after a long and intimate acquaintance, she forsook, upon the account of this shining equipage, which had been offered to her by one of great riches, but a crazy constitution. The circumstances in which I saw her, were, it seems, the disguises only of a broken heart, and a kind of pageantry to cover distress, for in two months after she was carried to her grave with the same pomp and magnificence, being sent thither partly by the loss of one lover, and partly by the possession of another.

I have often reflected with myself on this unaccountable humour in womankind, of being smitten with every thing that is showy and superficial; and on the numberless evils that befal the sex, from this light fantastical disposition. I myself remember a young lady that was very warmly solicited by a couple of importunate rivals, who, for several months together, did all they could to recommend themselves, by complacency of behaviour, and agreeableness of conversation. At length when the competition was doubtful, and the lady undetermined in her choice, one of the young lovers very luckily bethought himself of adding a supernumerary lace to his liveries, which had so good an effect, that he married her the very week after.

The usual conversation of ordinary women very much cherishes this natural weakness of being taken with outside and appearance. Talk of a new-married couple, and you immediately hear whether they keep *their coach* and six, or eat in plate. Men-

tion the name of an absent lady, and it is ten to one but you learn something of her gown and petticoat A ball is a great help to discourse, and a birth-day furnishes conversation for a twelvemonth after. A furbelow of precious stones, an hat buttoned with a diamond, a brocade waistcoat or petticoat, are standing topics. In short, they consider only the drapery of the species, and never cast away a thought on those ornaments of the mind that make person illustrious in themselves, and useful to others. When women are thus perpetually dazzling one another imaginations, and filling their heads with nothing but colours, it is no wonder that they are more attentive to the superficial parts of life, than the solid and substantial blessings of it. A girl, who has been trained up in this kind of conversation, is in danger of every embroidered coat that comes in her way. A pair of fringed gloves may be her ruin In a word, lace and ribbons, silver and gold galloons with the like glittering gewgaws, are so many lures to women of weak minds and low educations, and when artificially displayed, are able to fetch down the most airy coquette from the wildest of her flights and rambles.

True happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise; it arises, in the first place, from the enjoyment of one's self; and in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions; it loves shade and solitude, and naturally haunts groves and fountains, fields and meadows: in short, it feels every thing it wants within itself, and receives no addition from multitudes of witnesses and spectators. On the contrary, false happiness loves to be in a crowd, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any satisfaction from the applauses which she gives herself, but *from the* admiration which she raises in others. She

flourishes in courts and palaces, theatres and assemblies, and has no existence but when she is looked upon.

Aurelia, though a woman of great quality, delights in the privacy of a country life, and passes away a great part of her time in her own walks and gardens. Her husband, who is her bosom friend and companion in her solitudes, has been in love with her ever since he knew her. They both abound with good sense, consummate virtue, and a mutual esteem; and are a perpetual entertainment to one another. Their family is under so regular an economy, in its hours of devotion and repast, employment and diversion, that it looks like a little commonwealth within itself. They often go into company, that they may return with the greater delight to one another; and sometimes live in town, not to enjoy it so properly, as to grow weary of it, that they may renew in themselves the relish of a country life. By this means they are happy in each other, beloved by their children, adored by their servants, and are become the envy, or rather the delight of all that know them.

How different to this is the life of Fulvia! She considers her husband as her steward, and looks upon discretion and good housewifery as little domestic virtues, unbecoming a woman of quality. She thinks life lost in her own family, and fancies herself out of the world, when she is not in the ring, the playhouse, or the drawing-room. She lives in a perpetual motion of body, and restlessness of thought, and is never easy in any one place, when she thinks there is more company in another. The missing of an opera the first night, would be more afflicting to her than the death of a child. She pities all the valuable part of her own sex, and calls every woman of a prudent, modest, and retired life, a poor-spirited, unpolished creature. What a mortification would it be to Fulvia,

if she knew that her setting herself to view is bu posing herself, and that she grows contemptibl being conspicuous?

I cannot conclude my paper, without obser that Virgil has very finely touched upon this fe passion for dress and show, in the character of milla; who though she seems to have shaken of the other weaknesses of her sex, is still described woman in this particular. The poet tells us, after having made a great slaughter of the enemy unfortunately cast her eye on a Trojan, who wo embroidered tunic, a beautiful coat of mail, w mantle of the finest purple. 'A golden bow,' he, 'hung upon his shoulder; his garment was kled with a golden clasp, and his head covered an helmet of the same shining metal.' The Am immediately singled out this well-dressed wa being seized with a woman's longing for the p trappings that he was adorned with:

———*Totumque incauta per agmen*
Fœmineo prædæ et spoliorum ardebat amore.'
Æn. xi. 782.

This heedless pursuit after these glittering trifles poet, (by a nice concealed moral) represents to been the destruction of his female hero.

N° 16. MONDAY, MARCH 19, 1710-11.

Quid verum atque decens curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.
HOR. 1 Ep. i. 11.

What right, what true, what fit we justly call,
Let this be all my care—for this is all.
POPE.

I HAVE received a letter, desiring me to be very satirical upon the little muff that is now in fashion; another informs me of a pair of silver garters buckled below the knee, that have been lately seen at the Rainbow coffee-house in Fleet-street; a third sends me an heavy complaint against fringed gloves. To be brief, there is scarce an ornament of either sex which one or other of my correspondents has not inveighed against with some bitterness, and recommended to my observation. I must, therefore, once for all, inform my readers, that it is not my intention to sink the dignity of this my paper, with reflections upon red heels or top-knots, but rather to enter into the passions of mankind, and to correct those depraved sentiments that give birth to all those little extravagancies which appear in their outward dress and behaviour. Foppish and fantastic ornaments are only indications of vice, not criminal in themselves. Extinguish vanity in the mind, and you naturally retrench the little superfluities of garniture and equipage. The blossoms will fall of themselves when the root that nourishes them is destroyed.

I shall therefore, as I have said, apply my remedies to the first seeds and principles of an affected dress, *without descending* to the dress itself; though

at the same time I must own that I have thoughts of creating an officer under me, to be entitled, The Censor of Small Wares, and of allotting him one day in the week for the execution of such his office. An operator of this nature might act under me, with the same regard as a surgeon to a physician; the one might be employed in healing those blotches and tumours which break out in the body, while the other is sweetening the blood, and rectifying the constitution. To speak truly, the young people of both sexes are so wonderfully apt to shoot out into long swords or sweeping trains, bushy head-dresses or full bottomed periwigs, with several other incumbrances of dress, that they stand in need of being pruned very frequently, lest they should be oppressed with ornaments, and over-run with the luxuriancy of their habits. I am much in doubt, whether I should give the preference to a quaker that is trimmed close, and almost cut to the quick, or to a beau that is loaden with such a redundance of excrescences. I must therefore desire my correspondents to let me know how they approve my project, and whether they think the erecting of such a petty censorship may not turn to the emolument of the public; for I would not do any thing of this nature rashly and without advice.

There is another set of correspondents to whom I must address myself in the second place; I mean such as fill their letters with private scandal, and black accounts of particular persons and families. The world is so full of ill-nature, that I have lampoons sent me by people who cannot spell, and satires composed by those who scarce know how to write. By the last post in particular, I received a packet of scandal which is not legible; and have a whole bundle of letters in women's hands, that are *full of* blots and calumnies, insomuch, that when I

see the name Cælia, Phillis, Pastora, or the like, at the bottom of a scrawl, I conclude of course that it brings me some account of a fallen virgin, a faithless wife, or an amorous widow. I must therefore inform these my correspondents, that it is not my design to be a publisher of intrigues and cuckoldoms, or to bring little infamous stories out of their present lurking-holes into broad day-light. If I attack the vicious, I shall only set upon them in a body; and will not be provoked by the worst usage I can receive from others, to make an example of any particular criminal. In short, I have so much of a Drawcansir in me, that I shall pass over a single foe to charge whole armies. It is not Lais or Silenus, but the harlot and the drunkard, whom I shall endeavour to expose; and shall consider the crime as it appears in the species, not as it is circumstanced in an individual. I think it was Caligula, who wished the whole city of Rome had but one neck, that he might behead them at a blow. I shall do, out of humanity, what that emperor would have done in the cruelty of his temper, and aim every stroke at a collective body of offenders. At the same time I am very sensible that nothing spreads a paper like private calumny and defamation; but as my speculations are not under this necessity, they are not exposed to this temptation.

In the next place, I must apply myself to my party correspondents, who are continually teasing me to take notice of one another's proceedings. How often am I asked by both sides, if it is possible for me to be an unconcerned spectator of the rogueries that are committed by the party which is opposite to him that writes the letter. About two days since, I was reproached with an old Grecian law, that forbids any man to stand as a neuter, or a looker-on in *the divisions of his* country. However, as I am

very sensible my paper would lose its whole effe should it run out into the outrages of a party, I sh take care to keep clear of every thing which loo that way. If I can any way assuage private infla mations, or allay public ferments, I shall apply n self to it with my utmost endeavours: but will ne let my heart reproach me with having done a thing towards increasing those feuds and animosit that extinguish religion, deface government, and m a nation miserable.

What I have said under the three foregoing hea will, I am afraid, very much retrench the number my correspondents. I shall therefore acquaint reader, that if he has started any hint which he is u able to pursue, if he has met with any surpris story which he does not know how to tell, if he l discovered any epidemical vice which has escap my observation, or has heard of any uncommon v tue which he would desire to publish; in short he has any materials that can furnish out an innoc diversion, I shall promise him my best assistance in working of them up for a public entertainment.

This paper my reader will find was intended for answer to a multitude of correspondents; but I ho he will pardon me if I single out one of them in pa cular, who has made me so very humble a request, t I cannot forbear complying with it.

'*TO THE SPECTATOR.*

'SIR, March 15, 1710-1

'I AM at present so unfortunate as to h nothing to do but to mind my own business; t therefore beg of you that you will be pleased to me into some small post under you. I observe t you have appointed your printer and publisher *receive* letters and advertisements for the city

London, and shall think myself very much honoured by you, if you will appoint me to take in letters and advertisements for the city of Westminster and the dutchy of Lancaster. Though I cannot promise to fill such an employment with sufficient abilities, I will endeavour to make up with industry and fidelity what I want in parts and genius.

'I am, SIR,

'Your most obedient servant,

C. 'CHARLES LILLIE.'

N° 17. TUESDAY, MARCH 20, 1710-11.

Tetrum ante omnia vultum.
JUV. x. 191.

——A visage rough,
Deform'd, unfeatured.

SINCE our persons are not of our own making, when they are such as appear defective or uncomely, it is, methinks, an honest and laudable fortitude to dare to be ugly; at least to keep ourselves from being abashed with a consciousness of imperfections which we cannot help, and in which there is no guilt. I would not defend an haggard beau, for passing away much time at a glass, and giving softness and languishing graces to deformity: all I intend is, that we ought to be contented with our countenance and shape, so far, as never to give ourselves an uneasy reflection on that subject. It is to the ordinary people who are not accustomed to make very proper remarks on any occasion, matter of great jest, if a man enters with a prominent pair of shoulders into an *assembly, or is distinguished* by an expansion

of mouth, or obliquity of aspect. It is happy for a man that has any of these oddnesses about him, if he can be as merry upon himself, as others are apt to be upon that occasion. When he can possess himself with such a cheerfulness, women and children, who are at first frighted at him, will afterwards be as much pleased with him. As it is barbarous in others to rally him for natural defects, it is extremely agreeable when he can jest upon himself for them.

Madam Maintenon's first husband was an hero in this kind, and has drawn many pleasantries from the irregularity of his shape, which he describes as very much resembling the letter Z. He diverts himself likewise by representing to his reader the make of an engine and pully, with which he used to take off his hat. When there happens to be any thing ridiculous in a visage, and the owner of it thinks it an aspect of dignity, he must be of very great quality to be exempt from raillery. The best expedient therefore is to be pleasant upon himself. Prince Harry and Falstaff, in Shakspeare, have carried the ridicule upon fat and lean, as far as it will go. Falstaff is humorously called woolsack, bedpresser, and hill of flesh; Harry, a starveling, an elves-skin, a sheath, a bow-case, and a tuck. There is in several incidents of the conversation between them, the jest still kept up upon the person. Great tenderness and sensibility in this point is one of the greatest weaknesses of self-love. For my own part, I am a little unhappy in the mould of my face, which is not quite so long as it is broad. Whether this might not partly arise from my opening my mouth much seldomer than other people, and by consequence not so much lengthening the fibres of my visage, I am not at leisure to determine. However it be, I have been often put out of countenance by the short-

ess of my face, and was formerly at great pains in oncealing it by wearing a perriwig with an high ore-top, and letting my beard grow. But now I ave thoroughly got over this delicacy, and could be ontented with a much shorter, provided it might ualify me for a member of the merry club, which e following letter gives me an account of. I have ceived it from Oxford, and as it abounds with the irit of mirth and good humour, which is natural to at place, I shall set it down word for word as it ame to me.

'MOST PROFOUND SIR,

'HAVING been very well entertained, in e last of your speculations that I have yet seen, y your specimen upon clubs, which I therefore ope you will continue, I shall take the liberty to rnish you with a brief account of such a one as, erhaps, you have not seen in all your travels, unss it was your fortune to touch upon some of the oody parts of the African continent, in your voyage or from Grand Cairo. There have arose in this niversity (long since you left us without saying y thing) several of these inferior hebdomadal soeties, as the Punning club, the Witty club, and nongst the rest, the Handsome club; as a burque upon which, a certain merry species, that em to have come into the world in masquerade, r some years last past have associated themselves gether, and assumed the name of the Ugly club. his ill-favoured fraternity consists of a president d twelve fellows; the choice of which is not conned by patent to any particular foundation, (as St. hn's men would have the world believe, and have erefore erected a separate society within themves) *but liberty is left* to elect from any school in

Great Britain, provided the candidates be within rules of the club, as set forth in a table, intitled, Act of Deformity. A clause or two of which I transmit to you.

'I. That no person whatsoever shall be adm without a visible quearity in his aspect, or pe cast of countenance; of which the president and ers for the time being are to determine, and the sident to have the casting voice.

'II. That a singular regard be had upon exam tion, to the gibbosity of the gentlemen that themselves as founder's kinsmen; or to the obli of their figure, in what sort soever.

'III. That if the quantity of any man's nos eminently miscalculated, whether as to lengt breadth, he shall have a just pretence to be elect

'Lastly, That, if there shall be two or more petitors for the same vacancy, *ceteris paribus* that has the thickest skin to have the preference.

'Every fresh member, upon his first night, i entertain the company with a dish of cod-fish, a speech in praise of Æsop, whose portraiture have in full proportion, or rather disproportion, the chimney; and their design is, as soon as funds are sufficient, to purchase the heads of Ther Duns Scotus, Scarron, Hudibras, and the old ge man in Oldham, with all the celebrated ill face antiquity, as furniture for the club-room.

'As they have always been professed admirer the other sex, so they unanimously declare that will give all possible encouragement to such as take the benefit of the statute, though none yet appeared to do it.

'The worthy president, who is their most dev champion, has lately shewn me two copies of ve composed by a gentleman of his society; the fi congratulatory ode, inscribed to Mrs. Touch

upon the loss of her two fore teeth; the other, a panegyric upon Mrs. Andiron's left shoulder. Mrs. Vizard, (he says) since the small pox, is grown tolerably ugly, and a top toast in the club; but I never heard him so lavish of his fine things, as upon old Nell Trot, who constantly officiates at their table; her he even adores and extols as the very counterpart of Mother Shipton; in short, Nell, (says he) is one of the extraordinary works of nature; but as for complexion, shape, and features, so valued by others, they are all mere outside and symmetry, which is his aversion. Give me leave to add, that, the president is a facetious pleasant gentleman, and never more so, than when he has got (as he calls them) his dear mummers about him; and he often protests it does him good to meet a fellow with a right genuine grimace in his air (which is so agreeable in the generality of the French nation); and, as an instance of his sincerity in this particular, he gave me a sight of a list in his pocket-book of all this class, who for these five years have fallen under his observation, with himself at the head of them, and in the rear [as one of a promising and improving aspect].

SIR,

Your obliged and humble servant,

ALEXANDER CARBUNCLE.'

R.

Oxford,
March 12, 1710.

Nº 18. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 1710-11.

Equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas
Omnis ad incertos oculos, et gaudia vana.
HOR. 2 Ep. i. 187.

But now our nobles too are fops and vain,
Neglect the sense, but love the painted scene.
CREECH.

It is my design in this paper to deliver down to posterity a faithful account of the Italian opera, and of the gradual progress which it has made upon the English stage; for there is no question but our great grand children will be very curious to know the reason why their forefathers used to sit together like an audience of foreigners in their own country, and to hear whole plays acted before them in a tongue which they did not understand.

Arsinoe was the first opera that gave us a taste of Italian music. The great success this opera met with produced some attempts of forming pieces upon Italian plans, which should give a more natural and reasonable entertainment than what can be met with in the elaborate trifles of that nation. This alarmed the poetasters and fiddlers of the town, who were used to deal in a more ordinary kind of ware; and therefore laid down an established rule, which is received as such to this day, 'That nothing is capable of being well set to music, that is not nonsense.'

This maxim was no sooner received, but we immediately fell to translating the Italian operas; and as there was no great danger of hurting the sense of *those* extraordinary pieces, our authors would often

: words of their own which were entirely foreign
ıe meaning of the passages they pretended to
late; their chief care being to make the numbers
e English verse answer to those of the Italian,
both of them might go to the same tune. Thus
amous song in Camilla:

Barbara si t' intendo, &c.'
Barbarous woman, yes, I know your meaning,'

ı expresses the resentments of an angry lover,
ranslated into that English lamentation:

Frail are a lover's hopes,' &c.

it was pleasant enough to see the most refined
ns of the British nation dying away and languish-
o notes that were filled with a spirit of rage and
nation. It happened also very frequently, where
ense was rightly translated, the necessary trans-
ion of words, which were drawn out of the phrase
ıe tongue into that of another, made the music
ır very absurd in one tongue that was very natu-
the other. I remember an Italian verse that
hus, word for word:

' And turn'd my rage into pity;'

ı the English for rhyme sake translated,

' And into pity turn'd my rage.'

iis means the soft notes that were adapted to
in the Italian, fell upon the word rage in the
sh; and the angry sounds that were turned to
in the original, were made to express pity in the
lation. It oftentimes happened likewise, that the
notes in the air fell upon the most insignificant
s in the sentence. I have known the word ' and'

pursued through the whole gamut, have been entertained with many a melodious 'the,' and have heard the most beautiful graces, quavers, and divisions bestowed upon 'then, for, and from;' to the eternal honour of our English particles.

The next step to our refinement was the introducing of Italian actors into our opera; who sung their parts in their own language, at the same time that our countrymen performed theirs in our native tongue. The king or hero of the play generally spoke in Italian, and his slaves answered him in English. The lover frequently made his court, and gained the heart of his princess, in a language which she did not understand. One would have thought it very difficult to have carried on dialogues after this manner without an interpreter between the persons that conversed together; but this was the state of the English stage for about three years.

At length the audience grew tired of understanding half the opera; and therefore to ease themselves entirely of the fatigue of thinking, have so ordered it at present, that the whole opera is performed in an unknown tongue. We no longer understand the language of our own stage; insomuch that I have often been afraid, when I have seen our Italian performers chattering in the vehemence of action, that they have been calling us names, and abusing us among themselves; but I hope, since we do put such an entire confidence in them, they will not talk against us before our faces, though they may do it with the same safety as if it were behind our backs. In the mean time, I cannot forbear thinking how naturally an historian who writes two or three hundred years hence, and does not know the taste of his wise forefathers, will make the following reflections: 'In the beginning of the eighteenth century, the Italian tongue was so well understood

in England, that operas were acted on the public stage in that language.'

One scarce knows how to be serious in the confutation of an absurdity that shows itself at the first sight. It does not want any great measure of sense to see the ridicule of this monstrous practice; but what makes it the more astonishing, it is not the taste of the rabble, but of persons of the greatest politeness, which has established it.

If the Italians have a genius for music above the English, the English have a genius for other performances of a much higher nature, and capable of giving the mind a much nobler entertainment. Would one think it was possible (at a time when an author lived that was able to write the Phædra and Hippolitus) for a people to be so stupidly fond of the Italian opera, as scarce to give a third day's hearing to that admirable tragedy? Music is certainly a very agreeable entertainment: but if it would take the entire possession of our ears, if it would make us incapable of hearing sense, if it would exclude arts that have a much greater tendency to the refinement of human nature; I must confess I would allow it no better quarter than Plato has done, who banishes it out of his commonwealth.

At present our notions of music are so very uncertain, that we do not know what it is we like; only, in general, we are transported with any thing that is not English: so it be of a foreign growth, let it be Italian, French, or High Dutch, it is the same thing. In short, our English music is quite rooted out, and nothing yet planted in its stead.

When a royal palace is burnt to the ground, every man is at liberty to present his plan for a new one; and though it be but indifferently put together, it may furnish several hints that may be of use to a good *architect*. *I shall* take the same liberty in a

following paper, of giving my opinion upon the subject of music; which I shall lay down only in a problematical manner, to be considered by those who are masters in the art.

Nº 19. THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1710-11.

Di bene fecerent, inopis me quodque pusilli
Finxerunt animi, raro et perpauca loquentis.
HOR. 1 Sat. iv. 11-12.

Thank heaven that made me of an humble mind;
To action little, less to words inclin'd!

OBSERVING one person behold another, who was an utter stranger to him, with a cast of his eye which methought, expressed an emotion of hatred very different from what could be raised by an object so agreeable as the gentleman he looked at, I began to consider, not without some secret sorrow, the condition of an envious man. Some have fancied that envy has a certain magical force in it, and that the eyes of the envious have by their fascination blasted the enjoyments of the happy. Sir Francis Bacon says, some have been so curious as to remark the times and seasons when the stroke of an envious eye is most effectually pernicious, and have observed that it has been when the person envied has been in any circumstance of glory and triumph. At such a time the mind of the prosperous man goes, as it were abroad, among things without him, and is more exposed to the malignity. But I shall not dwell upon speculations so abstracted as this, or repeat the many excellent things which one might collect out of authors upon this miserable affection; but here

ng the common road of life, consider the envious man with relation to these three heads, his pains, his reliefs, and his happiness.

The envious man is in pain upon all occasions which ought to give him pleasure. The relish of his life is inverted; and the objects which administer the highest satisfaction to those who are exempt from this passion, give the quickest pangs to persons who are subject to it. All the perfections of their fellow-creatures are odious. Youth, beauty, valour, and wisdom are provocations of their displeasure. What a wretched and apostate state is this! to be offended with excellence, and to hate a man because we approve him! The condition of the envious man is the most emphatically miserable; he is not only incapable of rejoicing in another's merit or success, but lives in a world wherein all mankind are in a plot against his quiet, by studying their own happiness and advantage. Will Prosper is an honest tale-bearer, he makes it his business to join in conversation with envious men. He points to such a handsome young fellow, and whispers that he is secretly married to a great fortune. When they doubt he adds circumstances to prove it; and never fails to aggravate their distress, by assuring them, that, to his knowledge, he has an uncle will leave him some thousands. Will has many arts of this kind to torture this sort of temper, and delights in it. When he finds them change colour, and say faintly they wish such a piece of news is true, he has the malice to speak some good or other of every man of their acquaintance.

The reliefs of the envious man are those little blemishes and imperfections that discover themselves in an illustrious character. It is a matter of great consolation to an envious person, when a man of *known honour does* a thing unworthy himself, or

when any action which was well executed, upon better information appears so altered in its circumstances, that the fame of it is divided among many, instead of being attributed to one. This is a secret satisfaction to these malignants; for the person whom they before could not but admire, they fancy is nearer their own condition as soon as his merit is shared among others. I remember some years ago there came out an excellent poem without the name of the author. The little wits, who were incapable of writing it, began to pull in pieces the supposed writer. When that would not do, they took great pains to suppress the opinion that it was his. That again failed. The next refuge was to say it was overlooked by one man, and many pages wholly written by another. An honest fellow who sat amongst a cluster of them in debate on this subject, cried out, 'Gentlemen, if you are sure none of you yourselves had a hand in it, you are but where you were, whoever writ it.' But the most usual succour to the envious, in cases of nameless merit in this kind, is to keep the property, if possible, unfixed, and by that means to hinder the reputation of it from falling upon any particular person. You see an envious man clear up his countenance, if in the relation of any man's great happiness in one point, you mention his uneasiness in another. When he hears such a one is very rich he turns pale, but recovers when you add that he has many children. In a word, the only sure way to an envious man's favour, is not to deserve it.

But if we consider the envious man in delight, it is like reading of the seat of a giant in a romance; the magnificence of his house consists in the many limbs of men whom he has slain. If any who promised themselves success in any uncommon undertaking miscarry in the attempt, or he that aimed at

l have been useful and laudable, meets with
and derision, the envious man, under the
hating vainglory, can smile with an inward
; of heart at the ill effect it may have upon
unbition for the future.

thoroughly considered the nature of this
ıave made it my study how to avoid the
nay accrue to me from these my specula-
if I am not mistaken in myself, I think I
ius to escape it. Upon hearing in a coffee-
of my papers commended, I immediately
ɔd the envy that would spring from that
and therefore gave a description of my face
ıy; being resolved, as I grow in reputation
resign my pretensions to beauty. This, I
give some ease to those unhappy gentlemen
: the honour to torment themselves upon
t of this my paper. As their case is very
. and deserves compassion, I shall some-
ull, in pity to them, and will, from time to
ıister consolations to them by further dis-
my person. In the mean while, if any one
ıectator has wit, it may be some relief to
nk that he does not shew it in company.
one praises his morality, they may comfort
by considering that his face is none of

R.

N° 20. FRIDAY, MARCH 23, 1710-11.

——— Κύνος ὄμματ' ἔχων. ———
HOM. Il. i. 225.

Thou dog in forehead. ———
POPE.

AMONG the other hardy undertakings which I have proposed to myself, that of the correction of impudence is what I have very much at heart. This in a particular manner is my province as Spectator; for it is generally an offence committed by the eyes, and that against such as the offenders would perhaps never have an opportunity of injuring any other way. The following letter is a complaint of a young lady, who sets forth a trespass of this kind, with that command of herself as befits beauty and innocence, and yet with so much spirit as sufficiently expresses her indignation. The whole transaction is performed with the eyes; and the crime is no less than employing them in such a manner, as to divert the eyes of others from the best use they can make of them, even looking up to heaven.

'SIR,

'THERE never was (I believe) an acceptable man but had some awkward imitators. Ever since the Spectator appeared, have I remarked a kind of men, whom I choose to call Starers; that without any regard to time, place, or modesty, disturb a large company with their impertinent eyes. Spectators make up a proper assembly for a puppet-*show* or a bear-garden; but devout supplicants and

tentive hearers, are the audience one ought to ex-ect in churches. I am, sir, member of a small ious congregation near one of the north gates of is city; much the greater part of us indeed are males, and used to behave ourselves in a regular ttentive manner, till very lately one whole aisle has een disturbed by one of these monstrous starers; e is the head taller than any one in the church; but or the greater advantage of exposing himself, stands pon a hassock, and commands the whole congre-ation, to the great annoyance of the devoutest part f the auditory; for what with blushing, confusion, nd vexation, we can neither mind the prayers nor ermon. Your animadversion upon this insolence vould be a great favour to,

SIR,

Your most humble servant,

S. C.'

I have frequently seen of this sort of fellows, and do think there cannot be a greater aggravation of an offence, than that it is committed where the criminal is protected by the sacredness of the place which he violates. Many reflections of this sort might be very justly made upon this sort of behaviour, but a starer is not usually a person to be convinced by the reason of the thing; and a fellow that is capable of shewing an impudent front before a whole congre-gation, and can bear being a public spectacle, is not so easily rebuked as to amend by admonitions. If, therefore, my correspondent does not inform me, that within seven days after this date the barbarian does not at least stand upon his own legs only, without an eminence, my friend Will Prosper* has promised to take an hassock opposite to him, and

* See *Spect. No. 19.* *W.* Prosper, an honest tale-bearer, &c.

stare against him in defence of the ladies. I have given him directions, according to the most exact rules of optics, to place himself in such a manner, that he shall meet his eyes wherever he throws them. I have hopes, that when Will confronts him, and all the ladies, in whose behalf he engages him, cast kind looks and wishes of success at their champion, he will have some shame, and feel a little of the pain he has so often put others to, of being out of countenance.

It has, indeed, been time out of mind generally remarked, and as often lamented, that this family of Starers have infested public assemblies. I know no other way to obviate so great an evil, except, in the case of fixing their eyes upon women, some male friend will take the part of such as are under the oppression of impudence, and encounter the eyes of the Starers wherever they meet them. While we suffer our women to be thus impudently attacked, they have no defence, but in the end to cast yielding glances at the Starers. In this case, a man who has no sense of shame, has the same advantage over his mistress, as he who has no regard for his own life has over his adversary. While the generality of the world are fettered by rules, and move by proper and just methods; he who has no respect to any of them, carries away the reward due to that propriety of behaviour, with no other merit, but that of having neglected it.

I take an impudent fellow to be a sort of outlaw in good breeding, and therefore what is said of him no nation or person can be concerned for. For this reason one may be free upon him. I have put myself to great pains in considering this prevailing quality, which we call impudence, and have taken notice that it exerts itself in a different manner, according to the different soils wherein such subjects

of these dominions as are masters of it, were born. Impudence in an Englishman is sullen and insolent; in a Scotchman it is untractable and rapacious; in an Irishman absurd and fawning: as the course of the world now runs, the impudent Englishman behaves like a surly landlord, the Scot like an ill-received guest, and the Irishman like a stranger, who knows he is not welcome. There is seldom any thing entertaining either in the impudence of a South or North Briton; but that of an Irishman is always comic. A true and genuine impudence is ever the effect of ignorance without the least sense of it. The best and most successful starers now in this town, are of that nation; they have usually the advantage of the stature mentioned in the above letter of my correspondent, and generally take their stands in the eye of women of fortune; insomuch that I have known one of them, three months after he came from plough, with a tolerable good air, lead out a woman from a play, which one of our own breed, after four years at Oxford, and two at the Temple, would have been afraid to look at.

I cannot tell how to account for it, but these people have usually the preference to our own fools, in the opinion of the sillier part of womankind. Perhaps it is that an English coxcomb is seldom so obsequious as an Irish one; and when the design of pleasing is visible, an absurdity in the way toward it, is easily forgiven.

But those who are downright impudent, and go on without reflection that they are such, are more to be tolerated, than a set of fellows among us who profess impudence with an air of humour, and think to carry off the most inexcusable of all faults in the world, with no other apology than saying in a gay tone, 'I put an impudent face upon the matter.' No; no man shall be allowed the advantages

of impudence, who is conscious that he is such. If he knows he is impudent, he may as well be otherwise; and it shall be expected that he blush, when he sees he makes another do it. For nothing can atone for the want of modesty: without which beauty is ungraceful, and wit detestable. R.

N° 21. SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1710-11.

——— *Locus est et pluribus umbris.*
HOR. 1 Ep. v. 28.

There's room enough, and each may bring his friend.
CREECH.

I AM sometimes very much troubled, when I reflect upon the three great professions of divinity, law, and physic; how they are each of them overburdened with practitioners, and filled with multitudes of ingenious gentlemen that starve one another.

We may divide the clergy into generals, field officers, and subalterns. Among the first we may reckon bishops, deans, and archdeacons. Among the second are doctors of divinity, prebendaries, and all that wear scarfs. The rest are comprehended under the subalterns. As for the first class, our constitution preserves it from any redundancy of incumbents, notwithstanding competitors are numberless. Upon a strict calculation, it is found that there has been a great exceeding of late years in the second division, several brevets have been granted for the converting of subalterns into scarf-officers;

insomuch, that within my memory the price of lutestring is raised above two-pence in a yard. As for the subalterns, they are not to be numbered. Should our clergy once enter into the corrupt practice of the laity, by the splitting of their freeholds, they would be able to carry most of the elections in England.

The body of the law is no less incumbered with superfluous members, that are like Virgil's army, which he tells us was so crowded, many of them had not room to use their weapons. This prodigious society of men may be divided into the litigious, and peaceable. Under the first are comprehended all those who are carried down in coach-fulls to Westminster-hall, every morning in term time. Martial's description of this species of lawyers is full of humour:

'Iras et verba locant.'

'Men that hire out their words and anger;' that are more or less passionate according as they are paid for it, and allow their client a quantity of wrath proportionable to the fee which they receive from him. I must, however, observe to the reader, that above three parts of those whom I reckon among the litigious are such as are only quarrelsome in their hearts, and have no opportunity of shewing their passion at the bar. Nevertheless as they do not know what strifes may arise, they appear at the hall every day, that they may shew themselves in a readiness to enter the list, whenever there shall be occasion for them.

The peaceable lawyers are, in the first place, many of the benchers of the several inns of court, who seem to be the dignitaries of the law, and are endowed with those qualifications of mind that accomplish a man rather for a ruler than a pleader.

These men live peaceably in their habitations, eating once a day, and dancing once a year*, for the honour of their respective societies.

Another numberless branch of peaceable lawyers are those young men who, being placed at the inns of court in order to study the laws of their country, frequent the playhouse more than Westminster-hall, and are seen in all public assemblies, except in a court of justice. I shall say nothing of those silent and busy multitudes that are employed within doors in the drawing up of writings and conveyances, nor of those greater numbers that palliate their want of business with a pretence to such chamber practice.

If, in the third place, we look into the profession of physic, we shall find a most formidable body of men. The sight of them is enough to make a man serious, for we may lay it down as a maxim, that when a nation abounds in physicians, it grows thin of people. Sir William Temple is very much puzzled to find out a reason why the Northern Hive, as he calls it, does not send out such prodigious swarms, and over-run the world with Goths and Vandals, as it did formerly; but had that excellent author observed that there were no students in physic among the subjects of Thor and Woden, and that this science very much flourishes in the north at present, he might have found a better solution for this difficulty than any of those he has made use of. This body of men in our own country may be described like the British army in Cæsar's time. Some of them slay in chariots, and some on foot. If the infantry do less execution than the charioteers, it is because they cannot be carried so soon into all quarters of the town, and dispatch so much business

* See Dugdale's Origines Juridiciales.

so short a time. Besides this body of regular ops, there are stragglers, who without being duly ed and enrolled, do infinite mischief to those who so unlucky as to fall into their hands.

There are, besides the above-mentioned, innume- le retainers to physic, who for want of other pa- nts, amuse themselves with the stifling of cats in air-pump, cutting up dogs alive, or impaling of ects upon the point of a needle for microscopical servations; besides those that are employed in the thering of weeds, and the chase of butterflies: not mention the cockleshell-merchants and spider- chers.

When I consider how each of these professions crowded with multitudes that seek their liveli- od in them, and how many men of merit there are each of them, who may be rather said to be of the ence, than the profession: I very much wonder the humour of parents, who will not rather choose place their sons in a way of life where an honest lustry cannot but thrive, than in stations where greatest probity, learning, and good sense may carry. How many men are country curates, that ght have made themselves aldermen of London, a right improvement of a smaller sum of money in what is usually laid out upon a learned educa- n? A sober frugal person, of slender parts, and slow apprehension, might have thrived in trade, ugh he starves upon physic; as a man would be ll enough pleased to buy silks of one whom he uld not venture to feel his pulse. Vagellius is eful, studious, and obliging, but withal a little k-skulled; he has not a single client, but might e had abundance of customers. The misfortune that parents take a liking to a particular profes- n, and therefore desire their sons may be of it: reas, *in so great an affair of life, they should*

consider the genius and abilities of their children, more than their own inclinations.

It is the great advantage of a trading nation, that there are very few in it so dull and heavy, who may not be placed in stations of life, which may give them an opportunity of making their fortunes. A well-regulated commerce is not, like law, physic, or divinity, to be overstocked with hands; but on the contrary flourishes by multitudes, and gives employment to all its professors. Fleets of merchantmen are so many squadrons of floating shops, that vend our wares and manufactures in all the markets of the world, and find out chapmen under both the tropics. C.

N° 22. MONDAY, MARCH 26, 1711.

Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.
HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 5.

——— Whatever contradicts my sense
I hate to see, and never can believe.
ROSCOMMON.

THE word Spectator being most usually understood as one of the audience at public representations in our theatres, I seldom fail of many letters relating to plays and operas. But indeed there are such monstrous things done in both, that if one had not been an eye-witness of them, one could not believe that such matters had really been exhibited. There is very little which concerns human life, or is a picture of nature, that is regarded by the greater part of the company. The understanding is dismissed

om our entertainments. Our mirth is the laughter f fools, and our admiration the wonder of idiots; se such improbable, monstrous, and incoherent reams could not go off as they do, not only without ıe utmost scorn and contempt, but even with the ıudest applause and approbation. But the letters f my correspondents will represent this affair in a ıore lively manner than any discourse of my own; shall therefore give them to my reader with only his preparation, that they all come from players, nd that the business of playing is now so managed hat you are not to be surprised when I say one or wo of them are rational, others sensitive and vegetative actors, and others wholly inanimate. I shall not place these as I have named them, but as they have precedence in the opinion of their audiences.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'YOUR having been so humble as to take notice of the epistles of other animals, emboldens me, who am the wild boar that was killed by Mrs. Tofts, to represent to you, that I think I was hardly used in not having the part of the lion of Hydaspes given to me. It would have been but a natural step for me to have personated that noble creature, after having behaved myself to satisfaction in the part above mentioned. That of a lion is too great a character for one that never trod the stage before but upon two legs. As for the little resistance which I made, I hope it may be excused, when it is considered that the dart was thrown at me by so fair a hand. I must confess I had but just put on my brutality; and Camilla's charms were such, that beholding her erect mien, hearing her charming voice, and astonished *with* her graceful motion, I

could not keep up to my assumed fierceness, but like a man.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble admirer,

THOMAS PROM

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THIS is to let you understand, that playhouse is a representation of the world in thing so much as in this particular, that no one in it according to his merit. I have acted parts of household-stuff with great applause many years: I am one of the men in the hang in The Emperor of the Moon; I have twice formed the third chair in an English opera; have rehearsed the pump in The Fortune-Hun I am now grown old, and hope you will recom me so effectually, as that I may say something b I go off the stage: in which you will do a grea of charity to

Your most humble servant,

WILLIAM SCREENI

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'UNDERSTANDING that Mr. Screene has to you, and desired to be raised from dumb and parts; I desire, if you give him motion or spe that you would advance me in my way, and let keep on in what I humbly presume I am mo to wit, in representing human and still life toge I have several times acted one of the finest flo pots in the same opera wherein Mr. Screene chair; therefore upon his promotion, request th may succeed him in the hangings, with my hand in orange-trees.

Your humble servant,

RALPH SIMPLE

'SIR, Drury-lane, March 24, 1710-11.

'I SAW your friend the Templar this evening in the pit, and thought he looked very little pleased with the representation of the mad scene of The Pilgrim. I wish, sir, you would do us the favour to animadvert frequently upon the false taste the town is in, with relation to plays as well as operas. It certainly requires a degree of understanding to play justly; but such is our condition, that we are to suspend our reason to perform our parts. As to scenes of madness, you know, sir, there are noble instances of this kind in Shakspeare; but then it is the disturbance of a noble mind, from generous and humane resentments. It is like that grief which we have for the decease of our friends. It is no diminution, but a recommendation of human nature, that in such incidents, passion gets the better of reason; and all we can think to combat ourselves, is impotent against half what we feel. I will not mention that we had an idiot in the scene, and all the sense it is represented to have, is that of lust. As for myself, who have long taken pains in personating the passions, I have to-night acted only an appetite. The part I played is Thirst, but it is represented as written rather by a drayman than a poet. I come in with a tub about me, that tub hung with quart pots, with a full gallon at my mouth. I am ashamed to tell you that I pleased very much, and this was introduced as a madness; but sure it was not human madness, for a mule or an ass may have been as dry as ever I was in my life.

I am, SIR,
Your most obedient
and humble servant.'

'From the Savoy, in the Strand.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'IF you can read it with dry eyes, I give you this trouble to acquaint you, that I am the unfortunate King Latinus, and I believe I am the first prince that dated from this palace since John of Gaunt. Such is the uncertainty of all human greatness, that I who lately never moved without a guard, am now pressed as a common soldier, and am to sail with the first fair wind against my brother Lewis of France. It is a very hard thing to put off a character which one has appeared in with applause. This I experienced since the loss of my diadem; for upon quarrelling with another recruit, I spoke my indignation out of my part in *recitativo;*

"——————— Most audacious slave,
Dar'st thou an angry monarch's fury brave?"

The words were no sooner out of my mouth, when a serjeant knocked me down, and asked me if I had a mind to mutiny, in talking things nobody understood. You see, sir, my unhappy circumstances; and if by your meditation you can procure a subsidy for a prince (who never failed to make all that beheld him merry at his appearance) you will merit the thanks of

Your friend,

THE KING OF LATIUM.'

ADVERTISEMENT.

For the good of the public.

Within two doors of the masquerade lives an eminent Italian chirurgeon, arrived from the carnival at Venice, of great experience in private cures. Accommodations are provided, and persons admitted in their masquing habits.

He has cured since his coming hither, in less than a fortnight,

amouches, a mountebank doctor, two Turkish bassas, ns, and a morris-dancer.

Any person may agree by the great, and be kept by the year. The doctor draws teeth without pulling masque. R.

23. TUESDAY, MARCH 27, 1711.

it atrox Volscens, nec teli conspicit usquam torem, nec quò se ardens immittere possit.

VIRG. Æn. ix. 420.

ce Volscens foams with rage, and gazing round, cry'd not him who gave the fatal wound; knew to fix revenge.———

DRYDEN.

is nothing that more betrays a base unge- spirit than the giving of secret stabs to a reputation; lampoons and satires, that are with wit and spirit, are like poisoned darts, not only inflict a wound, but make it in- . For this reason I am very much troubled see the talents of humour and ridicule in the ion of an ill-natured man. There cannot be

following endorsement at the top of this paper, No. a set of the Spectator, in 12mo, of the edition in 1712, ntains some MS. notes by a Spanish merchant, who the time of the original publication:

'The character of Dr. Swift.'

Mr. Blundell's opinion, and whether it was well- d, ill-grounded, or ungrounded, probably he was not in the thought. The intimacy between Swift, Steele, lison was now over; and that they were about this ranged, appears from Swift's own testimony, dated 6, 1710-11.

a greater gratification to a barbarous and inhuma wit, than to stir up sorrow in the heart of a privat person, to raise uneasiness among near relation and to expose whole families to derision, at th same time that he remains unseen and undiscovere If, besides the accomplishments of being witty an ill-natured, a man is vicious into the bargain, h is one of the most mischievous creatures that ca enter into a civil society. His satire will the chiefly fall upon those who ought to be the mo exempt from it. Virtue, merit, and every thin that is praiseworthy, will be made the subject o ridicule and buffoonery. It is impossible to en merate the evils which arise from these arrows th fly in the dark, and I know no other excuse that or can be made for them, than that the woun they give are only imaginary, and produce nothin more than a secret shame or sorrow in the mind o the suffering person. It must indeed be confesse that a lampoon or a satire do not carry in them rol bery or murder; but at the same time how man are there that would not rather lose a considerab sum of money, or even life itself, than be set up a mark of infamy and derision? and in this case man should consider, that an injury is not to be mea sured by the notions of him that gives, but of him th receives it.

Those who can put the best countenance upo the outrages of this nature which are offered then are not without their secret anguish. I have ofte observed a passage in Socrates's behaviour at h death, in a light wherein none of the critics hav considered it. That excellent man entertaining h friends, a little before he drank the bowl of poiso with a discourse on the immortality of the soul, a his entering upon it, says that he does not believ any the most comic genius can censure him for talk

ing upon such a subject at such a time This passage, I think, evidently glances upon Aristophanes, who writ a comedy on purpose to ridicule the discourses of that divine philosopher. It has been observed by many writers, that Socrates was so little moved at this piece of buffoonery, that he was several times present at its being acted upon the stage, and never expressed the least resentment of it. But with submission, I think the remark I have here made shews us, that this unworthy treatment made an impression upon his mind, though he had been too wise to discover it.

When Julius Cæsar was lampooned by Catullus, he invited him to supper, and treated him with such a generous civility, that he made the poet his friend ever after. Cardinal Mazarine gave the same kind of treatment to the learned Quillet who had reflected upon his eminence in a famous Latin poem. The cardinal sent for him, and after some kind expostulations upon what he had written, assured him of his esteem, and dismissed him with a promise of the next good abbey that should fall, which he accordingly conferred upon him in a few months after. This had so good an effect upon the author, that he dedicated the second edition of his book to the cardinal, after having expunged the passages which had given him offence.

Sextus Quintus was not of so generous and forgiving a temper. Upon his being made pope, the statue of Pasquin was one night dressed in a very dirty shirt, with an excuse written under it, that he was forced to wear foul linen, because his laundress was made a princess. This was a reflection upon the pope's sister, who, before the promotion of her brother, was in those mean circumstances that Pasquin represented her. As this pasquinade made a great noise in Rome, the pope offered a consider-

able sum of money to any person that should discover the author of it. The author relying upon his holiness's generosity, as also on some private overtures which he had received from him, made the discovery himself; upon which the pope gave him the reward he had promised, but at the same time, to disable the satirist for the future, ordered his tongue to be cut out, and both his hands to be chopped off. Aretine* is too trite an instance. Every one knows that all the kings of Europe were his tributaries. Nay, there is a letter of his extant, in which he makes his boasts that he laid the Sophi of Persia under contribution.

Though in the various examples which I have here drawn together, these several great men behaved themselves very differently towards the wits of the age who had reproached them; they all of them plainly shewed that they were very sensible of their reproaches, and consequently that they received them as very great injuries. For my own part, I would never trust a man that I thought were capable of giving these secret wounds; and cannot but think that he would hurt the person, whose reputation he thus assaults, in his body or in his fortune, could he do it with the same security. There is, indeed, something very barbarous and inhuman in the ordinary scribblers of lampoons. An innocent young lady shall be exposed for an unhappy feature. A father of a family turned to ridicule, for some domestic calamity. A wife be made uneasy all her life for a misinterpreted word or action. Nay a good, a temperate, and a just man shall be put out of countenance by the representation of those qualities that should do him honour. So pernicious a thing is wit, when it is not tempered with virtue and humanity.

* Peter Aretine, infamous for his writings, died in 1556.

: indeed heard of heedless inconsiderate
hat without any malice have sacrificed the
1 of their friends and acquaintance to a cer-
r of temper, and a silly ambition of distin-
themselves by a spirit of raillery and satire:
vere not infinitely more honourable to be
ıtured man, than a wit. Where there is this
lant humour in an author, he is often very
us without designing to be so. For which
ılways lay it down as a rule, that an indis-
ı is more hurtful than an ill-natured one; for
:er will only attack his enemies, and those he
to; the other injures indifferently both
ıd foes. I cannot forbear, on this occasion,
ıg a fable out of Sir Roger l'Estrange, which
ly lies before me. 'A company of waggish
: watching of frogs at the side of a pond, and
y of them put up their heads, they would be
ıem down again with stones. "Children,"
›f the frogs, "you never consider that though
ıe play to you, it is death to us".'

week is in a manner set apart and dedi-
serious thoughts, I shall indulge myself in
ulations as may not be altogether unsuit-
he season; and in the mean time, as the
ourselves a charitable frame of mind is a
y proper for the time, I have in this paper
ed to expose that particular breach of cha-
:h has been generally overlooked by di-
ause they are but few who can be guilty

C.

N° 24. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 1711.

Accurrit quidam notus mihi nomine tantùm;
Arreptaque manu, Quid agis dulcissime rerum?
HOR. 1 Sat. lib. i.

Comes up a fop (I know him but by fame)
And seiz'd my hand, and called me by name—
——My dear!—how dost?

THERE are in this town a great number of insignificant people, who are by no means fit for the better sort of conversation, and yet have an impertinent ambition of appearing with those to whom they are not welcome. If you walk in the Park, one of them will certainly join with you, though you are in company with ladies; if you drink a bottle, they will find your haunts. What makes such fellows the more burdensome is, that they neither offend or please so far as to be taken notice of for either. It is, I presume, for this reason, that my correspondents are willing by any means to be rid of them. The two following letters are writ by persons who suffer by such impertinence. A worthy old bachelor, who sets in for a dose of claret every night, at such an hour, is teased by a swarm of them; who, because they are sure of room and good fire, have taken it in their heads to keep a sort of club in his company; though the sober gentleman himself is an utter enemy to such meetings.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THE aversion I for some years have had to clubs in general, gave me a perfect relish for your *speculation* on that subject; but I have since been

extremely mortified, by the malicious world's ranking me amongst the supporters of such impertinent assemblies. I beg leave to state my case fairly; and that done, I shall expect redress from your judicious pen.

'I am, sir, a bachelor of some standing, and a traveller; my business, to consult my own humour, which I gratify without controlling other people's: I have a room and a whole bed to myself; and I have a dog, a fiddle, and a gun; they please me, and injure no creature alive. My chief meal is a supper, which I always make at a tavern. I am constant to an hour, and not ill-humoured; for which reasons, though I invite nobody, I have no sooner supped, than I have a crowd about me of that sort of good company that know not whither else to go. It is true every man pays his share; yet as they are intruders, I have an undoubted right to be the only speaker, or at least the loudest; which I maintain, and that to the great emolument of my audience. I sometimes tell them their own in pretty free language; and sometimes divert them with merry tales, according as I am in humour. I am one of those who live in taverns to a great age, by a sort of regular intemperance; I never go to bed drunk, but always flustered; I wear away very gently; am apt to be peevish, but never angry. Mr. Spectator, if you have kept various company, you know there is in every tavern in town some old humourist or other, who is master of the house as much as he that keeps it. The drawers are all in awe of him; and all the customers who frequent his company, yield him a sort of comical obedience. I do not know but I may be such a fellow as this myself. But I appeal to you, whether this is to be called a club, because so many impertinents will break in *upon me, and* come without appointment?

Clinch of Barnet has a nightly meeting, and shows to every one that will come in and pay; but then he is the only actor. Why should people miscal things? If his is allowed to be a consort, why may not mine be a lecture? However, sir, I submit it to you, and am,

SIR,

Your most obedient, &c.

THOMAS KIMBOW.'

'GOOD SIR,

'You and I were pressed against each other last winter in a crowd, in which uneasy posture we suffered together for almost half an hour. I thank you for all your civilities ever since, in being of my acquaintance wherever you meet me. But the other day you pulled off your hat to me in the Park, when I was walking with my mistress. She did not like your air, and said she wondered what strange fellows I was acquainted with. Dear sir, consider it is as much as my life is worth, if she should think we were intimate: therefore I earnestly intreat you for the future to take no manner of notice of,

SIR,

Your obliged humble servant,

WILL FASHION.'

A like impertinence is also very troublesome to the superior and more intelligent part of the fair sex. It is, it seems, a great inconvenience, that those of the meanest capacities will pretend to make visits, though indeed they are qualified rather to add to the furniture of the house (by filling an empty chair) than to the conversation they come into when they visit. A friend of mine hopes for redress in this case, by the publication of her letter in my paper; which she thinks those she would be rid of will take to themselves. It seems to be written

h an eye to one of those pert, giddy, unthinking s, who, upon the recommendation only of an eeable person, and a fashionable air, take them- es to be upon a level with women of the greatest it:

'MADAM,

'I TAKE this way to acquaint you with it common rules and forms would never permit to tell you otherwise; to wit, that you and I, ugh equals in quality and fortune, are by no ns suitable companions. You are, it is true, pretty, can dance, and make a very good figure public assembly; but, alas, madam, you must no further; distance and silence are your best mmendations; therefore let me beg of you never ake me any more visits. You come in a literal e to see one, for you have nothing to say. I do say this, that I would by any means lose your aintance; but I would keep it up with the test forms of good-breeding. Let us pay visits, never see one another. If you will be so good o deny yourself always to me, I shall return the ation by giving the same orders to my servants. n accident makes us meet at a third place, we mutually lament the misfortune of never finding another at home, go in the same party to a be- play, and smile at each other, and put down es as we pass in our coaches. Thus we may en- s much of each other's friendship as we are capa- f: for there are some people who are to be known by sight, with which sort of friendship I hope you always honour,

MADAM,

Your most obedient humble servant,

MARY TUESDAY.'

'P. S. I subscribe myself by the name of the day I keep, that my supernumerary friends may know who I am.'

ADVERTISEMENT.

To prevent all mistakes that may happen among gentlemen of the other end of the town, who come but once a week to St. James's coffee-house, either by miscalling the servants, or requiring such things from them as are not properly within their respective provinces; this is to give notice, that Kidney, keeper of the book-debts, of the outlying customers, and observer of those who go off without paying, having resigned that employment, is succeeded by John Sowton; to whose place of enterer of messages and first coffee-grinder, William Bird is promoted; and Samuel Burdock comes as shoe-cleaner in the room of the said Bird. R.

N° 25. THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1711.

—— *Ægrescitque medendo.*

VIRG. Æn. xii. 46.

And sickens by the very means of health.

THE following letter will explain itself, and needs no apology.

'SIR,

'I AM one of that sickly tribe who are commonly known by the name of valetudinarians; and do confess to you, that I first contracted this ill habit of body, or rather of mind, by the study of physic. I no sooner began to peruse books of this nature, but I found my pulse was irregular; and scarce ever read the account of any disease that I did not fancy

lf afflicted with*. Dr. Sydenham's learned ise of fevers threw me into a lingering hectic, h hung upon me all the while I was reading excellent piece. I then applied myself to the r of several authors, who have written upon sical distempers, and by that means fell into a mption; till at length, growing fat, I was in nner shamed out of that imagination. Not long this I found in myself all the symptoms of the except pain; but was cured of it by a treatise the gravel, written by a very ingenious author, (as it is usual for physicians to convert one dis-er into another) eased me of the gout by giving he stone. I at length studied myself into a dication of distempers; but, accidentally taking my hand that ingenious discourse written by orius, I was resolved to direct myself by a ne of rules, which I had collected from his ob-tions. The learned world are very well ac-ted with that gentleman's invention; who, for etter carrying on his experiments, contrived a in mathematical chair, which was so artificially upon springs, that it would weigh any thing as as a pair of scales. By this means he discovered many ounces of his food passed by perspiration, quantity of it was turned into nourishment, and much went away by the other channels and dis-tions of nature.

laving provided myself with this chair, I used ady, eat, drink, and sleep in it; insomuch that r be said, for these last three years, to have lived pair of scales. I compute myself, when I am ll health, to be precisely two hundred weight, g short of it about a pound after a day's fast,

*r. Tickell, in his preface to Addison's Works, says, that son never had a regular pulse,' which Steele questions, *dedication of The Drummer* to Mr. Congreve.

and exceeding it as much after a very full
that it is my continual employment to trim
lance between these two volatile pounds in
stitution. In my ordinary meals I fetch m
to two hundred weight and half a pound
after having dined, I find myself fall short
drink just so much small beer, or eat such a
of bread, as is sufficient to make me wei
my greatest excesses I do not transgress m
the other half pound; which, for my healt
I do the first Monday in every month. As
I find myself duly poised after dinner, I w
have perspired five ounces and four scrup
when I discover, by my chair, that I am sc
duced, I fall to my books, and study aw
ounces more. As for the remaining part
pound, I keep no account of them. I do
and sup by the clock, but by my chair;
that informs me my pound of food is exh
conclude myself to be hungry, and lay in ano
all diligence. In my days of abstinence I lose
and a half, and on solemn fasts am two poun
than on the other days in the year.

'I allow myself, one night with another, a
of a pound of sleep, within a few grains
less; and if, upon my rising, I find that I
consumed my whole quantity, I take out t
my chair. Upon an exact calculation of w
pended and received the last year, which
register in a book, I find the medium to be
dred weight, so that I cannot discover that I
paired one ounce in my health during a whol
month. And yet, sir, notwithstanding this
care to ballast myself equally every day, and
my body in its proper poise, so it is, that I fi
in a sick and languishing condition. My co
is grown very sallow, my pulse low, and my

pical. Let me therefore beg you, sir, to consider me your patient, and to give me more certain rules to k by than those I have already observed, and you l very much oblige

Your humble servant.'

This letter puts me in mind of an Italian epitaph, tten on the monument of a valetudinarian: '*Stavo , ma per star meglio, sto qui:*' which it is impos- e to translate*. The fear of death often proves rtal, and sets people on methods to save their lives, ich infallibly destroy them. This is a reflection de by some historians, upon observing that there many more thousands killed in a flight, than in a tle; and may be applied to those multitudes of ginary sick persons that break their constitutions physic, and throw themselves into the arms of th, by endeavouring to escape it. This method is only dangerous, but below the practice of a rea- able creature. To consult the preservation of life, he only end of it, to make our health our business, ngage in no action that is not part of a regimen, or se of physic; are purposes so abject, so mean, so rorthy human nature, that a generous soul would ier die than submit to them. Besides, that a con- al anxiety for life vitiates all the relishes of it, and s a gloom over the whole face of nature; as it is ossible we should take delight in any thing that we every moment afraid of losing.

do not mean, by what I have here said, that I ik any one to blame for taking due care of their lth. On the contrary, as cheerfulness of mind, l capacity for business, are in a great measure the cts of a well-tempered constitution, a man cannot

* The following translation, however, may give an English ler some idea of the Italian epitaph: 'I was well, but try- to be better, I am here.'

be at too much pains to cultivate and preserve it. B this care, which we are prompted to, not only by cor mon sense, but by duty and instinct, should never e gage us in groundless fears, melancholy apprehensior and imaginary distempers, which are natural to eve man who is more anxious to live, than how to liv In short, the preservation of life should be only a s condary concern, and the direction of it our princip If we have this frame of mind, we shall take the be means to preserve life, without being over solicito about the event; and shall arrive at that point of fe city which Martial has mentioned as the perfection happiness, of neither fearing nor wishing for death.

In answer to the gentleman, who tempers his heal by ounces and by scruples, and instead of complyi with those natural solicitations of hunger and thir drowsiness or love of exercise, governs himself by t prescriptions of his chair, I shall tell him a short fabl Jupiter, says the mythologist, to reward the piety of certain countryman, promised to give him whatever l would ask. The countryman desired that he mig have the management of the weather in his own estat He obtained his request, and immediately distribute rain, snow, and sunshine among his several fields, a he thought the nature of the soil required. At t end of the year, when he expected to see a more tha ordinary crop, his harvest fell infinitely short of that his neighbours. Upon which (says the fable) he d sired Jupiter to take the weather again into his ow hands, or that otherwise he should utterly ruin hin self.

C.

N° 26. FRIDAY, MARCH 30, 1711.

Pallida, mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres, O beate Sexti.
Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam,
Jam te premet nox, fabulæque manes,
Et domus exilis Plutonia.———

HOR. 1 Od. iv. 13.

With equal foot, rich friend, impartial fate
Knocks at the cottage, and the palace gate:
Life's span forbids thee to extend thy cares,
And stretch thy hopes beyond thy years:
Night soon will seize, and you must quickly go
To story'd ghosts, and Pluto's house below.

CREECH.

When I am in a serious humour, I very often walk by myself in Westminster-abbey; where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the church-yard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tomb-stones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another; the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons; who had left no other memorial of them, but that they were born, and that they died. They put me in mind of several persons men-

tioned in the battles of heroic poems, who have ing names given them, for no other reason t they may be killed, and are celebrated for noth being knocked on the head.

'Γλαῦκον τε, Μέδοντα τε, Θερσίλοχον τε.'
HOM.

'*Glaucumque, Medontaque, Thersilochumque.*'
VIRG.

'Glaucus, and Medon, and Thersilochus.'

The life of these men is finely described in h by 'the path of an arrow,' which is immediatel up and lost.

Upon my going into the church, I ent myself with the digging of a grave; and every shovel-full of it that was thrown up, th ment of a bone or skull intermixt with a fresh mouldering earth that some time or oth a place in the composition of an human body. this I began to consider with myself, what i rable multitudes of people lay confused t under the pavement of that ancient cathedra men and women, friends and enemies, prie soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were cr amongst one another, and blended together same common mass; how beauty, strengt youth, with old age, weakness, and deform undistinguished, in the same promiscuous h matter.

After having thus surveyed this great mag mortality, as it were in the lump, I exam more particularly by the accounts which I fo several of the monuments which are raised i quarter of that ancient fabric. Some of the covered with such extravagant epitaphs, th were possible for the dead person to be acq

ith them, he would blush at the praises which his iends have bestowed upon him. There are others o excessively modest, that they deliver the character f the person departed in Greek or Hebrew, and by hat means are not understood once in a twelvemonth. n the poetical quarter, I found there were poets who ad no monuments, and monuments which had no oets. I observed, indeed, that the present war had illed the church with many of these uninhabited moniments, which had been erected to the memory of ersons whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains f Blenheim, or in the bosom of the ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with several odern epitaphs, which are written with great eleance of expression and justness of thought, and therefore do honour to the living as well as the dead. As foreigner is very apt to conceive an idea of the ignorance or politeness of a nation from the turn of their ublic monuments and inscriptions, they should be ubmitted to the perusal of men of learning and geius before they are put in execution. Sir Cloudesly hovel's monument has very often given me great ffence. Instead of the brave rough English admiral, hich was the distinguishing character of that plain allant man, he is represented on his tomb by the gure of a beau, dressed in a long periwig, and reosing himself upon velvet cushions, under a canopy f state. The inscription is answerable to the monuent; for instead of celebrating the many remarkable ctions he had performed in the service of his country, acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in hich it was impossible for him to reap any honour. he Dutch, whom we are apt to despise for want of enius, show an infinitely greater taste of antiquity nd politeness in their buildings and works of this naure, than what we meet with in those of our own ountry. The monuments of their admirals, which

have been erected at the public expence, i them like themselves, and are adorned wit crowns and naval ornaments, with beautiful of sea-weed, shells, and coral.

But to return to our subject. I have left t sitory of our English kings for the contemp another day, when I shall find my mind dis so serious an amusement. I know that entert of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal in timorous minds, and gloomy imaginations; my own part, though I am always serious, I know what it is to be melancholy; and can take a view of nature, in her deep and solem with the same pleasure as in her most gay and ful ones. By this means I can improve my those objects, which others consider with When I look upon the tombs of the great, ev tion of envy dies in me; when I read the of the beautiful, every inordinate desire g when I meet with the grief of parents upon stone, my heart melts with compassion; when tomb of the parents themselves, I consider t of grieving for those whom we must quickl When I see kings lying by those who depos when I consider rival wits placed side by sid holy men that divided the world with their and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and asto on the little competitions, factions, and d mankind. When I read the several dates of th of some that died yesterday, and some six years ago, I consider that great day when we of us be contemporaries, and make our appea gether.

N° 27. SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1711.

Ut nox longa quibus mentitur amica, diesque
Longa videtur opus debentibus, ut piger annus
Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum;
Sic mihi tarda fluunt ingrataque tempora, quæ spem
Consiliumque morantur agendi gnariter, id quod
Æquè pauperibus prodest, locupletibus æquè,
Æquè neglectum pueris senibusque nocebit.
HOR. 1 Ep. i. 20.

IMITATED.

Long as to him, who works for debt, the day;
Long as the night to her, whose love's away;
Long as the year's dull circle seems to run,
When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one;
So slow th' unprofitable moments roll,
That lock up all the functions of my soul;
That keep me from myself, and still delay
Life's instant business to a future day:
That task, which as we follow, or despise,
The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise:
Which done, the poorest can no wants endure,
And which not done, the richest must be poor.
POPE.

THERE is scarce a thinking man in the world, who is involved in the business of it, but lives under a secret impatience of the hurry and fatigue he suffers, and has formed a resolution to fix himself, one time or other, in such a state as is suitable to the end of his being. You hear men every day in conversation profess, that all the honour, power, and riches, which they propose to themselves, cannot give satisfaction enough to reward them for half the anxiety they undergo in the pursuit or possession of

them. While men are in this temper (which happens very frequently) how inconsistent are they with themselves? They are wearied with the toil they bear, but cannot find in their hearts to relinquish it. retirement is what they want, but they cannot betak themselves to it. While they pant after shade and covert, they still affect to appear in the most glittering scenes of life. Sure this is but just as reasonable as i a man should call for more light, when he has a mind to go to sleep.

Since then it is certain that our own hearts deceive us in the love of the world, and that we cannot command ourselves enough to resign it, though we every day wish ourselves disengaged from its allurements; let us not stand upon a formal taking of leave, but wean ourselves from them while we are in the midst of them.

It is certainly the general intention of the greater part of mankind to accomplish this work, and live according to their own approbation, as soon as they possibly can. But since the duration of life is so uncertain, and that has been a common topic of discourse ever since there was such a thing as life itself, how is it possible that we should defer a moment the beginning to live according to the rules o reason?

The man of business has ever some one point to carry, and then he tells himself he will bid adieu to all the vanity of ambition. The man of pleasur resolves to take his leave at least, and part civilly with his mistress; but the ambitious man is entangled every moment in a fresh pursuit, and the love sees new charms in the object he fancied he could abandon. It is therefore a fantastical way of thinking, when we promise ourselves an alteration in our conduct from change of place, and difference of circumstances; the same passions will attend u

wherever we are, till they are conquered; and we can never live to our satisfaction in the deepest retirement, unless we are capable of living so, in some measure, amidst the noise and business of the world.

I have ever thought men were better known by what could be observed of them from a perusal of their private letters, than any other way. My friend the clergyman, the other day, upon serious discourse with him concerning the danger of procrastination, gave me the following letters from persons with whom he lives in great friendship and intimacy, according to the good breeding and good sense of his character. The first is from a man of business, who is his convert: the second from one of whom he conceives good hopes: the third from one who is in no state at all, but carried one way and another by starts.

'SIR,

'I KNOW not with what words to express to you the sense I have of the high obligation you have laid upon me, in the penance you enjoined me of doing some good or other to a person of worth every day I live. The station I am in furnishes me with daily opportunites of this kind: and the noble principle with which you have inspired me, of benevolence to all I have to deal with, quickens my application in every thing I undertake. When I relieve merit from discountenance, when I assist a friendless person, when I produce concealed worth, I am displeased with myself, for having designed to leave the world in order to be virtuous. I am sorry you decline the occasions which the condition I am in might afford me of enlarging your fortunes; but know I *contribute more* to your satisfaction, when I

acknowledge I am the better man, from the influence and authority you have over,

SIR,

Your most obliged and
most humble servant,
R. O.'

'SIR,

'I AM entirely convinced of the truth of what you were pleased to say to me, when I was last with you alone. You told me then of the silly way I was in; but you told me so, as I saw you loved me, otherwise I could not obey your commands in letting you know my thoughts so sincerely as I do at present. I know "the creature, for whom I resign so much of my character," is all that you said of her; but then the trifler has something in her so undesigning and harmless, that her guilt in one kind disappears by the comparison of her innocence in another. Will you, virtuous man, allow no alteration of offences? Must dear Chloe be called by the hard name you pious people give to common women? I keep the solemn promise I made you, in writing to you the state of my mind, after your kind admonition; and will endeavour to get the better of this fondness, which makes me so much her humble servant, that I am almost ashamed to subscribe myself yours,

T. D.'

'SIR,

'THERE is no state of life so anxious as that of a man who does not live according to the dictates of his own reason. It will seem odd to you, when I assure you that my love of retirement first of all brought me to court; but this will be no riddle, when I acquaint you that I placed myself here

with a design of getting so much money as might enable me to purchase a handsome retreat in the country. At present my circumstances enable me, and my duty prompts me, to pass away the remaining part of my life in such a retirement as I at first proposed to myself; but to my great misfortune I have entirely lost the relish of it, and should now return to the country with greater reluctance than I at first came to court. I am so unhappy, as to know that what I am fond of are trifles, and that what I neglect is of the greatest importance: in short, I find a contest in my own mind between reason and fashion. I remember you once told me, that I might live in the world, and out of it, at the same time. Let me beg of you to explain this paradox more at large to me, that I may conform my life, if possible, both to my duty and my inclination.

I am yours, &c.

R. R. B.'

Letters are directed 'For the Spectator, to be left at Mr. Buckley's, in Little Britain, post-paid.' N. B. In the form of a direction, this makes a figure in the last column of the Spectator in folio.

N° 28. MONDAY, APRIL 2, 1711.

——— *Neque semper arcum*
Tendit Apollo.

HOR. 2 Od. x. 19.

Nor does Apollo always bend his bow.

I SHALL here present my reader with a letter from a projector, concerning a new office, which he thinks may *very much contribute* to the embellishment of

the city, and to the driving barbarity out of our streets. I consider it as a satire upon projectors in general, and a lively picture of the whole art of modern criticism.

'SIR,

'OBSERVING that you have thoughts of creating certain officers under you, for the inspection of several petty enormities which you yourself cannot attend to; and finding daily absurdities hung out upon the sign-posts* of this city, to the great scandal of foreigners, as well as those of our own country, who are curious spectators of the same; I do humbly propose that you would be pleased to make me your superintendant of all such figures and devices, as are or shall be made use of on this occasion; with full powers to rectify or expunge whatever I shall find irregular or defective. For want of such an officer, there is nothing like sound literature and good sense to be met with in those objects, that are every where thrusting themselves out to the eye, and endeavouring to become visible. Our streets are filled with blue boars, black swans, and red lions; not to mention flying pigs, and hogs in armour, with many other creatures more extraordinary than any in the deserts of Afric. Strange! that one who has all the birds and beasts in nature

* As the plan of this edition can only admit of references, or notes, in the fewest words possible, such as are curious to know the principles on which signs apparently fanciful may be traced to their originals with great probability, and often with certainty, must here be referred to the notes on the late edition of the Tatler, Vol. I. No. 18. Vol. III. No. 87. p. 32. and the additional note upon it; Vol. V. p. 415. It would be very easy to shew, that this raillery loses much of its poignancy, when passing the sign-posts at which it is levelled; it falls ultimately, as it must do, on the devices of heraldry.

to choose out of, should live at the sign of an *Ens Rationis!*

'My first task therefore should be, like that of Hercules, to clear the city from monsters. In the second place, I would forbid that creatures of jarring and incongruous natures should be joined together in the same sign; such as the bell and the neat's tongue, the dog and the gridiron. The fox and goose may be supposed to have met, but what has the fox and the seven stars to do together? And when did the lamb and dolphin ever meet, except upon a sign-post? As for the cat and fiddle, there is a conceit in it; and therefore I do not intend that any thing I have here said should affect it. I must however observe to you upon this subject, that it is usual for a young tradesman, at his first setting up, to add to his own sign that of the master whom he served; as the husband, after marriage, gives a place to his mistress's arms in his own coat. This I take to have given rise to many of those absurdities which are committed over our heads; and, as I am informed, first occasioned the three nuns and a hare, which we see so frequently joined together. I would therefore establish certain rules, for the determining how far one tradesman may give the sign of another, and in what cases he may be allowed to quarter it with his own.

'In the third place, I would enjoin every shop to make use of a sign which bears some affinity to the wares in which it deals. What can be more inconsistent, than to see a bawd at the sign of the angel, or a tailor at the lion? A cook should not live at the boot, nor a shoemaker at the roasted pig; and yet, for want of this regulation, I have seen a goat set up before the door of a perfumer, and the French king's head at a sword cutler's.

'*An ingenious* foreigner observes, that several of

those gentlemen who value themselves upon their families, and overlook such as are bred to trade, bear the tools of their forefathers in their coats of arms. I will not examine how true this is in fact. But though it may not be necessary for posterity thus to set up the sign of their forefathers, I think it highly proper for those who actually profess the trade, to shew some such marks of it before their doors.

'When the name gives an occasion for an ingenious sign-post, I would likewise advise the owner to take that opportunity of letting the world know who he is. It would have been ridiculous for the ingenious Mrs. Salmon to have lived at the sign of the trout; for which reason she has erected before her house the figure of the fish that is her namesake. Mr. Bell has likewise distinguished himself by a device of the same nature: and here, sir, I must beg leave to observe to you, that this particular figure of a bell has given occasion to several pieces of wit in this kind. A man of your reading must know, that Abel Drugger gained great applause by it in the time of Ben Jonson. Our apocryphal heathen god * is also represented by this figure; which, in conjunction with the dragon, makes a very handsome picture in several of our streets. As for the bell-savage, which is the sign of a savage man standing by a bell, I was formerly very much puzzled upon the conceit of it, till I accidentally fell into the reading of an old romance translated out of the French; which gives an account of a very beautiful woman who was found in a wilderness, and is called in the French *La belle Sauvage;* and is every where translated by our countryman the bell-savage. This piece of philosophy

* St. George

will, I hope, convince you that I have made sign-posts my study, and consequently qualified myself for the employment which I solicit at your hands. But before I conclude my letter, I must communicate to you another remark, which I have made upon the subject with which I am now entertaining you, namely, that I can give a shrewd guess at the humour of the inhabitant by the sign that hangs before his door. A surly choleric fellow generally makes choice of a bear; as men of milder dispositions frequently live at the lamb. Seeing a punch-bowl painted upon a sign near Charing-cross, and very curiously garnished, with a couple of angels hovering over it, and squeezing a lemon into it, I had the curiosity to ask after the master of the house, and found, upon inquiry, as I had guessed by the little *agremens* upon his sign, that he was a Frenchman. I know, sir, it is not requisite for me to enlarge upon these hints to a gentleman of your great abilities; so humbly recommending myself to your favour and patronage,

I remain, &c.'

I shall add to the foregoing letter another, which came to me by the same penny-post.

'From my own apartment near Charing-cross.

'HONOURED SIR,

'HAVING heard that this nation is a great encourager of ingenuity, I have brought with me a rope-dancer that was caught in one of the woods belonging to the Great Mogul. He is by birth a monkey; but swings upon a rope, takes a pipe of tobacco, and drinks a glass of ale, like any reasonable creature. He gives great satisfaction to the quality; and if they will make a subscription for him, I will send for a brother of his out of Holland, that

is a very good tumbler; and also for another of th
same family whom I design for my merry-andrew
as being an excellent mimic, and the greatest dro
in the country where he now is. I hope to hav
this entertainment in readiness for the next win
ter; and doubt not but it will please more than th
opera, or puppet-show. I will not say that a mo
key is a better man than some of the opera heroe
but certainly he is a better representative of a ma
than the most artificial composition of wood an
wire. If you will be pleased to give me a good wo
in your paper, you shall be every night a spectat
at my show for nothing.

C. I am, &c.'

No 29. TUESDAY, APRIL 3, 1711.

——Sermo lingua concinnus utraque
Suavior: ut Chio nota si commista Falerni est.
HOR. 1 Sat. x. 23.

Both tongues united sweeter sounds produce,
Like Chian mix'd with Falernian juice,

THERE is nothing that has more startled our English audience, than the Italian *recitativo* at its first entrance upon the stage. People were wonderfully surprised to hear generals singing the word of command, and ladies delivering messages in musick. Our countrymen could not forbear laughing when they heard a lover chanting out a billet-doux, or even the superscription of a letter set to a tune. The famous blunder in an old play of 'Enter a king and two fiddlers solus,' was now no longer a

absurdity, when it was impossible for a hero in a desert, or a princess in her closet, to speak any thing unaccompanied with musical instruments.

But however this Italian method of acting in recitativo might appear at first hearing, I cannot but think it much more just than that which prevailed in our English opera before this innovation: the transition from an air to recitative music being more natural, than the passing from a song to plain and ordinary speaking, which was the common method in Purcell's operas.

The only fault I find in our present practice, is the making use of the Italian recitativo with English words.

To go to the bottom of this matter, I must observe, that the tone, or (as the French call it) the accent of every nation in their ordinary speech, is altogether different from that of every other people; as we may see even in the Welsh and Scotch who border so near upon us. By the tone or accent, I do not mean the pronunciation of each particular word, but the sound of the whole sentence. Thus it is very common for an English gentleman when he hears a French tragedy, to complain that the actors all of them speak in a tone: and therefore he very wisely prefers his own countrymen, not considering that a foreigner complains of the same tone in an English actor.

For this reason, the recitative music, in every language, should be as different as the tone or accent of each language; for otherwise, what may properly express a passion in one language will not do it in another. Every one who has been long in Italy knows very well, that the cadences in the recitativo bear a remote affinity to the tone of their voices in ordinary conversation, or, to speak more

have often seen our audiences extremely n
as to what has been doing upon the stage,
pecting to see the hero knock down his m
when he has been asking him a question; c
ing that he quarrels with his friend, when
bids him good-morrow.

For this reason the Italian artists cann
with our English musicians in admiring
compositions, and thinking his tunes so
fully adapted to his words; because both
do not always express the same passions by t
sounds.

I am therefore humbly of opinion, that an
composer should not follow the Italian r
too servilely, but make use of many gentl
tions from it, in compliance with his own
language. He may copy out of it all th
softness and 'dying falls' (as Shakspeare cal
but should still remember that he ought
commodate himself to an English audien

it never entirely to annihilate and destroy it. Let e infusion be as strong as you please, but still let e subject matter of it be English.

A composer should fit his music to the genius of e people, and consider that the delicacy of hear-g, and taste of harmony, has been formed upon ose sounds which every country abounds with. short, that music is of a relative nature, and hat is harmony to one ear, may be dissonance to nother.

The same observations which I have made upon e recitative part of music, may be applied to all ur songs and airs in general.

Signior Baptist Lully acted like a man of sense in is particular. He found the French music ex-emely defective, and very often barbarous. How-ver, knowing the genius of the people, the humour f their language, and the prejudiced ears he had deal with, he did not pretend to extirpate the rench music, and plant the Italian in its stead; but nly to cultivate and civilize it with innumerable races and modulations which he borrowed from e Italians. By this means * the French music is ow perfect in its kind; and when you say it is not good as the Italian, you only mean that it does ot please you so well; for there is scarce a French-an who would not wonder to hear you give the talian such a preference. The music of the French indeed very properly adapted to their pronuncia-ion and accent, as their whole opera wonderfully avours the genius of such a gay airy people. The horus in which that opera abounds, gives the par-erre frequent opportunities of joining in consort † ith the stage. This inclination of the audience to

* These means. † Concert.

so painted, that they appear as ruddy a
cheeked as milk-maids. The shepherds a
broidered, and acquit themselves in a l
than our English dancing-masters. I ha
couple of rivers appear in red stockings
pheus, instead of having his head covered
and bull-rushes, making love in a full-bo
wig and a plume of feathers; but with
full of shakes and quavers, that I should ha
the murmurs of a country brook the n
agreeable music.

I remember the last opera I saw in t
nation was the Rape of Proserpine, where
make the more tempting figure, puts hi
French equipage, and brings Ascalaphus
him as his valet de chambre. This is wl
folly and impertinence; but what the F
upon as gay and polite.

I shall add no more to what I have he
than that music, architecture, and paintir

her the melody of those sounds be more or less pleasing. C.

*** Complete sets of this paper for the month of March, are sold by Mr. Greaves, in St. James's-street; Mr. Lillie, perfumer, the corner of Beaufort-buildings; Messrs. Sanger, Crompton, Round, and Mrs. Baldwin.—Spect. in folio.

N° 30. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1711.

Si, Mimnermus uti censet, sine amore jocisque
Nil est jucundum; vivas in amore jocisque.
HOR. 1 Ep. vi. 65.

If nothing, as Mimnermus strives to prove,
Can e'er be pleasant without mirth and love,
Then live in mirth and love, thy sports pursue.
CREECH.

One common calamity makes men extremely affect each other, though they differ in every other particular. The passion of love is the most general concern among men; and I am glad to hear by my last advices from Oxford, that there are a set of sighers in that university, who have erected themselves into a society in honour of that tender passion. These gentlemen are of that sort of inamoratos, who are not so very much lost to common sense, but that they understand the folly they are guilty of; and for that reason separate themselves from all other company, because they will enjoy the pleasure of talking incoherently, without being ridiculous to any but each other. When a man comes into the club, he is not obliged to make any introduction to his *discourse*, but at once, as he is seating

himself in his chair, speaks in the thread of his own thoughts, 'She gave me a very obliging glance, she never looked so well in her life as this evening;' or the like reflection, without regard to any other member of the society; for in this assembly they do not meet to talk to each other, but every man claims the full liberty of talking to himself. Instead of snuff-boxes and canes, which are the usual helps to discourse with other young fellows, these have each some piece of ribband, a broken fan, or an old girdle, which they play with while they talk of the fair person remembered by each respective token. According to the representation of the matter from my letters, the company appear like so many players rehearsing behind the scenes; one is sighing and lamenting his destiny in beseeching terms, another declaiming he will break his chain, and another, in dumb-show, striving to express his passion by his gesture. It is very ordinary in the assembly for one of a sudden to rise and make a discourse concerning his passion in general, and describe the temper of his mind in such a manner, as that the whole company shall join in the description, and feel the force of it. In this case, if any man has declared the violence of his flame in more pathetic terms, he is made president for that night, out of respect to his superior passion.

We had some years ago in this town a set of people who met and dressed like lovers, and were distinguished by the name of the Fringe-glove club; but they were persons of such moderate intellects, even before they were impaired by their passion, that their irregularities could not furnish sufficient variety of folly to afford daily new impertinences; by which means that institution dropped. These fellows could express their passion in nothing but *their* dress; but the Oxonians are fantastical now

ey are lovers, in proportion to their learning and nderstanding before they became such. The oughts of the ancient poets on this agreeable renzy are translated in honour of some modern auty; and Chloris is won to-day by the same mpliment that was made to Lesbia a thousand ars ago. But as far as I can learn, the patron of e club is the renowned Don Quixote. The adntures of that gentle knight are frequently menoned in the society, under the colour of laughing the passion and themselves: but at the same ne, though they are sensible of the extravagancies that unhappy warrior, they do not observe, that turn all the reading of the best and wisest writgs into rhapsodies of love, is a phrenzy no less verting than that of the aforesaid accomplished aniard. A gentleman who, I hope, will continue s correspondence, is lately admitted into the framity, and sent me the following letter:

'SIR,

'SINCE I find you take notice of clubs, I g leave to give you an account of one in Oxford, hich you have no where mentioned, and perhaps ver heard of. We distinguish ourselves by the title 'the Amorous Club, are all votaries of Cupid, and lmirers of the fair-sex. The reason that we are little known in the world, is the secresy which we e obliged to live under in the university. Our contution runs counter to that of the place wherein we e: for in love there are no doctors, and we all ofess so high a passion, that we admit of no gradus in it. Our presidentship is bestowed according the dignity of passion; our number is unlimited; d our statutes are like those of the druids, recorded our own breasts only, and explained by the majoy of the *company*. A mistress, and a poem in her

praise, will introduce any candidate. Without the latter no one can be admitted; for he that is not in love enough to rhyme, is unqualified for our society. To speak disrespectfully of any woman is expulsion from our gentle society. As we are at present all of us gownmen, instead of duelling when we are rivals, we drink together the health of our mistress. The manner of doing this sometimes indeed creates debates; on such occasions we have recourse to the rules of love among the ancients.

"*Nævia sex cyathis, septem Justina bibatur.*"
MART. Epig. i. 72.

"Six cups to Nævia, to Justina seven."

This method of a glass to every letter of her name, occasioned the other night a dispute of some warmth. A young student, who is in love with Mrs. Elizabeth Dimple, was so unreasonable as to begin her health under the name of *Elizabetha;* which so exasperated the club, that by common consent we retrenched it to Betty. We look upon a man as no company that does not sigh five times in a quarter of an hour; and look upon a member as very absurd, that is so much himself as to make a direct answer to a question. In fine, the whole assembly is made up of absent men, that is, of such persons as have lost their locality, and whose minds and bodies never keep company with one another. As I am an unfortunate member of this distracted society, you cannot expect a very regular account of it; for which reason I hope you will pardon me that I so abruptly subscribe myself,

SIR,
Your most obedient humble servant,
T. B.

'I forgot to tell you, that Albina, who has six votaries in this club, is one of your readers.' R.

N° 31. THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1711.

Sit mihi fas audita loqui———

VIRG. Æn. vi. 266.

What I have heard, permit me to relate.

' night, upon my going into a coffee-house not om the Hay-market theatre, I diverted myself bove half an hour with overhearing the dis- e of one, who, by the shabbiness of his dress, xtravagance of his conceptions, and the hurry s speech, I discovered to be of that species who enerally distinguished by the title of Projectors. gentleman, for I found he was treated as such is audience, was entertaining a whole table of rs with the project of an opera, which he told d not cost him above two or three mornings in ontrivance, and which he was ready to put in ıtion, provided he might find his account in it. aid, that he had observed the great trouble and venience which ladies were at, in travelling up down to the several shows that are exhibited in ent quarters of the town. The dancing mon- are in one place; the puppet-show in another; pera in a third; not to mention the lions, that lmost a whole day's journey from the politer of the town. By this means people of figure orced to lose half the winter after their coming wn, before they have seen all the strange sights t it. In order to remedy this great inconve- e, our projector drew out of his pocket the ne of an opera, entitled, The Expedition of

Alexander the Great; in which he had disposed all the remarkable shows about town, among the scenes and decorations of his piece. The thought, he confessed, was not originally his own, but that he had taken the hint of it from several performances which he had seen upon our stage: in one of which there was a raree-show; in another a ladder-dance; and in others a posture-man, a moving picture, with many curiosities of the like nature.

This Expedition of Alexander opens with his consulting the oracle at Delphos, in which the dumb conjuror, who has been visited by so many persons of quality of late years, is to be introduced telling his fortune. At the same time Clinch of Bunhill is represented in another corner of the temple, ringing the bells of Delphos, for joy of his arrival. The tent of Darius is to be peopled by the ingenious Mrs. Salmon, where Alexander is to fall in love with a piece of wax-work, that represents the beautiful Statira. When Alexander comes into that country, in which Quintius Curtius tells us the dogs were so exceeding fierce, that they would not leave their hold, though they were cut to pieces limb by limb, and that they would hang upon their prey by their teeth when they had nothing but a mouth left, there is to be a scene of Hockley in the Hole, in which is to be represented all the diversions of that place, the bull-baiting only excepted, which cannot possibly be exhibited in the theatre, by reason of the lowness of the roof. The several woods in Asia, which Alexander must be supposed to pass through, will give the audience a sight of monkies dancing upon ropes, with many other pleasantries of that ludicrous species. At the same time, if there chance to be any strange animals in town, whether birds or beasts, they may be either let loose among

the woods, or driven across the stage by some of the country people of Asia. In the last great battle, Pinkethman is to personate King Porus upon an elephant, and is to be encountered by Powell, representing Alexander the Great, upon a dromedary, which nevertheless Mr. Powell is desired to call by the name of Bucephalus. Upon the close of this great decisive battle, when the two kings are thoroughly reconciled, to shew the mutual friendship and good correspondence that reigns between them, they both of them go together to a puppet-show, in which the ingenious Mr. Powell, junior, may have an opportunity of displaying his whole art of machinery, for the diversion of the two monarchs. Some at the table urged, that a puppet-show was not a suitable entertainment for Alexander the Great; and that it might be introduced more properly, if we suppose the conqueror touched upon that part of India which is said to be inhabited by the pygmies. But this objection was looked upon as frivolous, and the proposal immediately overruled. Our projector further added, that after the reconciliation of these two kings, they might invite one another to dinner, and either of them entertain his guest with the German artist, Mr. Pinkethman's heathen gods, or any of the like diversions, which shall then chance to be in vogue.

This project was received with very great applause by the whole table. Upon which the undertaker told us, that he had not yet communicated to us above half his design; for that Alexander being a Greek, it was his intention that the whole opera should be acted in that language, which was a tongue he was sure would wonderfully please the ladies, especially when it was a little raised and rounded by the Ionic dialect; and could not but

be acceptable to the whole audience, because there are fewer of them who understand Greek than Italian. The only difficulty that remained, was how to get performers, unless we could persuade some gentlemen of the universities to learn to sing, in order to qualify themselves for the stage; but this objection soon vanished, when the projector informed us that the Greeks were at present the only musicians in the Turkish empire, and that it would be very easy for our factory at Smyrna to furnish us every year with a colony of musicians, by the opportunity of the Turkey fleet; besides, says he, if we want any single voice for any lower part in the opera, Lawrence can learn to speak Greek, as well as he does Italian, in a fortnight's time.

The projector having thus settled matters, to the good-liking of all that heard him, he left his seat at the table, and planted himself before the fire, where I had unluckily taken my stand for the convenience of overhearing what he said. Whether he had observed me to be more attentive than ordinary, I cannot tell, but he had not stood by me above a quarter of a minute, but he turned short upon me on a sudden, and catching me by a button of my coat, attacked me very abruptly after the following manner. 'Besides, sir, I have heard of a very extraordinary genius for music that lives in Switzerland, who has so strong a spring in his fingers, that he can make the board of an organ sound like a drum, and if I could but procure a subscription of about ten thousand pounds every winter, I would undertake to fetch him over, and oblige him by articles to set every thing that should be sung upon the English stage.' After this he looked full in my face, expecting I would make an answer, when, by good luck, a gentleman that had entered the coffee-house since the projector

nself to me, hearing him talk of his Swiss
ns, cried out in a kind of laugh, 'Is our
i to receive further improvements from
l!' This alarmed the projector, who im-
let go my button, and turned about to
i. I took the opportunity of the diversion
ied to be made in favour of me, and laying
enny upon the bar, retired with some pre-

C.

32. FRIDAY, APRIL 6, 1711.

i larva aut tragicis opus esse cothurnis.
HOR. 1 Sat. v. 64.

ants no tragic vizor to increase
atural deformity of face.

discourse concerning the statutes of the
having been so well received at Ox-
contrary to the strict rules of the society,
been so partial as to take my own testi-
d admit me into that select body; I
restrain the vanity of publishing to the
onour which is done me. It is no small
that I have given occasion for the Pre-
ewing both his invention and reading to
ntage as my correspondent reports he
is not to be doubted there were many
er hums and pauses in his harangue,
their ugliness in the narration, and
correspondent (begging his pardon) has
od talent at representing. I very much
the contempt the society has of beauty.
ght to be laudable in a man, in which

gave you, you will find to have been the
of this. Who should I meet at the coff
door the other night, but my old friend M
dent? I saw somewhat had pleased him;
soon as he had cast his eye upon me, "O
tor, rare news from London," says he; "the
tor has made honourable mention of the clu
and published to the world his sincere desi
a member, with a recommendatory descri
his phiz; and though our constitution has
particular provision for short faces, yet his
extraordinary case, I believe we shall find
for him to creep in at; for I assure you h
against the canon; and if his sides are as
as his joles, he need not disguise himself
one of us." I presently called for the pap
how you looked in print; and after we hac
ourselves a while upon the pleasant image
proselyte, Mr. President told me I should
stranger at the next night's club: where

soever; and making every one sit down content in his own carcass, though it were not perhaps so mathematically put together as he could wish." And again, "How that for want of a due consideration of what you first advance, viz. That our faces are not of our own choosing, people had been transported beyond all good breeding, and hurried themselves into unaccountable and fatal extravagancies; as, how many impartial looking-glasses had been censured and calumniated, nay, and sometimes shivered into ten thousand splinters, only for a fair representation of the truth? How many head-strings and garters had been made accessary, and actually forfeited, only because folks must needs quarrel with their own shadows? And who," continues he, 'but is deeply sensible, that one great source of the uneasiness and misery of human life, especially amongst those of distinction, arises from nothing in the world else, but too severe a contemplation of an indefeasible contexture of our external parts, or certain natural and invincible dispositions to be fat or lean? when a little more of Mr. Spectator's philosophy would take off all this. In the mean time let them observe, that there is not one of their grievances of this sort, but perhaps, in some ages of the world, has been highly in vogue, and may be so again; nay, in some country or other, ten to one so at this day. My Lady Ample is the most miserable woman in the world, purely of her own making. She even grudges herself meat and drink, for fear she should thrive by them; and is constantly crying out, 'In a quarter of a year more I shall be quite out of all manner of shape!' Now the lady's misfortune seems to be only this, that she is planted in a wrong soil; for go but to the other side of the water, it is a jest at Haerlem to talk of a shape under eighteen stone. These wise traders regulate their

beauties as they do their butter, by the pounc
Miss Cross, when she first arrived in the
Countries, was not computed to be so handso
Madam Van Brisket by near half a ton. C
other hand, there is 'Squire Lath, a proper gent
of fifteen hundred pound per annum, as well as
unblameable life and conversation; yet would
be the esquire for half his estate; for if it
much more, he would freely part with it all
pair of legs to his mind. Whereas in the re
our first Edward of glorious memory, nothin
modish than a brace of your fine taper supp
and his majesty, without an inch of calf, ma
affairs in peace or war as laudably as the l
and most politic of his ancestors; and was a
ble to his neighbours under the royal name of
shanks, as Cœur de Lion to the Saracens
him. If we look further back into history, w
find that Alexander the Great wore his head
over the left shoulder, and then not a soul
out till he had adjusted his neck-bone; the
nobility addressed the prince and each oth
liquely, and all matters of importance were cor
and carried on in the Macedonian court, wit
polls on one side. For about the first centu
thing made more noise in the world than l
noses, and then not a word of them till th
vived again in eighty-eight *. Nor is it s

gh to make a party in our own country, yet it we meet with better success among some of allies. And what think you if our board sat Dutch piece? Truly I am of opinion, that as as we appear in flesh and blood, we should be ich strange things in metzo-tinto. But this pro- may rest till our number is complete; and this r our election night, give me leave to propose Spectator. You see his inclinations, and perhaps ay not have his fellow."

I found most of them (as is usual in all such) were prepared; but one of the seniors (whom he by Mr. President had taken all this pains to over) sat still, and cocking his chin, which ed only to be levelled at his nose, very gravely ured, "That in case he had had sufficient ledge of you, no man should have been more g to have served you; but that he, for his had always had regard to his own conscience, ell as other people's merit; and he did not but that you might be a handsome fellow; s for your own certificate, it was every body's ess to speak for themselves." Mr. President diately retorted, "A handsome fellow! why a wit, sir, and you know the proverb;" and to the old gentleman of his scruples, cried, at for matter of merit it was all one, you t wear a mask." This threw him into a e, and he looked desirous of three days to der on it; but Mr. President improved the ght, and followed him up with an old story, hat wits were privileged to wear what masks pleased in all ages; and that a vizard had the constant crown of their labours, which enerally presented them by the hand of some , and sometimes of Apollo himself:" for the of which he appealed to the frontispiece of

several books, and particularly to the *English* Juvenal, to which he referred him; and only added, "That such authors were the *Larvati*, or *Larvæ donati* of the ancients." This cleared up all, and in the conclusion you were those probationer; and Mr. President put round your health as such, protesting, "That though indeed he talked of a wizard, he did not believe all the while you had any more occasion for it than the cat-a-mountain;" so that all you have to do now is to pay your fees, which are here very reasonable, if you are not imposed upon; and you may style yourself *Informis Socialis Socius:* which I am desired to acquaint you with; and upon the same I beg you to accept of the congratulation of,

SIR,

Your obliged humble servant,

A. C.

Oxford,
March 21.

R.

N° 33. SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1711.

Fervidus tecum puer, et solutis
Gratiæ zonis, properentque nymphæ,
Et parùm comis sine te juventus,
Mercuriusque.

HOR. 1 Od. xxx. 5.

The graces with their zones unloos'd;
The nymphs their beauties all expos'd;
From every spring, and every plain;
Thy pow'rful, hot, and winged boy;
And youth, that's dull without thy joy;
And Mercury compose thy train.

CREECH.

FRIEND of mine has two daughters, whom I will l Lætitia and Daphne; the former is one of the atest beauties of the age in which she lives, the er no way remarkable for any charms in her per-. Upon this one circumstance of their outward m, the good and ill of their life seems to turn. Læ- a has not, from her very childhood, heard any thing : but commendations of her features and com- xion, by which means she is no other than nature de her, a very beautiful outside. The conscious- s of her charms has rendered her insupportably n and insolent, towards all who have to do with . Daphne, who was almost twenty before one l thing had ever been said to her, found herself iged to acquire some accomplishments to make for the want of those attractions which she saw her sister. Poor Daphne was seldom submitted in a debate wherein she was concerned; her dis- urse had nothing to recommend it but the good se of it, and she was always under a necessity to

have very well considered what she was to
fore she uttered it; while Lætitia was liste
with partiality, and approbation sat in the
nances of those she conversed with, before sh
municated what she had to say. These cause
produced suitable effects, and Lætitia is as
a companion as Daphne is an agreeable one
titia, confident of favour, has studied no
please; Daphne, despairing of any inclinat
wards her person, has depended only on her
Lætitia has always something in her air that
len, grave, and disconsolate. Daphne has a
tenance that appears cheerful, open, and
cerned. A young gentleman saw Lætitia this
at a play, and became her captive. His fortu
such, that he wanted very little introduction to
his sentiments to her father. The lover w
mitted with the utmost freedom into the
where a constrained behaviour, severe look
distant civilities, were the highest favours he
obtain of Lætitia; while Daphne used him w
good humour, familiarity, and innocence of a
insomuch that he would often say to her,
Daphne, wert thou but as handsome as Læt
She received such language with that ingenuo
pleasing mirth, which is natural to a woman
out design. He still sighed in vain for Lætit
found certain relief in the agreeable conversa
Daphne. At length heartily tired with the h
impertinence of Lætitia, and charmed with t
peated instances of good-humour he had ob
in Daphne, he one day told the latter, that
something to say to her he hoped she wo
pleased with—'Faith, Daphne,' continued
am in love with thee, and despise thy sist
cerely.' The manner of his declaring himself
his mistress occasion for a very hearty laug

says he, 'I knew you would laugh at me, vill ask your father.' He did so; the father l his intelligence with no less joy than sur- nd was very glad he had now no care left but beauty, which he thought he could carry to at his leisure. I do not know any thing that ased me so much a great while, as this con- of my friend Daphne's. All her acquaint- ngratulate her upon her chance-medley, and it that premeditating murderer her sister. an argument of a light mind, to think the f ourselves for the imperfections of our per- is equally below us to value ourselves upon antages of them. The female world seem most incorrigibly gone astray in this particu- which reason I shall recommend the follow- act out of a friend's letter to the professed , who are a people almost as unsufferable as fessed wits.

NSIEUR St. Evremond has concluded one of ys with affirming, that the last sighs of a ne woman are not so much for the loss of her of her beauty. Perhaps this raillery is pur- far, yet it is turned upon a very obvious re- hat woman's strongest passion is for her own and that she values it as her favourite dis- . From hence it is that all arts, which pre- improve or preserve it, meet with so ge- reception among the sex. To say nothing y false helps and contraband wares of beauty, re daily vended in this great mart, there is aiden gentlewoman of a good family, in any of South Britain, who has not heard of the of May-dew, or is unfurnished with some re- other in favour of her complexion; and I

have known a physician of learning and sense, after eight years study in the university, and a course of travels into most countries of Europe, owe the first raising of his fortunes to a cosmetic wash.

'This has given me occasion to consider how so universal a disposition in womankind, which springs from a laudable motive, the desire of pleasing, and proceeds upon an opinion, not altogether groundless, that nature may be helped by art, may be turned to their advantage. And, methinks, it would be an acceptable service to take them out of the hands of quacks and pretenders, and to prevent their imposing upon themselves, by discovering to them the true secret and art of improving beauty.

'In order to this, before I touch upon it directly, it will be necessary to lay down a few preliminary maxims, viz.

'That no woman can be handsome by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty only by the help of speech.

'That pride destroys all symmetry and grace, and affectation is a more terrible enemy to fine faces than the small-pox.

'That no woman is capable of being beautiful, who is not incapable of being false.

'And, That what would be odious in a friend is deformity in a mistress.

'From these few principles, thus laid down, it will be easy to prove, that the true art of assisting beauty consists in embellishing the whole person by the proper ornaments of virtuous and commendable qualities. By this help alone it is, that those who are the favourite work of nature, or as Mr. Dryden expresses it, the porcelain clay of human kind, become animated, and are in a capacity of exerting their charms; and those who seem to have been

neglected by her, like models wrought in haste, are capable in a great measure of finishing what she has left imperfect.

'It is, methinks, a low and degrading idea of that sex, which was created to refine the joys, and soften the cares of humanity, by the most agreeable participation, to consider them merely as objects of sight. This is abridging them of their natural extent of power, to put them upon a level with their pictures at Kneller's. How much nobler is the contemplation of beauty, heightened by virtue, and commanding our esteem and love, while it draws our observation! How faint and spiritless are the charms of a coquette, when compared with the real loveliness of Sophronia's innocence, piety, good-humour, and truth; virtues which add a new softness to her sex, and even beautify her beauty! That agreeableness which must otherwise have appeared no longer in the modest virgin, is now preserved in the tender mother, the prudent friend, and the faithful wife. Colours artfully spread upon canvass may entertain the eye, but not affect the heart; and she who takes no care to add to the natural graces of her person any excellent qualities, may be allowed still to amuse, as a picture, but not to triumph as a beauty.

'When Adam is introduced by Milton, describing Eve in Paradise, and relating to the angel the impressions he felt upon seeing her at her first creation, he does not represent her like a Grecian Venus, by her shape or features, but by the lustre of her mind which shone in them, and gave them their power of charming:

> "Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,
> In all her gestures dignity and love!"

'Without this irradiating power, the proudest air-one ought to know, whatever her glass may tell

her to the contrary, that her most perfect features are uninformed and dead.

'I cannot better close this moral, than by a short epitaph written by Ben Jonson with a spirit which nothing could inspire but such an object as I have been describing:

"Underneath this stone doth lie
As much virtue as could die;
Which when alive did vigour give
To as much beauty as could live."

I am, SIR,
Your most humble servant,
R. R. R. B.'

N° 34. MONDAY, APRIL 9, 1711.

———— *parcit*
Cognatis maculis similis fera————
JUV. Sat. xv. 159.

From spotted skins the leopard does refrain.
TATE.

THE club of which I am a member, is very luckily composed of such persons as are engaged in different ways of life, and deputed as it were out of the most conspicuous classes of mankind. By this means I am furnished with the greatest variety of hints and materials, and know every thing that passes in the different quarters and divisions, not only of this great city, but of the whole kingdom. My readers too have the satisfaction to find that there is no rank or degree among them who have not their representative in this club, and that there is always somebody

sent who will take care of their respective inte-
ts, that nothing may be written or published to
: prejudice or infringement of their just rights and
vileges.

I last night sat very late in company with this
ect body of friends, who entertained me with se-
ral remarks which they and others had made upon
se my speculations, as also with the various suc-
s which they had met with among their several
ks and degrees of readers. Will Honeycomb
d me, in the softest manner he could, that there
re some ladies (but for your comfort, says Will,
y are not those of the most wit) that were of-
ded at the liberties I had taken with the opera
l the puppet-show; that some of them were like-
e very much surprised, that I should think such
ious points as the dress and equipage of persons
quality, proper subjects for raillery.

He was going on, when Sir Andrew Freeport took
i up short, and told him, that the papers he
ted at, had done great good in the city, and that
their wives and daughters were the better for
m; and further added, that the whole city
ught themselves very much obliged to me for
laring my generous intentions to scourge vice and
y as they appear in a multitude, without conde-
ding to be a publisher of particular intrigues and
koldoms. 'In short,' says Sir Andrew, 'if you
id that foolish beaten road of falling upon alder-
i and citizens, and employ your pen upon the
ity and luxury of courts, your paper must needs
of general use.'

Jpon this my friend the Templar told Sir Andrew,
t he wondered to hear a man of his sense talk
:r that manner; that the city had always been
province for satire; and that the wits of King
rles's time jested upon nothing else during his

whole reign. He then shewed, by the examples of Horace, Juvenal, Boileau, and the best writers of every age, that the follies of the stage and court had never been accounted too sacred for ridicule, how great soever the persons might be that patronized them. 'But after all,' says he, 'I think your raillery has made too great an excursion, in attacking several persons of the inns of court; and I do not believe you can shew me any precedent for your behaviour in that particular.'

My good friend Sir Roger de Coverley, who had said nothing all this while, began his speech with a pish! and told us, that he wondered to see so many men of sense so very serious upon fooleries. 'Let our good friend,' says he, 'attack every one that deserves it; I would only advise you, Mr. Spectator,' applying himself to me, 'to take care how you meddle with country 'squires. They are the ornaments of the English nation; men of good heads and sound bodies! and, let me tell you, some of them take it ill of you, that you mention fox-hunters with so little respect.'

Captain Sentry spoke very sparingly on this occasion. What he said was only to commend my prudence in not touching upon the army, and advised me to continue to act discreetly in that point.

By this time I found every subject of my speculations was taken away from me, by one or other of the club; and began to think myself in the condition of the good man that had one wife who took a dislike to his grey hairs, and another to his black till by their picking out what each of them had an aversion to, they left his head altogether bald and naked.

While I was thus musing with myself, my worthy friend the clergyman, who, very luckily for me, was at the club that night, undertook my cause. He

t he wondered any order of persons
themselves too considerable to be ad-
it was not quality, but innocence, which
en from reproof. That vice and folly
attacked wherever they could be met
pecially when they were placed in high
ous stations of life. He further added,
ver would only serve to aggravate the
erty, if it chiefly exposed those who are
essed, and in some measure turned into
the meanness of their conditions and
s. He afterward proceeded to take
e great use this paper might be of to
by reprehending those vices which are
r the chastisement of the law, and too
r the cognizance of the pulpit. He
me to prosecute my undertaking with
and assured me, that whoever might
l with me, I should be approved by all
praises do honour to the persons on
re bestowed.

e club pay a particular deference to the
this gentleman, and are drawn into
ys, as much by the candid ingenuous
which he delivers himself, as by the
argument and force of reason which
se of. Will Honeycomb immediately
what he had said was right; and that,
he would not insist upon the quarter
l demanded for the ladies. Sir Andrew
city with the same frankness. The
ld not stand out, and was followed by
d the Captain; who all agreed that I
t liberty to carry the war into what
eased; provided I continued to combat
ls in a body, and to assault the vice
ng the person.

Having thus taken my resolutions to ma
boldly in the cause of virtue and good sense,
annoy their adversaries in whatever degree
of men they may be found; I shall be deaf
future to all the remonstrances that shall be n
me on this account. If Punch grows extrava
shall reprimand him very freely. If the st
comes a nursery of folly and impertinence,
not be afraid to animadvert upon it. In sho
meet with any thing in city, court, or countr
shocks modesty or good manners, I shall use
most endeavours to make an example of it.
however, intreat every particular person, wh
me the honour to be a reader of this paper, n
think himself, or any one of his friends or e
aimed at in what is said: for I promise him,
to draw a faulty character which does not fit
a thousand people; or to publish a single pape
is not written in the spirit of benevolence, an
a love of mankind.

N° 35. TUESDAY, APRIL 10, 1711.

Risu inepto res ineptior nulla est.
MART.
Nothing so foolish as the laugh of fools.

MONG all kinds of writing, there is none in which thors are more apt to miscarry than in works of mour, as there is none in which they are more bitious to excel. It is not an imagination that ms with monsters, an head that is filled with ex-vagant conceptions, which is capable of furnish-the world with diversions of this nature; and if we look into the productions of several writers, o set up for men of humour, what wild irregular cies, what unnatural distortions of thought do we t with? If they speak nonsense, they believe y are talking humour; and when they have drawn ether a scheme of absurd, inconsistent ideas, they not able to read it over to themselves without ghing. These poor gentlemen endeavour to gain mselves the reputation of wits and humorists, such monstrous conceits as almost qualify them Bedlam; not considering that humour should ays lie under the check of reason, and that it uires the direction of the nicest judgment, by so h the more as it indulges itself in the most ndless freedoms. There is a kind of nature that be observed in this sort of compositions, as well all other; and a certain regularity of thought h must discover the writer to be a man of sense, he same time that he appears altogether given up *sprice. For my part,* when I read the delirious

mirth of an unskilful author, I cannot be so h
as to divert myself with it, but am rather ap
the man, than laugh at any thing he writes.

The deceased Mr. Shadwell, who had h
great deal of the talent which I am treating
presents an empty rake, in one of his plays,
much surprised to hear one say, that bre
windows was not humour; and I question
several English readers will be as much sta
hear me affirm, that many of those raving ba
pieces, which are often spread among us, an
chimerical titles, are rather the offsprings o
tempered brain than works of humour.

'It is indeed much easier to describe wha
humour, than what is; and very difficult to d
otherwise than as Cowley has done wit, by m
Were I to give my own notions of it, I would
them after Plato's manner, in a kind of allego
by supposing Humour to be a person, deduce
all his qualifications, according to the follow
nealogy. Truth was the founder of the
and the father of Good Sense. Good Se
the father of Wit, who married a lady of c
line called Mirth, by whom he had issue H
Humour therefore being the youngest of th
trious family, and descended from parents
different dispositions, is very various and une
his temper; sometimes you see him putting o
looks and a solemn habit, sometimes airy in
haviour and fantastic in his dress; insomuch
different times he appears as serious as a jud
as jocular as a merry andrew. But as he has
deal of the mother in his constitution, whateve
he is in, he never fails to make his company lau

But since there is an impostor abroad, wh
upon him the name of this young gentlema
would willingly pass for him in the world;

iat well-meaning persons may not be imposed by cheats, I would desire my readers, when neet with this pretender, to look into his pa- ge, and to examine him strictly, whether or no remotely allied to Truth, and lineally descend- om Good Sense; if not, they may conclude him interfeit. They may likewise distinguish him loud and excessive laughter, in which he sel- gets his company to join with him. For as Humour generally looks serious, while every laughs about him; False Humour is always ing, whilst every body about him looks serious. ll only add, if he has not in him a mixture of parents, that is, if he would pass for the off- of Wit without Mirth, or Mirth without Wit, iay conclude him to be altogether spurious and it.

e impostor of whom I am speaking, descends ally from Falsehood, who was the mother of ense, who was brought to bed of a son called y, who married one of the daughters of Folly, ionly known by the name of Laughter, on i he begot that monstrous infant of which I here been speaking. I shall set down at length enealogical table of False Humour, and, at the time, place under it the genealogy of True our, that the reader may at one view behold different pedigrees and relations:

Falsehood.
Nonsense.
Frenzy.——Laughter.
False Humour.

Truth.
Good Sense.
Wit.——Mirth.
Humour.

I might extend the allegory, by mentioning several of the children of False Humour, who are more in number than the sands of the sea, and might in particular enumerate the many sons and daughters which he has begot in this island. But as this would be a very invidious task, I shall only observe in general, that False Humour differs from the True, as a monkey does from a man.

First of all, He is exceedingly given to little apish tricks and buffooneries.

Secondly, He so much delights in mimicry, that it is all one to him whether he exposes by it vice and folly, luxury and avarice; or, on the contrary, virtue and wisdom, pain and poverty.

Thirdly, He is wonderfully unlucky, insomuch that he will bite the hand that feeds him, and endeavour to ridicule both friends and foes indifferently. For having but small talents, he must be merry where he can, not where he should.

Fourthly, Being entirely void of reason, he pursues no point either of morality or instruction, but is ludicrous only for the sake of being so.

Fifthly, Being incapable of any thing but mock representations, his ridicule is always personal, and aimed at the vicious man, or the writer; not at the vice, or the writing.

I have here only pointed at the whole species of false humourists; but as one of my principal designs in this paper is to beat down that malignant spirit, which discovers itself in the writings of the present age, I shall not scruple, for the future, to single out any of the small wits, that infest the world with such compositions as are ill-natured, immoral, and absurd. This is the only exception which I shall make to the general rule I have prescribed myself, of attacking multitudes, since every honest man ought to look upon himself as in a natural state of war with the

libeller and lampooner, and to annoy them wherever they fall in his way. This is but retaliating upon them, and treating them as they treat others.

C.

N° 36. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11, 1711.

——— Immania monstra
Perferimus———
VIRG. Æn. iii. 683.

Things the most out of nature we endure.

I SHALL not put myself to any farther pains for this day's entertainment, than barely to publish the letters and titles of petitions from the playhouse, with the minutes I have made upon the latter for my conduct in relation to them.

Drury-lane, April the 9th.

'UPON reading the project which is set forth in one of your late papers, of making an alliance between all the bulls, bears, elephants, and lions, which are separately exposed to public view in the cities of London and Westminster; together with the other wonders, shows, and monsters, whereof you made respective mention in the said speculation; we, the chief actors of this playhouse, met and sat upon the said design. It is with great delight that we expect the execution of this work; and in order to contribute to it we have given warning to all our ghosts to get their livelihoods where they can, and not to appear among us after day-break of the 16th instant. We are resolved to take this opportunity to part with every thing which does not contribute to the representation of human life; and shall make a free gift of *all animated* utensils to your projector. The

hangings you formerly mentioned are run away; are likewise a set of chairs, each of which was n upon two legs going through the Rose tavern at t this morning. We hope, sir, you will give prop notice to the town that we are endeavouring at th regulations; and that we intend for the future to sh no monsters, but men who are converted into su by their own industry and affectation. If you w please to be at the house to-night, you will see me my endeavour to shew some unnatural appearanc which are in vogue among the polite and well-bre I am to present, in the character of a fine lady dan ing, all the distortions which are frequently taken f graces in mien and gesture. This, sir, is a specim of the methods we shall take to expose the monst which come within the notice of a regular theatr and we desire nothing more gross may be admitted you Spectators for the future. We have cashier three companies of theatrical guards, and design o kings shall for the future make love, and sit in cou cil, without an army; and wait only your directio whether you will have them reinforce king Porus, join the troops of Macedon. Mr. Pinkethman r solves to consult his pantheon of heathen gods opposition to the oracle of Delphos, and doubts n but he shall turn the fortune of Porus, when he p sonates him. I am desired by the company to infor you, that they submit to your censures; and shall ha you in greater veneration than Hercules was of ol if you can drive monsters from the theatre; and thi your merit will be as much greater than his, as to co vince is more than to conquer.

I am, SIR,

Your most obedient servant,

T. D.'

'SIR,

'WHEN I acquaint you with the great and unexpected vicissitudes of my fortune, I doubt not but I shall obtain your pity and favour. I have for many years past been Thunderer to the playhouse; and have not only made as much noise out of the clouds as any predecessor of mine in the theatre that ever bore that character, but also have descended and spoke on the stage as the bold Thunderer in The Rehearsal. When they got me down thus low, they thought fit to degrade me further, and make me a ghost. I was contented with this for these two last winters; but they carry their tyranny still further, and not satisfied that I am banished from above ground, they have given me to understand that I am wholly to depart their dominions, and taken from me even my subterraneous employment. Now, sir, what I desire of you is, that if your undertaker thinks fit to use fire-arms (as other authors have done) in the time of Alexander, I may be a cannon against Porus, or else provide for me in the burning of Persepolis, or what other method you shall think fit.

'SALMONEUS OF COVENT-GARDEN.'

The petition of all the Devils of the playhouse in behalf of themselves and families, setting forth their expulsion from thence, with certificates of their good life and conversation, and praying relief.

The merit of this petition referred to Mr. Chr. Rich, who made them devils.

The petition of the Grave-digger in Hamlet, to command the pioneers in the Expedition of Alexander.

Granted.

The petition of William Bullock, to be Hephestion to Pinkethman the Great.

Granted.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A widow gentlewoman, well born both by father and mother's side, being the daughter of Thomas Prater, once an eminent practitioner in the law, and of Letitia Tattle, a family well known in all parts of this kingdom, having been reduced by misfortunes to wait on several great persons, and for some time to be a teacher at a boarding-school of young ladies, giveth notice to the public, that she hath lately taken a house near Bloomsbury-square, commodiously situated next the fields, in a good air; where she teaches all sorts of birds of the loquacious kind, as parrots, starlings, magpies, and others, to imitate human voices in greater perfection than ever was yet practised. They are not only instructed to pronounce words distinctly, and in a proper tone and accent, but to speak the language with great purity and volubility of tongue, together with all the fashionable phrases and compliments now in use either at tea-tables, or visiting-days. Those that have good voices may be taught to sing the newest opera-airs, and if required, to speak either Italian or French, paying something extraordinary above the common rates. They whose friends are not able to pay the full prices, may be taken as half boarders. She teaches such as are designed for the diversion of the public, and to act in enchanted woods on the theatres, by the great. As she has often observed with much concern how indecent an education is usually given these innocent creatures, which in some measure is owing to their being placed in rooms next the street, where, to the great offence of chaste and tender ears, they learn ribaldry, obscene songs, and immodest expressions from passengers, and idle people, as also to cry fish and card-matches, with other useless parts of learning to birds who have rich friends, she has fitted up proper and neat apartments for them in the back part of her said house; where she suffers none to approach them but herself, and a servant maid who is deaf and dumb, and whom she provided on purpose to prepare their food, and cleanse their cages; having found by long experience how hard a thing it is for those to keep silence who have the use of speech, and the dangers her scholars are exposed to, by the strong impressions that are made by harsh sounds, and vulgar dialects. In short, if they are birds of any parts or capacity, she will undertake to render them so accomplished in the compass of a twelvemonth, that they shall be fit conversation for such ladies as love to choose their friends and companions out of this species. R.

N° 37. THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1711.

—— Nec illa colo calathisve Minervæ
Fœminеas assueta manus——————
VIRG. Æn. vii. 805.

Unbred to spinning, in the loom unskill'd.
DRYDEN.

SOME months ago, my friend Sir Roger, being in the country, inclosed a letter to me, directed to a certain lady whom I shall here call by the name of Leonora, and as it contained matters of consequence, desired me to deliver it to her with my own hand. Accordingly I waited upon her ladyship pretty early in the morning, and was desired by her woman to walk into her lady's library, till such time as she was in readiness to receive me. The very sound of a lady's library gave me a great curiosity to see it; and as it was some time before the lady came to me, I had an opportunity of turning over a great many of her books, which were ranged together in a very beautiful order. At the end of the folios (which were finely bound and gilt) were great jars of china placed one above another in a very noble piece of architecture. The quartos were separated from the octavos by a pile of smaller vessels, which rose in a delightful pyramid. The octavos were bounded by tea-dishes of all shapes, colours, and sizes, which were so disposed on a wooden frame, that they looked like one continued pillar indented with the finest strokes of sculpture, and stained with the greatest variety of dyes. That part of the library which was designed for the recep-

tion of plays and pamphlets, and other loose papers, was inclosed in a kind of square, consisting of one of the prettiest grotesque works that I ever saw, and made up of scaramouches, lions, monkies, mandarines, trees, shells, and a thousand other odd figures in china ware. In the midst of the room was a little japan table, with a quire of gilt paper upon it, and on the paper a silver snuff-box made in the shape of a little book. I found there were several other counterfeit books upon the upper shelves, which were carved in wood, and served only to fill up the numbers like faggots in the muster of a regiment. I was wonderfully pleased with such a mixt kind of furniture, as seemed very suitable both to the lady and the scholar, and did not know at first whether I should fancy myself in a grotto, or in a library.

Upon my looking into the books, I found there were some few which the lady had bought for her own use, but that most of them had been got together, either because she had heard them praised, or because she had seen the authors of them. Among several that I examined, I very well remember these that follow:

Ogleby's Virgil.
Dryden's Juvenal.
Cassandra.
Cleopatra.
Astræa.
Sir Isaac Newton's Works.
The Grand Cyrus; with a pin stuck in one of the middle leaves.
Pembroke's Arcadia.
Locke on Human Understanding; with a paper of patches in it.
A Spelling Book.

A Dictionary for the explanation of hard words.
Sherlock upon Death.
The fifteen Comforts of Matrimony.
Sir William Temple's Essays.
Father Malebranche's Search after Truth, translated into English.
A book of Novels.
The Academy of Compliments.
Culpepper's Midwifery.
The Ladies Calling.
Tales in Verse by Mr. Durfey: bound in red leather, gilt on the back, and doubled down in several places.
All the Classic Authors in Wood.
A set of Elzevirs by the same Hand.
Clelia: which opened of itself in the place that describes two lovers in a bower.
Baker's Chronicle.
Advice to a Daughter.
The New Atalantis, with a Key to it.
Mr. Steele's Christian Hero.
A Prayer-book: with a bottle of Hungary Water by the side of it.
Dr. Sacheverell's Speech.
Fielding's Trial.
Seneca's Morals.
Taylor's Holy Living and Dying.
La Ferte's Instructions for Country Dances.

I was taking a catalogue in my pocket-book of these, and several other authors, when Leonora entered, and upon my presenting her with a letter from the knight, told me, with an unspeakable grace, that she hoped Sir Roger was in good health: I answered Yes, for I hate long speeches, and after a bow or two retired.

Leonora was formerly a celebrated beauty, and is

rally sinks into a kind of lethargy, and fall
that is not agitated by some favourite pleasu
pursuits, Leonora has turned all the passio
sex into a love of books and retirement. S
verses chiefly with men (as she has often
self) but it is only in their writings; and a
very few male visitants, except my friend
ger, whom she hears with great pleasure, a
out scandal. As her reading has lain ver
among romances, it has given her a very p
turn of thinking, and discovers itself ever
house, her gardens, and her furniture. Si
has entertained me an hour together with a
tion of her country seat, which is situated i
of wilderness, about an hundred miles dist
London, and looks like a little enchanted
The rocks about her are shaped into artific
tos covered with woodbines and jessamine
woods are cut into shady walks, twisted into
and filled with cages of turtles. The spr

; that every bird which is killed in her
will spoil a concert, and that she shall cer-
iss him the next year.

I think how oddly this lady is improved by
, I look upon her with a mixture of admira-
pity. Amidst these innocent entertainments
he has formed to herself, how much more
does she appear than those of her sex, who
themselves in diversions that are less rea-
though more in fashion? What improve-
ould a woman have made, who is so suscep-
impressions from what she reads, had she
ided to such books as have a tendency to
1 the understanding and rectify the passions,
is to those which are of little more use than
: the imagination?

ie manner of a lady's employing herself use-
reading, shall be the subject of another
n which I design to recommend such par-
)ooks as may be proper for the improvement
ex. And as this is a subject of very nice
I shall desire my correspondents to give me
)ughts upon it. C.

N° 38. FRIDAY, APRIL 13, 1711.

———*Cupias non placuisse nimis.*
MART.

One would not please too much.

; conversation which I fell into, gave me
rtunity of observing a great deal of beauty
' *handsome* woman, and as much wit in an

it state or action; but betrays an inter-
very second thought, when the conscious-
oyed in too fondly approving a man's own
; which sort of consciousness is what we
on.

ve of praise is implanted in our bosoms
incentive to worthy actions, it is a very
t to get above a desire of it for things that
holly indifferent. Women, whose hearts
ipon the pleasure they have in the con-
iat they are the objects of love and ad-
e ever changing the air of their counte-
l altering the attitude of their bodies, to
iearts of their beholders with new sense
auty. The dressing part of our sex,
s are the same with the sillier part of the
exactly in the like uneasy condition to be
or a well-tied cravat, an hat cocked with
on briskness, a very well-chosen coat, or
ces of merit, which they are impatient to
ved.

parent affectation, arising from an ill-
nsciousness, is not so much to be won-
i such loose and trivial minds as these:
e see it reign in characters of worth and
it is what you cannot but lament, not
ne indignation. It creeps into the heart
e man as well as that of the coxcomb.
see a man of sense look about for ap-
l discover an itching inclination to be
l; lay traps for a little incense; even
whose opinion he values in nothing but
avour; who is safe against this weak-
who knows whether he is guilty of

The best way to get clear of such a
ess for applause, is to take all possible
row off the love of it upon occasions.

the stretch to find out something uncon
what they call bright, to entertain her,
writhed herself into as many different p
engage him. When she laughed, her li
sever at a greater distance than ordinar
her teeth; her fan was to point to some
distance, that in the reach she may di
roundness of her arm; then she is utterl
in what she saw, falls back, smiles at her
and is so wholly discomposed, that her tu
be adjusted, her bosom exposed, and
woman put into new airs and graces.
was doing all this, the gallant had time
something very pleasant to say next to he
some unkind observation on some other l
her vanity. These unhappy effects of
naturally led me to look into that stran
mind which so generally discolours the be
most people we meet with.

The learned Dr. Burnet, in his The

heir present state or action; but betrays an interuption in every second thought, when the consciousness is employed in too fondly approving a man's own conceptions; which sort of consciousness is what we all affectation.

As the love of praise is implanted in our bosoms as a strong incentive to worthy actions, it is a very difficult task to get above a desire of it for things that should be wholly indifferent. Women, whose hearts are fixed upon the pleasure they have in the consciousness that they are the objects of love and admiration, are ever changing the air of their countenances, and altering the attitude of their bodies, to strike the hearts of their beholders with new sense of their beauty. The dressing part of our sex, whose minds are the same with the sillier part of the other, are exactly in the like uneasy condition to be regarded for a well-tied cravat, an hat cocked with an uncommon briskness, a very well-chosen coat, or other instances of merit, which they are impatient to see unobserved.

This apparent affectation, arising from an ill-governed consciousness, is not so much to be wondered at in such loose and trivial minds as these: but when we see it reign in characters of worth and distinction, it is what you cannot but lament, not without some indignation. It creeps into the heart of the wise man as well as that of the coxcomb. When you see a man of sense look about for applause, and discover an itching inclination to be commended; lay traps for a little incense; even from those whose opinion he values in nothing but his own favour; who is safe against this weakness? or who knows whether he is guilty of it or not? The best way to get clear of such a light fondness for applause, is to take all possible care to throw off the love of it upon occasions

that are not in themselves laudable, but as it appears we hope for no praise from them. Of this nature are all graces in men's persons, dress, and bodily deportment, which will naturally be winning and attractive if we think not of them, but lose their force in proportion to our endeavour to make them such.

When our consciousness turns upon the main design of life, and our thoughts are employed upon the chief purpose either in business or pleasure, we shall never betray an affectation, for we cannot be guilty of it: but when we give the passion for praise an unbridled liberty, our pleasure in little perfections, robs us of what is due to us for great virtues, and worthy qualities. How many excellent speeches and honest actions are lost, for want of being indifferent where we ought? Men are oppressed with regard to their way of speaking and acting, instead of having their thoughts bent upon what they should do or say; and by that means bury a capacity for great things, by their fear of failing in indifferent things. This, perhaps, cannot be called affectation; but it has some tincture of it, at least so far, as that their fear of erring in a thing of no consequence, argues they would be too much pleased in performing it.

It is only from a thorough disregard to himself in such particulars, that a man can act with a laudable sufficiency: his heart is fixed upon one point in view; and he commits no errors, because he thinks nothing an error but what deviates from that intention.

The wild havock affectation makes in that part of the world, which should be most polite, is visible wherever we turn our eyes: it pushes men not only into impertinences in conversation, but also in their premeditated speeches. At the bar it torments the

:nch, whose business it is to cut off all superfluities what is spoken before it by the practitioner; as ell as several little pieces of injustice which arise om the law itself. I have seen it make a man run om the purpose before a judge, who was, when at ıe bar himself, so close and logical a pleader, that ith all the pomp of eloquence in his power, he :ver spoke a word too much *.

It might be borne even here, but it often ascends ıe pulpit itself; and the declaimer, in that sacred lace, is frequently so impertinently witty, speaks of ıe last day itself with so many quaint phrases, that ıere is no man who understands raillery, but must esolve to sin no more. Nay, you may behold him ometimes in prayer, for a proper delivery of the reat truths he is to utter, humble himself with so ery well-turned phrase, and mention his own un-orthiness in a way so very becoming, that the air of ıe pretty gentleman is preserved, under the lowliness f the preacher.

I shall end this with a short letter I writ the other ay to a very witty man, overrun with the fault I am peaking of:

'DEAR SIR,

'I SPENT some time with you the other day, nd must take the liberty of a friend to tell you of he unsufferable affectation you are guilty of in all ou say and do. When I gave you an hint of it, ou asked me whether a man is to be cold to what is friends think of him? No, but praise is not to e the entertainment of every moment. He that opes for it must be able to suspend the possession f it till proper periods of life, or death itself. If

* This seems to be intended as a compliment to Chancellor Cowper.

you would not rather be commended than be praise-worthy, contemn little merits; and allow no man to be so free with you, as to praise you to your face. Your vanity by this means will want its food. At the same time your passion for esteem will be more fully gratified; men will praise you in their actions: where you now receive one compliment, you will then receive twenty civilities. Till then you will never have of either, further than,

SIR,

Your humble servant.'

T.

N° 39. SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1711.

Multa fero, ut placeam genus irritabile vatum,
Cùm scribo———

HOR. 2 Ep. ii. 102.

IMITATED.

Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace
This jealous, waspish, wrong-head'd rhyming race.
POPE.

As a perfect tragedy is the noblest production of human nature, so it is capable of giving the mind one of the most delightful and most improving entertainments. A virtuous man (says Seneca) struggling with misfortunes, is such a spectacle as gods might look upon with pleasure; and such a pleasure it is which one meets with in the representation of a well-written tragedy. Diversions of this kind wear out of our thoughts every thing that is mean and *little*. They cherish and cultivate that humanity

uich is the ornament of our nature. They soften iolence, sooth affliction, and subdue the mind to e dispensations of Providence.

It is no wonder therefore that in all the polite tions of the world, this part of the drama has met th public encouragement.

The modern tragedy excels that of Greece and ome, in the intricacy and disposition of the fable; it, what a Christian writer would be ashamed to vn, falls infinitely short of it in the moral part of e performance.

This I may show more at large hereafter: and in e mean time, that I may contribute something toards the improvement of the English tragedy, I all take notice, in this and in other following pers, of some particular parts in it that seem liable exception.

Aristotle observes, that the Iambic verse in the reek tongue was the most proper for tragedy: cause at the same time that it lifted up the disurse from prose, it was that which approached arer to it than any other kind of verse. 'For,' says , 'we may observe that men in ordinary disurse very often speak iambics, without taking noe of it.' We may make the same observation of r English blank verse, which often enters into r common discourse, though we do not attend to and is such a due medium between rhyme and ose, that it seems wonderfully adapted to tragedy. am therefore very much offended when I see a ty in rhyme; which is as absurd in English, as a gedy of hexameters would have been in Greek Latin. The solecism is, I think, still greater in ose plays that have some scenes in rhyme and ne in blank verse, which are to be looked upon two several languages; or where we see some rticular similies dignified with rhyme at the

same time that every thing about them lies in blank verse. I would not however debar the poet from concluding his tragedy, or if he pleases, every act of it, with two or three couplets, which may have the same effect as an air in the Italian opera after a long recitativo, and give the actor a graceful exit. Besides that, we see a diversity of numbers in some parts of the old tragedy, in order to hinder the ear from being tired with the same continued modulation of voice. For the same reason I do not dislike the speeches in our English tragedy that close with an hemistich, or half verse, notwithstanding the person who speaks after it begins a new verse, without filling up the preceding one; nor with abrupt pauses and breakings off in the middle of a verse, when they humour any passion that is expressed by it.

Since I am upon this subject, I must observe that our English poets have succeeded much better in the style, than in the sentiments of their tragedies. Their language is very often noble and sonorous, but the sense either very trifling, or very common. On the contrary, in the ancient tragedies, and indeed in those of Corneille and Racine, though the expressions are very great, it is the thought that bears them up and swells them. For my own part, I prefer a noble sentiment that is depressed with homely language, infinitely before a vulgar one that is blown up with all the sound and energy of expression. Whether this defect in our tragedies may arise from want of genius, knowledge, or experience in the writers, or from their compliance with the vicious taste of their readers, who are better judges of the language than of the sentiments, and consequently relish the one more than the other, I cannot determine. But I believe it might rectify the conduct both of the one and of the other, if the writer

down the whole contexture of his dialogue in n English, before he turned it into blank verse; if the reader, after the perusal of a scene, would sider the naked thought of every speech in it, n divested of all its tragic ornaments. By this ns, without being imposed upon by words, we judge impartially of the thought, and consider ther it be natural or great enough for the person t utters it, whether it deserves to shine in such a e of eloquence, or shew itself in such a variety of ts as are generally made use of by the writers of English tragedy.

must in the next place observe, that when our ughts are great and just, they are often obscured the sounding phrases, hard metaphors, and forced ressions in which they are clothed. Shakspeare is en very faulty in this particular. There is a fine ervation in Aristotle to this purpose, which I have er seen quoted. The expression, says he, ought to very much laboured in the unactive parts of the le, as in descriptions, similitudes, narrations, and e like; in which the opinions, manners, and passions men are not represented; for these (namely, the inions, manners, and passions) are apt to be obscur- by pompous phrases and elaborate expressions. race, who copied most of his criticisms after Aris- le, seems to have had his eye on the foregoing rule, the following verses:

'Et tragicus plerùmque dolet sermone pedestri:
Telephus et Peleus, cùm pauper et exul uterque,
Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba,
Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querelâ.'
HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 95.

'Tragedians too lay by their state to grieve:
Peleus and Telephus, exil'd and poor,
Forget their swelling and gigantic words.'
ROSCOMMON.

Among our modern English poets, there is none

who has a better turn for tragedy than Lee; if instead of favouring the impetuosity of his genius he had restrained it, and kept it within its proper bounds. His thoughts are wonderfully suited to tragedy, but frequently lost in such a cloud of words, that it is hard to see the beauty of them. There is an infinite fire in his works, but so involved in smoke, that it does not appear in half its lustre. He frequently succeeds in the passionate parts of the tragedy, but more particularly where he slackens his efforts, and eases the style of those epithets and metaphors, in which he so much abounds. What can be more natural, more soft, or more passionate, than that line in Statira's speech where she describes the charms of Alexander's conversation?

'Then he would talk—Good gods! how he would talk!"

That unexpected break in the line, and turning the description of his manner of talking into an admiration of it, is inexpressibly beautiful, and wonderfully suited to the fond character of the person that speaks it. There is a simplicity in the words, that outshines the utmost pride of expression.

Otway has followed nature in the language of his tragedy, and therefore shines in the passionate parts, more than any of our English poets. As there is something familiar and domestic in the fable of his tragedy, more than in those of any other poet, he has little pomp, but great force in his expressions. For which reason, though he has admirably succeeded in the tender and melting part of his tragedies, he sometimes falls into too great familiarity of phrase in those parts, which by Aristotle's rule ought to have been raised and supported by the dignity of expression.

It has been observed by others, that this poet has founded his tragedy of Venice Preserved on so wrong a plot, that the greatest characters in it are those of

els and traitors. Had the hero of this play dis-ered the same good qualities in the defence of his ntry that he shewed for its ruin and subversion, the lience could not enough pity and admire him: but e is now represented, we can only say of him what Roman historian says of Catiline, that his fall uld have been glorious *(si pro patriâ sic concidis-)* had he so fallen in the service of his country.

C.

N° 40. MONDAY, APRIL 16, 1711.

Ac ne fortè putes me, quæ facere ipse recusem,
Cùm rectè tractant alii, laudare malignè;
Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur
Ire poëta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magus; et modò me Thebis, modò ponit Athenis.
HOR. 2 Ep. i. 208.

IMITATED.

Yet lest you think I rally more than teach,
Or praise, malignant, arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once presume t' instruct the times,
To know the poet from the man of rhymes;
'Tis he, who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns;
Enrage, compose, with more than magic art,
With pity, and with terror, tear my heart;
And snatch me o'er the earth, or through the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.
POPE.

HE English writers of tragedy are possessed with notion, that when they represent a virtuous or inno-nt person in distress, they ought not to leave him till

they have delivered him out of his troubles, or made him triumph over his enemies. This error they have been led into by a ridiculous doctrine in modern criticism, that they are obliged to an equal distribution of rewards and punishments, and an impartial execution of poetical justice. Who were the first that established this rule I know not; but I am sure it has no foundation in nature, in reason, or in the practice of the ancients. We find that good and evil happen alike to all men on this side the grave; and as the principal design of tragedy is to raise commiseration and terror in the minds of the audience, we shall defeat this great end, if we always make virtue and innocence happy and successful. Whatever crosses and disappointments a good man suffers in the body of the tragedy, they will make but a small impression on our minds when we know that in the last act he is to arrive at the end of his wishes and desires. When we see him engaged in the depth of his afflictions, we are apt to comfort ourselves, because we are sure he will find his way out of them; and that his grief, how great soever it may be at present, will soon terminate in gladness. For this reason the ancient writers of tragedy treated men in their plays, as they are dealt with in the world, by making virtue sometimes happy and sometimes miserable, as they found it in the fable which they made choice of, or as it might affect the audience in the most agreeable manner. Aristotle considers the tragedies that were written in either of these kinds, and observes, that those which ended unhappily had always pleased the people, and carried away the prize in the public disputes of the stage, from those that ended happily. Terror and commiseration leave a pleasing anguish in the mind; and fix the audience in such a serious composure of thought, as is much more lasting and delightful than any little transient starts of joy and satisfaction. Accordingly we find, that more

f our English tragedies have succeeded, in which the vourites of the audience sink under their calamities, ıan those in which they recover themselves out of ıem. The best plays of this kind are The Orphan, enice Preserved, Alexander the Great, Theodosius, l for Love, Oedipus, Oroonoko, Othello, &c. King ear is an admirable tragedy of the same kind, as akspeare wrote it; but as it is reformed according the chimerical notion of poetical justice, in my mble opinion it has lost half its beauty. At the me time I must allow, that there are very noble tradies, which have been framed upon the other plan, d have ended happily; as indeed most of the good gedies, which have been written since the starting of above criticism, have taken this turn; as The ourning Bride, Tamerlane, Ulysses, Phædra and ppolitus, with most of Mr. Dryden's. I must also ow, that many of Shakspeare's, and several of the ebrated tragedies of antiquity, are cast in the same m. I do not therefore dispute against this way of iting tragedies, but against the criticism that would ablish this as the only method; and by that means uld very much cramp the English tragedy, and perps give a wrong bent to the genius of our writers.

The tragi-comedy, which is the product of the Engh theatre, is one of the most monstrous inventions at ever entered into a poet's thoughts. An author ght as well think of weaving the adventures of neas and Hudibras into one poem, as of writing ch a motly piece of mirth and sorrow. But the abrdity of these performances is so very visible, that I all not insist upon it.

The same objections which are made to tragi-come-, may in some measure be applied to all tragedies at have a double plot in them; which are likewise ore frequent upon the English stage, than upon any her; *for though the grief of the audience, in such*

performances, be not changed into another passion, as in tragi-comedies; it is diverted upon another object which weakens their concern for the principal action and breaks the tide of sorrow, by throwing it into different channels. This inconvenience however, may in a great measure be cured, if not wholly removed, by the skilful choice of an under-plot, which may be of such a near relation to the principal design, as to contribute towards the completion of it, and be concluded by the same catastrophe.

There is also another particular, which may be reckoned among the blemishes, or rather the false beauties of our English tragedy: I mean those particular speeches which are commonly known by the name of Rants. The warm and passionate parts of a tragedy, are always the most taking with the audience; for which reason we often see the players pronouncing, in all the violence of action, several parts of the tragedy which the author writ with great temper, and designed that they should have been so acted. I have seen Powell very often raise himself a loud clap by this artifice. The poets that were acquainted with this secret, have given frequent occasion for such emotions in the actor, by adding vehemence to words where there was no passion, or inflaming a real passion into fustian. This hath filled the mouths of our heroes with bombast; and given them such sentiments, as proceed rather from a swelling than a greatness of mind. Unnatural exclamations, curses, vows, blasphemies, a defiance of mankind, and an outraging of the gods, frequently pass upon the audience for towering thoughts, and have accordingly met with infinite applause.

I shall here add a remark, which I am afraid our tragic writers may make an ill use of. As our heroes are generally lovers, their swelling and blustering

on the stage very much recommends them to the part of their audience. The ladies are wonderly pleased to see a man insulting kings, or affrontthe gods, in one scene, and throwing himself at feet of his mistress in another. Let him behave iself insolently towards the men, and abjectly tords the fair one, and it is ten to one but he proves avourite with the boxes. Dryden and Lee, in seveof their tragedies, have practised this secret with od success.

But to shew how a rant pleases beyond the most t and natural thought that is not pronounced with iemence, I would desire the reader, when he sees tragedy of Oedipus, to observe how quietly the o is dismissed at the end of the third act, after ing pronounced the following lines, in which thought is very natural, and apt to move comision:

'To you, good gods, I make my last appeal;
Or clear my virtues, or my crimes reveal.
If in the maze of fate I blindly run,
And backward tread those paths I sought to shun;
Impute my errors to your own decree:
My hands are guilty, but my heart is free.'

us then observe with what thunder-claps of apuse he leaves the stage, after the impieties and exations at the end of the fourth act; and you will nder to see an audience so cursed and so pleased at same time.

'O that, as oft I have at Athens seen,

Where, by the way, there was no stage till many years after Oedipus.]

The stage arise, and the big clouds descend;
So now, in very deed, I might behold
This pond'rous globe, and all yon marble roof,
Meet, like the hands of Jove, and crush mankind:
For all the elements,' &c.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Having spoken of Mr. Powell, as sometimes raising his applause from the ill taste of an audience, I must do him justice to own, that he is excellently formed for a tragedian, and, when he pleases, deserves the admiration of the judges; as I doubt not but he will in the Conquest of Mexico, which is acted for his own benefit to-morrow night.

N° 41. TUESDAY, APRIL 17, 1711.

—— *Tu non inventa reperta.*

OVID, Met. i. 654.

So found, is worse than lost.

ADDISON.

COMPASSION for the gentleman, who writes the following letter, should not prevail upon me to fall upon the fair sex, if it were not that I find they are frequently fairer than they ought to be. Such impostures are not to be tolerated in civil society, and I think his misfortune ought to be made public, as a warning for other men always to examine into what they admire.

'SIR,

'SUPPOSING you to be a person of general knowledge, I make my application to you on a very particular occasion. I have a great mind to be rid of my wife, and hope, when you consider my case, you

rill be of opinion I have very just pretensions to a di-
orce. I am a mere man of the town, and have very
ttle improvement, but what I have got from plays.
remember in the Silent Woman, the learned Dr.
utberd, or Dr. Otter, (I forget which) makes one of
he causes of separation to be *Error Personæ*, when
man marries a woman, and finds her not to be the
ame woman whom he intended to marry, but another.
f that be law, it is, I presume, exactly my case. For
ou are to know, Mr. Spectator, that there are women
who do not let their husbands see their faces till they
re married.

'Not to keep you in suspense, I mean plainly that
art of the sex who paint. They are some of them so
xquisitely skilful this way, that give them but a tole-
ble pair of eyes to set up with, and they will make
osom, lips, cheeks, and eye-brows, by their own in-
lustry. As for my dear, never was man so enamour-
d as I was of her fair forehead, neck, and arms, as
ell as the bright jet of her hair; but to my great
stonishment I find they were all the effect of art.
er skin is so tarnished with this practice, that when
he first wakes in a morning, she scarce seems young
ough to be the mother of her whom I carried to
ed the night before. I shall take the liberty to part
ith her by the first opportunity, unless her father will
ake her portion suitable to her real, not her assumed,
ountenance. This I thought fit to let him and her
ow by your means.

I am, SIR,
Your most obedient, humble servant.'

I cannot tell what the law, or the parents of the lady
ill do for this injured gentleman, but must allow, he
as very much justice on his side. I have indeed very
ng observed this evil, and distinguished those of our
omen *who wear their own*, from those in borrowed

complexions, by the Picts and the British. There does not need any great discernment to judge which are which. The British have a lively animated aspect; the Picts, though never so beautiful, have dead uninformed countenances. The muscles of a real face sometimes swell with soft passion, sudden surprise, and are flushed with agreeable confusions, according as the objects before them, or the ideas presented to them, affect their imagination. But the Picts behold all things with the same air, whether they are joyful or sad; the same fixed insensibility appears upon all occasions. A Pict, though she takes all that pains to invite the approach of lovers, is obliged to keep them at a certain distance; a sigh in a languishing lover, if fetched too near her, would dissolve a feature; and a kiss snatched by a forward one, might transfer the complexion of the mistress to the admirer. It is hard to speak of these false fair ones, without saying something uncomplaisant, but I would only recommend to them to consider how they like coming into a room new painted; they may assure themselves the near approach of a lady who uses this practice is much more offensive.

Will Honeycomb told us one day, an adventure he once had with a Pict. This lady had wit, as well as beauty, at will; and made it her business to gain hearts, for no other reason but to rally the torments of her lovers. She would make great advances to insnare men, but without any manner of scruple break off when there was no provocation. Her ill-nature and vanity made my friend very easily proof against the charms of her wit and conversation; but her beauteous form, instead of being blemished by her falsehood and inconstancy, every day increased upon him, and she had new attractions every time he saw her. When she observed Will irrevocably her slave, she began to use him as such, and after many steps toward

a cruelty, she at last utterly banished him. The ippy lover strove in vain, by servile epistles, to re- his doom; till at length he was forced to the refuge, a round sum of money to her maid. This upt attendant placed him early in the morning be- the hangings in her mistress's dressing-room. He d very conveniently to observe, without being . The Pict begins the face she designed to wear day, and I have heard him protest she had work- full half hour before he knew her to be the same ian, As soon as he saw the dawn of that com- ion, for which he had so long languished, he ght fit to break from his concealment, repeating of Cowley:

'Th' adorning thee with so much art,
Is but a barbarous skill;
'Tis like the pois'ning of a dart,
Too apt before to kill.'

he Pict stood before him in the utmost confusion, the prettiest smirk imaginable on the finished side er face, pale as ashes on the other. Honeycomb d all her gally-pots and washes, and carried off his lkerchief full of brushes, scraps of Spanish wool, phials of unguents. The lady went into the coun- the lover was cured.

is certain no faith ought to be kept with cheats, an oath made to a Pict is of itself void. I would efore exhort all the British ladies to single them nor do I know any but Lindamira who should be ipt from discovery; for her own complexion is so ate, that she ought to be allowed the covering it paint, as a punishment for choosing to be the it piece of art extant, instead of the master-piece ature. As for my part, who have no expectations women, and consider them only as they are part he species, I do not half so much fear offending a

beauty, as a woman of sense; I shall therefore produce several faces which have been in public these many years, and never appeared. It will be a very pretty entertainment in the playhouse, (when I have abolished this custom) to see so many ladies, when they first lay it down, incog. in their own faces.

In the mean time, as a pattern for improving their charms, let the sex study the agreeable Statira. Her features are enlivened with the cheerfulness of her mind, and good humour gives an alacrity to her eyes. She is graceful without affecting an air, and unconcerned without appearing careless. Her having no manner of art in her mind, makes her want none in her person.

How like is this lady, and how unlike is a Pict, to that description Dr. Donne gives of his mistress?

> '——— Her pure and eloquent blood
> Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
> That one would almost say her body thought.'

ADVERTISEMENT.

A young gentlewoman of about nineteen years of age (bred in the family of a person of quality, lately deceased) who paints the finest flesh-colour, wants a place, and is to be heard of at the house of Mynheer Grotesque, a Dutch painter in Barbican.

N. B. She is also well-skilled in the drapery part, and puts on hoods, and mixes ribbons so as to suit the colours of the face with great art and success. R.

N° 42. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 1711.

'arganum mugire putes nemus, aut mare Thuscum;
'anto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, et artes,
ivitiæque peregrinæ; quibus oblitus actor
um stetit in scena, concurrit dextera lævæ.
ixit adhuc aliquid? Nil sanè. Quid placet ergo?
ana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.

HOR. 2 Ep. i. 202.

IMITATED.

ound as the wolves on Orca's stormy steep,
lowl to the roarings of the northern deep:
uch is the shout, the long applauding note,
.t Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's petticoat:
r when from court a birth-day suit bestow'd
inks the lost actor in the tawdry load.
ooth enters——hark! the universal peal!—
ut has he spoken?——Not a syllable———
/hat shook the stage, and made the people stare?
'ato's long wig, flow'r'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.

POPE.

TOTLE has observed, that ordinary writers in tra" endeavour to raise terror and pity in their audi- not by proper sentiments and expressions, but by resses and decorations of the stage. There is thing of this kind very ridiculous in the English re. When the author has a mind to terrify us, it lers; when he would make us melancholy, the is darkened. But among all our tragic artifices, the most offended at those which are made use of pire us with magnificent ideas of the persons that . The ordinary method of making an hero, is to a huge plume of feathers upon his head, which

rises so very high, that there is often a
from his chin to the top of his head, tha
his foot. One would believe, that we
man and a tall man the same thing.
embarrasses the actor, who is forced t
extremely stiff and steady all the while
notwithstanding any anxieties which l
his mistress, his country, or his friend
by his action, that his greatest care an
keep the plume of feathers from fallin
For my own part, when I see a man u
plaints under such a mountain of feath
look upon him rather as an unfortunat
distressed hero. As these superfluous
the head make a great man, a princess g
her grandeur from those additional in
fall into her tail; I mean the broad swe
follows her in all her motions, and fin
ployment for a boy who stands behind
spread it to advantage. I do not know
affected at this sight, but I must conf
wholly taken up with the page's part;
queen, I am not so attentive to any t
as to the right adjusting of her train
chance to trip up her heels, or incomm
walks to and fro upon the stage. It is
a very odd spectacle, to see a queen ve
in a disordered motion, and a little bo
the while that they do not ruffle the ta
The parts that the two persons act on
same time are very different. The pr
lest she should incur the displeasure o
father, or lose the hero her lover, whil
is only concerned lest she should entan
her petticoat.

We are told, that an ancient tragic
the pity of his audience for his exile

essed heroes, used to make the actors represent them i dresses and clothes that were thread-bare and de-ayed. This artifice for moving pity, seems as ill con-ived as that we have been speaking of to inspire us ith a great idea of the persons introduced upon the tage. In short, I would have our conceptions raised y the dignity of thought and sublimity of expression, ather than by a train of robes or a plume of feathers.

Another mechanical method of making great men, nd adding dignity to kings and queens, is to accompany hem with halberts and battle-axes. Two or three hifters of scenes, with the two candle-snuffers, make p a complete body of guards upon the English stage; nd by the addition of a few porters dressed in red oats, can represent above a dozen legions. I have ometimes seen a couple of armies drawn up together pon the stage, when the poet has been disposed to do onour to his generals. It is impossible for the read-r's imagination to multiply twenty men into such pro-ligious multitudes, or to fancy that two or three hun-lred thousand soldiers are fighting in a room of forty r fifty yards in compass. Incidents of such nature hould be told, not represented.

'———————— *Non tamen intus*
Digna geri promes in scenam: multaque tolles
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præsens.'
HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 182.

'Yet there are things improper for a scene,
Which men of judgment only will relate.'
ROSCOMMON.

I should, therefore, in this particular, recommend o my countrymen the example of the French stage, here the kings and queens always appear unattended, nd leave their guards behind the scenes. I should ikewise be glad if we imitated the French in banishing rom our stage the noise of drums, trumpets, and

huzzas; which is sometimes so very great, that when there is a battle in the Haymarket theatre, one may hear it as far as Charing-cross.

I have here only touched upon those particulars which are made use of to raise and aggrandize the persons of a tragedy; and shall shew, in another paper the several expedients which are practised by authors of a vulgar genius to move terror, pity, or admiration, in their hearers.

The tailor and the painter often contribute to the success of a tragedy more than the poet. Scenes affect ordinary minds as much as speeches; and our actors are very sensible, that a well-dressed play has sometimes brought them as full audiences as a well-written one. The Italians have a very good phrase to express this art of imposing upon the spectators by appearances; they call it the '*Fourberia della scena*,' 'The knavery, or trickish part of the drama.' But however the show and outside of the tragedy may work upon the vulgar, the more understanding part of the audience immediately see through it, and despise it.

A good poet will give the reader a more lively idea of an army or a battle in a description, than if he actually saw them drawn up in squadrons and battallions, or engaged in the confusion of a fight. Our minds should be opened to great conceptions, and inflamed with glorious sentiments by what the actor speaks, more than by what he appears. Can all the trappings or equipage of a king or hero, give Brutus half that pomp and majesty which he receives from a few lines in Shakspeare? C.

N° 43. THURDSAY, APRIL 19, 1711.

Hæ tibi erunt artes; pacisque imponere morem,
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.
VIRG. Æn. vi. 854.

By these thy arts; to bid contention cease,
Chain up stern wars and give the nations peace;
O'er subject lands extend thy gentle sway,
And teach with iron rod the haughty to obey.

THERE are crowds of men, whose great misfortune it is that they were not bound to mechanic arts or trades; it being absolutely necessary for them to be led by some continual task or employment. These are such as we commonly call dull fellows; persons, who for want of something to do, out of a certain vacancy of thought, rather than curiosity, are ever meddling with things for which they are unfit. I cannot give you a notion of them better, than by presenting you with a letter from a gentleman, who belongs to a society of this order of men, residing at Oxford.

Oxford, April 13, 1711.
Four o'clock in the morning.

'SIR,

'IN some of your late speculations, I find some sketches towards an history of clubs; but you seem to me to shew them in somewhat too ludicrous a light. I have well weighed that matter, and think, that the most important negociations may be best carried on in such assemblies. I shall therefore, for the good of mankind (which I trust you and I are equally concern-

ed for) propose an institution of that nature for example sake.

'I must confess the design and transactions of too many clubs are trifling, and manifestly of no consequence to the nation or public weal. Those I will give you up. But you must do me then the justice to own, that nothing can be more useful or laudable, than the scheme we go upon. To avoid nicknames and witticisms, we call ourselves The Hebdomadal Meeting. Our president continues for a year at least, and sometimes four or five; we are all grave, serious, designing men, in our way: we think it our duty, as far as in us lies, to take care the constitution receives no harm—*Ne quid detrimenti res capiat publica*—To censure doctrines or facts, persons or things, which we do not like; to settle the nation at home, and carry on the war abroad, where and in what manner we see fit. If other people are not of our opinion, we cannot help that. It were better they were. Moreover we now and then condescend to direct in some measure, the little affairs of our own university.

'Verily, Mr. Spectator, we are much offended at the act for importing French wines. A bottle or two of good solid edifying port at honest George's, made a night cheerful, and threw off reserve. But this plaguy French claret will not only cost us more money, but do us less good. Had we been aware of it before it had gone too far, I must tell you, we would have petitioned to be heard upon that subject. But let that pass.

'I must let you know likewise, good sir, that we look upon a certain northern prince's march, in conjunction with infidels, to be palpably against our good-will and liking; and for all monsieur Palmquist, a most dangerous innovation; and we are by no means yet sure, that some people are not at the bottom of it. At least my own private letters leave

om for a politician, well versed in matters of this ture, to suspect as much, as a penetrating friend of ne tells me.

'We think we have at last done the business with e malecontents in Hungary, and shall clap up a ace there.

'What the neutrality army is to do, or what the my in Flanders, and what two or three other inces, is not yet fully determined among us; and e wait impatiently for the coming in of the next yer's, who you must know is our authentic intel- ence, our Aristotle in politics. And indeed it is t fit there should be some dernier resort, the abso- te decider of controversies.

'We were lately informed, that the gallant train- -bands had patrolled all night long about the eets of London. We indeed could not imagine y occasion for it, we guessed not a tittle on it rehand, we were in nothing of the secret; and at city tradesmen, or their apprentices, should do ity or work during the holidays, we thought abso- ely impossible. But Dyer being positive in it, d some letters from other people, who had talked th some who had it from those who should know, ing some countenance to it, the chairman reported m the committee appointed to examine into that air, that it was possible there might be something it. I have much more to say to you, but my two od friends and neighbours Dominic and Slyboots, e just come in, and the coffee is ready. I am, in e mean time,

MR. SPECTATOR,
Your admirer and humble servant,
ABRAHAM FROTH.'

You may observe the turn of their minds tends ily to novelty, and not satisfaction in any thing.

lows prove very good men of business. relieves them from their own natural hea furnishing them with what to do; where to mercurial men, is an interruption from existence and happiness. Though the du mankind are harmless in their amusements, be wished they had no vacant time, be usually undertake something that makes t conspicuous, by their manner of supply You shall seldom find a dull fellow of go tion, but if he happens to have any leisur hands, will turn his head to one of those t ments for all fools of eminence, politics 'The former of these arts is the study of all ple in general; but when dulness is lodged of a quick animal life, it generally exer poetry. One might here mention a few m ters, who give great entertainment to the a son that the stupidity of their heads is qui the alacrity of their hearts. This constit

Here, if the poet had not been vivacious, as well stupid, he could not, in the warmth and hurry of nsense, have been capable of forgetting that nei- er Prince Voltiger, nor his grandfather, could strip naked man of his doublet; but a fool of a colder nstitution would have staid to have flead the Pict, nd made buff of his skin, for the wearing of the con- eror.

To bring these observations to some useful pur- ose of life, what I would propose should be, that e imitated those wise nations, wherein every man arns some handicraft-work.—Would it not employ beau prettily enough, if instead of eternally play- g with a snuff-box, he spent some part of his time making one? Such a method as this would very uch conduce to the public emolument, by making ery man living good for something; for there ould then be no one member of human society, but ould have some little pretension for some degree in : like him who came to Will's coffee-house, upon e merit of having writ a posy of a ring. R.

N° 44. FRIDAY, APRIL 20, 1711.

Tu quid ego et populus mecum desideret audi.
HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 153.

Now hear what every auditor expects.
ROSCOMMON.

MONG the several artifices which are put in prac- ice by the poets to fill the minds of an audience ith terror, the first place is due to thunder and ghtning, which are often made use of at the de- cending of a god, or the rising of a ghost, at the

vanishing of a devil, or at the death of a tyrant. I have known a bell introduced into several tragedies with good effect; and have seen the whole assembly in a very great alarm all the while it has been ringing. But there is nothing which delights and terrifies our English theatre so much as a ghost, especially when he appears in a bloody shirt. A spectre has very often saved a play, though he has done nothing but stalked across the stage, or rose through a cleft of it, and sunk again without speaking one word. There may be a proper season for these several terrors; and when they only come in as aids and assistances to the poet, they are not only to be excused, but to be applauded. Thus the sounding of the clock in Venice Preserved, makes the hearts of the whole audience quake; and conveys a stronger terror to the mind than it is possible for words to do. The appearance of the ghost in Hamlet is a master-piece in its kind, and wrought up with all the circumstances that can create either attention or horror. The mind of the reader is wonderfully prepared for his reception by the discourses that precede it. His dumb behaviour at his first entrance, strikes the imagination very strongly; but every time he enters, he is still more terrifying. Who can read the speech with which young Hamlet accosts him without trembling?

'*Hor.* Look, my Lord, it comes!
'*Ham.* Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd;
Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blasts from hell;
Be thy events* wicked or charitable;
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, Father, Royal Dane. Oh! answer me.

* Events for advents, comings or visits. We read in other copies, intents.

Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cearments? Why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws
To cast thee up again? What may this mean?
That thou dead corse again in complete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous?'

I do not therefore find fault with the artifices above mentioned, when they are introduced with skill, and accompanied by proportionable sentiments and expressions in the writing.

For the moving of pity, our principal machine is the handkerchief; and indeed in our common tragedies, we should not know very often that the persons are in distress by any thing they say, if they did not from time to time apply their handkerchiefs to their eyes. Far be it from me to think of banishing this instrument of sorrow from the stage; I know a tragedy could not subsist without it: all that I would contend for, is to keep it from being misapplied. In a word, I would have the actor's tongue sympathize with his eyes.

A disconsolate mother, with a child in her hand, has frequently drawn compassion from the audience, and has therefore gained a place in several tragedies. A modern writer, that observed how this had took in other plays, being resolved to double the distress, and melt his audience twice as much as those before him had done, brought a princess upon the stage with a little boy in one hand, and a girl in the other. This too had a very good effect. A third poet being resolved to outwrite all his predecessors, a few years ago introduced three children with great success: and as I am informed, a young gentleman, who is fully determined to break the most obdurate hearts,

But among all our methods of moving
ror, there is none so absurd and barbarou
more exposes us to the contempt and ridi
neighbours, than that dreadful butcher
another, which is very frequent upon
stage. To delight in seeing men stabbed
racked, or impaled, is certainly the sig
temper: and as this is often practised
British audience, several French critics,
these are grateful spectacles to us, take o
them to represent us as a people that
blood. It is indeed very odd, to see our
ed with carcasses in the last scenes of
and to observe in the wardrobe of th
several daggers, poniards, wheels, bowls
and many other instruments of death. N
executions are always transacted behind t
the French theatre; which in general is
able to the manners of a polite and civili
but as there are no exceptions to this r
French stage, it leads them into absurditi
ridiculous as that which falls under our
sure. I remember in the famous play o

iate so brutal an action, it would be the doing of it
i a sudden, before the sentiments of nature, reason,
r manhood could take place in him. However, to
void public bloodshed, as soon as his passion is
rought to its height, he follows his sister the whole
ngth of the stage, and forbears killing her till they
re both withdrawn behind the scenes. I must con-
ss, had he murdered her before the audience, the
decency might have been greater; but as it is, it
ppears very unnatural, and looks like killing in cold
lood. To give my opinion upon this case, the fact
ught not to have been represented, but to have been
old, if there was any occasion for it.

It may not be unacceptable to the reader to see
ow Sophocles has conducted a tragedy under the
ke delicate circumstances. Orestes was in the same
ondition with Hamlet in Shakspeare, his mother
aving murdered his father, and taken possession of
is kingdom in conspiracy with her adulterer. That
oung prince, therefore, being determined to revenge
is father's death upon those who filled his throne,
onveys himself by a beautiful stratagem into his
iother's apartment, with a resolution to kill her.
ut because such a spectacle would have been too
ocking to the audience, this dreadful resolution is
xecuted behind the scenes: the mother is heard
alling out to her son for mercy; and the son an-
wering her, that she shewed no mercy to his father;
fter which she shrieks out that she is wounded, and
y what follows we find that she is slain. I do not
emember that in any of our plays there are speeches
nade behind the scenes, though there are other in-
tances of this nature to be met with in those of the
ncients: and I believe my reader will agree with
ne, that there is something infinitely more affecting
n this dreadful dialogue between the mother and her

of soul
ing him to retire into
he had slain his father, whose
revenge in the very same place wher
mitted. By this means the poet ob
cency, which Horace afterwards establ
of forbearing to commit parricides or
ders before the audience.

‘ *Nec pueros coram populo Medea truci*
ARS

‘ Let not Medea draw her murd'ring
And spill her children's blood upon
RO

The French have therefore refine
Horace's rule, who never desig
kinds of death from the stage; b
too much horror in them, and
better effect upon the audience
hind the scenes. I would ther
my countrymen the practice o
who were very sparing of the
and rather chose to perform th
if it could be done with as gr
time

he stage does not seem to have been avoided only as n indecency, but also as an improbability.

' Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet;
Aut humana palàm coquat exta nefarius Atreus;
Aut in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem,
Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.'
HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 165.

' Medea must not draw her murd'ring knife,
Nor Atreus there his horrid feast prepare;
Cadmus and Progne's metamorphoses,
(She to a swallow turn'd, he to a snake;)
And whatsoever contradicts my sense,
I hate to see, and never can believe.'
ROSCOMMON.

I have now gone through the several dramatic nventions which are made use of by the ignorant oets to supply the place of tragedy, and by the kilful to improve it; some of which I could wish ntirely rejected, and the rest to be used with cauion. It would be an endless task to consider coedy in the same light, and to mention the innumeable shifts that small wits put in practice to raise a augh. Bullock in a short coat, and Norris in a long ne, seldom fail of this effect. In ordinary comelies, a broad and a narrow brimmed hat are different haracters. Sometimes the wit of the scene lies in shoulder-belt, and sometimes in a pair of whiskers. lover running about the stage, with his head peepng out of a barrel *, was thought a very good jest n King Charles the Second's time; and invented by ne of the first wits of that age. But because ridiule is not so delicate as compassion, and because he objects that make us laugh, are infinitely more umerous than those that make us weep, there is a

* The comedy of The Comical Revenge, or Love in a Tub, y Sir George Etheridge, 1664.

much greater latitude for comic than tragic satire, and by consequence a much greater indulgence to be allowed them. C.

N° 45. SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1711.

Natio comœdia est. ———

JUV. Sat. III. 100.

The nation is a company of players.

THERE is nothing which I desire more than a general and honourable peace, though at the same time I am very apprehensive of many ill consequences that may attend it. I do not mean in regard to our politics but to our manners. What an inundation of ribbons and brocades will break in upon us? What peals of laughter and impertinence shall we be exposed to? For the prevention of these great evils, I could heartily wish that there was an act of parliament for prohibiting the importation of French fopperies.

The female inhabitants of our island have already received very strong impressions from this ludicrous nation, though by the length of the war (as there is no evil which has not some good attending it) they are pretty well worn out and forgotten. I remember the time when some of our well-bred country women kept their valet de chambre, because forsooth, a man was much more handy about them than one of their own sex. I myself have seen one of these male Abigails tripping about the room with a looking glass in his hand, and combing his lady

hair a whole morning together. Whether or no there was any truth in the story of a lady's being got with child by one of these her hand-maids, I cannot tell; but I think at present the whole race of them is extinct in our own country.

About the time that several of our sex were taken into this kind of service, the ladies likewise brought up the fashion of receiving visits in their beds. It was then looked upon as a piece of ill-breeding for a woman to refuse to see a man, because she was not stirring; and a porter would have been thought unfit for his place, that could have made so awkward an excuse. As I love to see every thing that is new, I once prevailed upon my friend Will Honeycomb to carry me along with him to one of these travelled ladies, desiring him at the same time, to present me as a foreigner who could not speak English, that so I might not be obliged to bear a part in the discourse. The lady, though willing to appear undrest, had put on her best looks, and painted herself for our reception. Her hair appeared in a very nice disorder, as the night-gown which was thrown upon her shoulders was ruffled with great care. For my part, I am so shocked with every thing which looks immodest in the fair sex, that I could not forbear taking off my eye from her when she moved in bed, and was in the greatest confusion imaginable every time she stirred a leg, or an arm. As the coquettes who introduced this custom grew old, they left it off by degrees; well knowing, that a woman of threescore may kick and tumble her heart out, without making any impression.

Sempronia is at present the most profest admirer of the French nation, but is so modest as to admit her visitants no further than her toilet. It is a very odd sight that beautiful creature makes, when she is talk-

ing politics with her tresses flowing about
ders, and examining that face in the g
does such execution upon all the male s
How prettily does she divide her discour
her woman and her visitants? What spri
sitions does she make from an opera or a
an ivory comb or a pin-cushion? How l
pleased to see her interrupted in an acco
travels, by a message to her footman; a
her tongue in the midst of a moral re
applying the tip of it to a patch?

There is nothing which exposes a woma
dangers, than that gaiety and airiness
which are natural to most of the sex. It
therefore the concern of every wise a
woman to keep this sprightliness from d
into levity. On the contrary, the whol
and behaviour of the French is to make t
fantastical, or (as they are pleased to te
awakened, than is consistent either with v
cretion. To speak loud in public assem
every one hear you talk of things that sho
mentioned in private, or in whisper, are l
as parts of a refined education. At the s
blush is unfashionable, and silence more il
any thing that can be spoken. In short
and modesty, which in all other ages ar
have been regarded as the greatest ornan
fair sex, are regarded as the ingredients
conversation, and family behaviour.

Some years ago I was at the tragedy o
and unfortunately placed myself under a
quality that is since dead; who, as I fo
noise she made, was newly returned fr
A little before the rising of the curtain
out into a loud soliloquy, 'When wi

witches enter?' and immediately upon their first appearance, asked a lady that sat three boxes from her on her right hand, if those witches were not charming creatures. A little after, as Betterton was in one of the finest speeches of the play, she shook her fan at another lady who sat as far on the left hand, and cold her with a whisper that might be heard all over the pit, 'We must not expect to see Balloon to-night.' Not long after, calling out to a young baronet by his name, who sat three seats before me, she asked him whether Macbeth's wife was still alive; and before he could give an answer, fell a talking of the ghost of Banquo. She had by this time formed a little audience to herself, and fixed the attention of all about her. But as I had a mind to hear the play, I got out of the sphere of her impertinence, and planted myself in one of the remotest corners of the pit.

This pretty childishness of behaviour is one of the most refined parts of coquetry, and is not to be attained in perfection by ladies that do not travel for their improvement. A natural and unconstrained behaviour has something in it so agreeable, that it is no wonder to see people endeavouring after it. But at the same time it is so very hard to hit, when it is not born with us, that people often make themselves ridiculous in attempting it.

A very ingenious French author tells us, that the ladies of the court of France in his time, thought it ill-breeding, and a kind of female pedantry, to pronounce an hard word right; for which reason they took frequent occasion to use hard words, that they might shew a politeness in murdering them. He further adds, that a lady of some quality at court, having accidentally made use of a hard word in a proper place, and pronounced it right, the whole assembly *was out of countenance* for her.

I must however be so just to own, that there are many ladies who have travelled several thousands of miles without being the worse for it, and have brought home with them all the modesty, discretion, and good sense, that they went abroad with. As on the contrary, there are great numbers of travelled ladies, who have lived all their days within the smoke of London. I have known a woman that never was out of the parish of St. James's betray as many foreign fopperies in her carriage, as she could have gleaned up in half the countries of Europe.

C.

N° 46. MONDAY, APRIL 23, 1711.

Non bene junctarum discordia semina rerum.
OVID. Met. l. i. ver. 9.

The jarring seeds of ill-concerted things.

When I want materials for this paper, it is my custom to go abroad in quest of game; and when I meet any proper subject, I take the first opportunity of setting down an hint of it upon paper. At the same time I look into the letters of my correspondents, and if I find any thing suggested in them that may afford matter of speculation, I likewise enter a minute of it in my collection of materials. By this means I frequently carry about me a whole sheetful of hints, that would look like a rhapsody of nonsense to any body but myself. There is nothing in them but obscurity and confusion, raving and inconsistency. In short, they are my speculations in the first principles, that (like the world in its chaos) are void of all *light*, distinction, and order.

About a week since there happened to me a very odd accident, by reason of one of these my papers of minutes which I had accidentally dropped at Lloyd's coffee-house, where the auctions are usually kept. Before I missed it, there were a cluster of people who had found it, and were diverting themselves with it at one end of the coffee-house. It had raised so much laughter among them before I had observed what they were about, that I had not the courage to own it. The boy of the coffee-house, when they had done with it, carried it about in his hand, asking every body if they had dropped a written paper; but nobody challenging it, he was ordered by those merry gentlemen who had before perused it, to get up into the auction pulpit, and read it to the whole room, that if any one would own it, they might. The boy accordingly mounted the pulpit, and with a very audible voice read as follows:

MINUTES.

Sir Roger de Coverley's country-seat—Yes, for I hate long speeches—Query, if a good Christian may be a conjuror—Childermas-day, saltseller, house-dog, screech-owl, cricket——Mr. Thomas Incle of London, in the good ship called the Achilles. Yarico——*Ægrescitque medendo*—Ghosts—The Lady's Library—Lion by trade a tailor—Dromedary called Bucephalus—Equipage the lady's *summum bonum*—Charles Lillie to be taken notice of—Short face a relief to envy—Redundancies in the three professions——King Latinus a recruit—Jew devouring a ham of bacon—Westminster-abbey—Grand Cairo—Procrastination—April fools—Blue boars, red lions, hogs in armour—Enter a King and two Fiddlers *solus*—Admission into the Ugly club—Beauty how improveable—Families of true and false humour—

The parrot's school-mistress——Face half Pict half British—No man to be an hero of a tragedy under six foot—Club of sighers—Letters from flower-pots, elbow-chairs, tapestry-figures, lion, thunder——The bell rings to the puppet-show—Old woman with a beard married to a smock-faced boy—My next coat to be turned up with blue—Fable of tongs and gridiron—Flower dyers—The soldier's prayer—Thank ye for nothing, says the galley-pot——Pactolus in stockings with golden clocks to them—Bamboos, cudgels, drum-sticks—Slip of my landlady's eldest daughter—The black mare with a star in her forehead—The barber's pole—Will Honeycomb's coat-pocket—Cæsar's behaviour and my own in parallel circumstances—Poem in patch-work—*Nulli gravis est percussus Achilles*—The female conventicler—The ogle-master.

The reading of this paper made the whole coffee-house very merry; some of them concluded it was written by a madman, and others by somebody that had been taking notes out of the Spectator. One who had the appearance of a very substantial citizen, told us, with several political winks and nods, that he wished there was no more in the paper than what was expressed in it: that for his part, he looked upon the dromedary, the gridiron, and the barber's pole, to signify something more than what was usually meant by those words: and that he thought the coffee-man could not do better than to carry the paper to one of the secretaries of state. He further added, that he did not like the name of the outlandish man with the golden clock in his stockings. A young Oxford scholar, who chanced to be with his uncle at the coffee-house, discovered to us who *this* Pactolus was: and by that means turned the *whole* scheme of this worthy citizen into ridicule.

While they were making their several conjectures upon this innocent paper, I reached out my arm to the boy as he was coming out of the pulpit, to give it me; which he did accordingly. This drew the eyes of the whole company upon me; but after having cast a cursory glance over it, and shook my head twice or thrice at the reading of it, I twisted it into a kind of match, and lighted my pipe with it. My profound silence, together with the steadiness of my countenance, and the gravity of my behaviour during this whole transaction, raised a very loud laugh on all sides of me; but as I had escaped all suspicion of being the author, I was very well satisfied, and applying myself to my pipe and the Postman, took no further notice of any thing that had passed about me.

My reader will find, that I have already made use of above half the contents of the foregoing paper; and will easily suppose, that those subjects which are yet untouched, were such provisions as I had made for his future entertainment. But as I have been unluckily prevented by this accident, I shall only give him the letters which related to the two last hints. The first of them I should not have published, were I not informed that there is many an husband who suffers very much in his private affairs by the indiscreet zeal of such a partner as is hereafter mentioned; to whom I may apply the barbarous inscription quoted by the Bishop of Salisbury in his travels; '*Dum nimia pia est, facta est impia:*' 'Through too much piety she became impious.'

'SIR,

'I AM one of those unhappy men that are plagued with a gospel-gossip, so common among dissenters (especially friends). Lectures in the morning, *church-meetings* at noon, and preparation sermons

applications so perpetually, that however
may go to bed, the noise in my head will
sleep till towards morning. The misery of
and great numbers of such sufferers, plead
and speedy relief; otherwise must expect,
time, to be lectured, preached, and prayed
unless the happiness of being sooner talked
prevent it.

I am, &c.

The second letter relating to the ogl
runs thus:

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM an Irish gentleman that hav
many years for my improvement; during
I have accomplished myself in the wh

he mean time, I beg you will publish the sub-
ce of this letter in an advertisement, and you will
much oblige,

Your, &c.'

N° 47. TUESDAY, APRIL 24, 1711.

Ride si sapis ———— MART.

Laugh, if you are wise.

HOBBS, in his Discourse of Human Nature,
h, in my humble opinion, is much the best of
is works, after some very curious observations
laughter, concludes thus: 'The passion of
hter is nothing else but sudden glory arising from
sudden conception of some eminency in our-
s, by comparison with the infirmity of others, or
our own formerly: for men laugh at the follies
hemselves past, when they come suddenly to re-
brance, except they bring with them any present
nour.'

cording to this author therefore, when we hear
n laugh excessively, instead of saying he is very
y, we ought to tell him he is very proud. And
d, if we look into the bottom of this matter,
hall meet with many observations to confirm us
is opinion. Every one laughs at somebody that
an inferior state of folly to himself. It was for-
y the custom for every great house in England
ep a tame fool dressed in petticoats, that the
of the family might have an opportunity of

The Dutch, who are more famous for th
try and application, than for wit and hum
up in several of their streets what they cal
of the Gaper, that is, the head of an idio
in a cap and bells, and gaping in a most im
manner. This is a standing jest at Amsterd

Thus every one diverts himself with son
or other that is below him in point of unde
and triumphs in the superiority of his geni
he has such objects of derision before his e
Dennis has very well expressed this in a
humorous lines, which are part of a transla
satire in monsieur Boileau:

> 'Thus one fool lolls his tongue out at anoth
> And shakes his empty noddle at his brother

Mr. Hobbs's reflection gives us the reasor
insignificant people abovementioned are s
of laughter among men of a gross taste: I

ion calls by the name of that dish of meat which it loves best: in Holland they are termed Pickled Herings; in France, Jean Pottages; in Italy, Macaronies; and in Great Britain, Jack Puddings. These merry vags, from whatsoever food they receive their titles, hat they may make their audiences laugh, always appear in a fool's coat, and commit such blunders and mistakes in every step they take, and every word they utter, as those who listen to them would be ashamed of.

But this little triumph of the understanding, under the disguise of laughter, is no where more visible than in that custom which prevails every where among us on the first day of the present month, when every body takes it into his head to make as many fools as he can. In proportion as there are more follies discovered, so there is more laughter raised on this day than on any other in the whole year. A neighbour of mine, who is a haberdasher by trade, and a very shallow conceited fellow, makes his boast that for these ten years successively he has not made less than an hundred April fools. My landlady had a falling out with him about a fortnight ago, for sending every one of her children upon some sleeveless errand, as she terms it. Her eldest son went to buy an halfpenny-worth of inkle at a shoemaker's; the eldest daughter was dispatched half a mile to see a monster; and, in short, the whole family of innocent children made April fools. Nay, my landlady herself did not escape him. This empty fellow has laughed upon these conceits ever since.

This art of wit is well enough, when confined to one day in a twelvemonth; but there is an ingenious tribe of men sprung up of late years, who are for making April fools every day in the year. These gentlemen are commonly distinguished by the name of Biters:

a race of men that are perpetually employed in laughing at those mistakes which are of their own production.

Thus we see, in proportion as one man is more refined than another, he chooses his fool out of a lower or higher class of mankind, or to speak in a more philosophical language, that secret elation or pride of heart, which is generally called laughter, arises in him, from his comparing himself with an object below him, whether it so happens that it be a natural or an artificial fool. It is, indeed, very possible, that the persons we laugh at may in the main of their characters be much wiser men than ourselves; but if they would have us laugh at them, they must fall short of us in those respects which stir up this passion.

I am afraid I shall appear too abstracted in my speculations, if I shew, that when a man of wit makes us laugh, it is by betraying some oddness or infirmity in his own character, or in the representation which he makes of others; and that when we laugh at a brute, or even at an inanimate thing, it is at some action or incident that bears a remote analogy to any blunder or absurdity in reasonable creatures.

But to come into common life: I shall pass by the consideration of those stage coxcombs that are able to shake a whole audience, and take notice of a particular sort of men who are such provokers of mirth in conversation, that it is impossible for a club or merry meeting to subsist without them; I mean those honest gentlemen that are always exposed to the wit and raillery of their well-wishers and companions; that are pelted by men, women, and children, friends and foes, and in a word, stand as butts in conversation, for every one to shoot at that pleases. I know several of these butts who are men of wit and sense, though by some odd turn of humour, some unlucky cast in their person

r behaviour, they have always the misfortune to make he company merry. The truth of it is, a man is not ualified for a butt, who has not a good deal of wit and ivacity, even in the ridiculous side of his character. ı stupid butt is only fit for the conversation of ordi ary people: men of wit require one that will give them lay, and bestir himself in the absurd part of his beha- iour. A butt with these accomplishments frequently ets the laugh of his side, and turns the ridicule upon inr that attacks him. Sir John Falstaff was an hero f this species, and gives a good description of himself ı his capacity of a butt, after the following manner: Men of all sorts,' says that merry knight, 'take a pride o gird at me. The brain of man is not able to invent ny thing that tends to laughter more than I invent, or s invented on me. I am not only witty in myself, but he cause that wit is in other men.'

C.

N° 48. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25, 1711.

———*Per multas aditum sibi sæpè figuras*
Repperit———

OVID, Met. xiv. 652.

Through various shapes he often finds access.

My correspondents take it ill if I do not, from time to time, let them know I have received their letters. The most effectual way will be to publish some of them *that are upon important* subjects; which I shall intro-

duce with a letter of my own that I writ a fortnight ago to a fraternity who thought fit to make me an honorary member.

'*To the President and Fellows of the Ugly Club.*

'MAY IT PLEASE YOUR DEFORMITIES,

'I HAVE received the notification of the honour you have done me, in admitting me into your society. I acknowledge my want of merit, and for that reason shall endeavour at all times to make up my own failures, by introducing and recommending to the club persons of more undoubted qualifications than I can pretend to. I shall next week come down in the stage coach, in order to take my seat at the board; and shall bring with me a candidate of each sex. The persons I shall present to you, are an old beau and a modern Pict. If they are not so eminently gifted by nature as our assembly expects, give me leave to say their acquired ugliness is greater than any that has ever appeared before you. The beau has varied his dress every day of his life for these thirty years past, and still added to the deformity he was born with. The Pict has still greater merit towards us, and has, ever since she came to years of discretion, deserted the handsome party, and taken all possible pains to acquire the face in which I shall present her to your consideration and favour.

I am, GENTLEMEN,

Your most obliged humble servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

'P. S. I desire to know whether you admit people of quality.'

IR. SPECTATOR, April 17.

'To shew you there are among us of the weak sex, some that have honesty and fortitude h to dare to be ugly, and willing to be thought pply myself to you, to beg your interest and re-endation to the ugly club. If my own word will e taken, (though in this case a woman's may) I ring credible witnesses of my qualifications for company, whether they insist upon hair, forehead, cheeks, or chin; to which I must add, that I find er to lean to my left side, than to my right. I I am in all respects agreeable, and for humour birth, I will keep up to the president himself. e favour I will pretend to is, that as I am the oman who has appeared desirous of good com-nd agreeable conversation, I may take and keep per end of the table. And indeed I think they a carver, which I can be, after as ugly a manner y could wish. I desire your thoughts of my as soon as you can. Add to my features the of my face, which is full half-yard; though I knew the reason of it till you gave one for ortness of yours. If I knew a name ugly enough ong to the above described face, I would feign but, to my unspeakable misfortune, my name is ly disagreeable prettiness about me; so prythee one for me that signifies all the deformity in the . You understand Latin, but be sure bring it in y being, in the sincerity of my heart,

Your most frightful admirer,
and servant,
HECATISSA.'

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I READ your discourse upon affectation, and he *remarks* made in it, examined my own heart

allantries, that the stage is here in its original situation f a cart. Alexander the Great was acted by a fellow i a paper cravat. The next day the Earl of Essex eemed to have no distress but his poverty; and my ord Foppington the same morning wanted any better eans to shew himself a fop, than by wearing stock-gs of different colours. In a word, though they have ad a full barn for many days together, our itinerants re so wretchedly poor, that without you can prevail send us the furniture you forbid at the playhouse, e heroes appear only like sturdy beggars, and the eroines gypsies. We have had but one part which as performed and dressed with propriety, and that as Justice Clodpate. This was so well done, that it fended Mr. Justice Overdo, who in the midst of our hole audience, was (like Quixote in the puppet-show) highly provoked, that he told them, if they would ove compassion, it should be in their own persons, id not in the characters of distressed princes and po-ntates. He told them, if they were so good at find-g the way to people's hearts, they should do it at the id of bridges or church porches, in their proper vo-ation of beggars. This the justice says, they must spect, since they could not be contented to act hea-en warriors, and such fellows as Alexander, but must resume to make a mockery of one of the quorum.

R. Your servant.'

N° 49. THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1711.

——— Hominem pagina nostra sapit.
MART.

Men and their manners I describe.

It is very natural for a man who is not turned for mirthful meetings of men, or assemblies of the fair sex, to delight in that sort of conversation which we find in coffee-houses. Here a man of my temper is in his element; for if he cannot talk, he can still be more agreeable to his company, as well as pleased in himself, in being only an hearer. It is a secret known but to few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him. The latter is the more general desire, and I know very able flatterers that never speak a word in praise of the persons from whom they obtain daily favours, but still practise a skilful attention to whatever is uttered by those with whom they converse. We are very curious to observe the behaviour of great men and their dependents; but the same passions and interests move men in lower spheres; and I (that have nothing else to do but make observations) see in every parish, street, lane and alley of this populous city, a little potentate that has his court and his flatterers who lay snares for his affection and favour, by the same arts that are practised upon men in higher stations.

In the place I most usually frequent, men differ in

r in the time of day in which they make a figure, n in any real greatness above one another. I, who at the coffee-house at six in the morning, know that friend Beaver the haberdasher has a levee of more dissembled friends and admirers, than most of the urtiers or generals of Great Britain. Every man out him has, perhaps, a newspaper in his hand; but ne can pretend to guess what step will be taken in y one court of Europe, till Mr. Beaver has thrown wn his pipe, and declares what measures the allies ust enter into upon this new posture of affairs. Our ffee-house is near one of the inns of court, and Beaver s the audience and admiration of his neighbours m six till within a quarter of eight, at which time is interrupted by the students of the house; some whom are ready dressed for Westminster at eight in morning, with faces as busy as if they were retained every cause there; and others come in their night-wns to saunter away their time, as if they never de-ned to go thither. I do not know that I meet in y of my walks, objects which move both my spleen d laughter so effectually, as those young fellows at e Grecian, Squire's, Searle's, and all other coffee-uses adjacent to the law, who rise early for no other rpose but to publish their laziness. One would ink these young virtuosos take a gay cap and slip-rs, with a scarf and party-coloured gown, to be en-ns of dignity; for the vain things approach each her with an air, which shews they regard one another r their vestments. I have observed that the superi-ity among these proceeds from an opinion of gal-ntry and fashion. The gentleman in the strawberry sh, who presides so much over the rest, has, it seems, bscribed to every opera this last winter, and is sup-sed to receive favours from one of the actresses.

When the day grows too busy for these gentlemen *enjoy any longer* the pleasures of their deshabille,

condition, nor complexions too warm to
neglect the duties and relations of life
sort of men consist the worthier part of
these are all good fathers, generous brot
friends, and faithful subjects. Their en
are derived rather from reason than
which is the cause that there is no impatie
bility in their speech or action. You see i
tenances they are at home, and in quiet
the present instant as it passes, withou
quicken it by gratifying any passion, or
any new design. These are the men forr
ety, and those little communities which w
the word neighbourhood.

The coffee-house is the place of rende
that live near it, who are thus turned to
and ordinary life. Eubulus presides over
hours of the day, when this assembly of r
gether. He enjoys a great fortune hands
out launching into expence; and exerts
and useful qualities, without appearing i
employment. His wisdom and knowledge
able to all that think fit to make use of th

hat you are as ready to oblige others, as he is to blige you.

In the private exigencies of his friends, he lends at gal value considerable sums which he might highly crease by rolling in the public stocks. He does not nsider in whose hands his money will improve most, ut where it will do most good.

Eubulus has so great an authority in his little diurnal audience, that when he shakes his head at any piece f public news, they all of them appear dejected; and n the contrary, go home to their dinners with a good omach and cheerful aspect when Eubulus seems to timate that things go well. Nay, their veneration towards him is so great, that when they are in other company they speak and act after him; are wise in his sentences, and are no sooner sat down at their own tables, ut they hope or fear, rejoice or despond, as they saw im do at the coffee-house. In a word, every man is ubulus as soon as his back is turned.

Having here given an account of the several reigns at succeed each other from day-break till dinner me, I shall mention the monarchs of the afternoon on nother occasion, and shut up the whole series of them ith the history of Tom the Tyrant*; who, as the first inister of the coffee-house, takes the government pon him between the hours of eleven and twelve at ight, and gives his orders in the most arbitrary manner to the servants below him, as to the disposition of quors, coal, and cinders. R.

* The waiter of that coffee-house, frequently nick-named r Thomas.

Nunquam aliud natura, aliud sapientia dixit.
JUV. Sa

Good taste and nature always speak the sam

WHEN the four Indian kings were in tl
about a twelvemonth ago, I often mixed w
ble, and followed them a whole day toge
wonderfully struck with the sight of every t
new or uncommon. I have, since their de
ployed a friend to make many enquiries of
lord the upholsterer, relating to their mann
versation, as also concerning the remarks
made in this country: for, next to the for
notion of such strangers, I should be desir
ing what ideas they have conceived of us.

The upholsterer finding my friend ver
about these his lodgers, brought him som
a little bundle of papers, which he assure
written by king Sa Ga Yean Qua Rash To
supposes, left behind by some mistake. T

am king. Our good brother E Tow O Koam,
the Rivers, is of opinion it was made by the
of that great God to whom it is consecrated.
ngs of Granajah and of the Six Nations believe
vas created with the earth, and produced on the
ıy with the sun and moon. But for my own part,
best information that I could get of this matter,
ıt to think that this prodigious pile was fashion-
the shape it now bears by several tools and in-
ıts, of which they have a wonderful variety in
untry. It was probably at first a huge mis-
rock that grew upon the top of the hill, which
ives of the country (after having cut into a kind
ılar figure) bored and hollowed with incredible
nd industry, till they had wrought it into those
ıl vaults and caverns into which it is divided at
y. As soon as this rock was thus curiously
d to their liking, a prodigious number of hands
ıave been employed in chipping the outside of
:h is now as smooth as the surface of a pebble;
in several places hewn out into pillars that stand
: trunks of so many trees bound about the top
ırlands of leaves. It is probable that when this
vork was begun, which must have been many
:d years ago, there was some religion among this
; for they give it the name of a temple, and
tradition that it was designed for men to pay
levotion in. And indeed there are several rea-
hich make us think that the natives of this coun-
l formerly among them some sort of worship;
ey set apart every seventh day as sacred: but
ny going into one of these holy houses on that
could not observe any circumstance of devotion
r behaviour. There was indeed a man in black,
as mounted above the rest, and seemed to utter
ıing with a great deal of vehemence; but as for
ınderneath him, instead of paying their worship

to the deity of the place, they were most of them bowing and courtesying to one another, and a considerable number of them fast asleep.

'The queen of the country appointed two men to attend us, that had enough of our language to make themselves understood in some few particulars. But we soon perceived these two were great enemies to one another, and did not always agree in the same story. We could make shift to gather out of one of them, that this island was very much infested with a monstrous kind of animals, in the shape of men, called whigs; and he often told us, that he hoped we should meet with none of them in our way, for that if we did, they would be apt to knock us down for being kings.

'Our other interpreter used to talk very much of a kind of animal called a tory, that was as great a monster as the whig, and would treat us as ill for being foreigners. These two creatures, it seems, are born with a secret antipathy to one another, and engage when they meet as naturally as the elephant and the rhinoceros*. But as we saw none of either of these species, we are apt to think that our guides deceived us with misrepresentations and fictions, and amused us with an account of such monsters as are not really in their country.

'These particulars we made a shift to pick out from the discourse of our interpreters; which we put together as well as we could, being able to understand but here and there a word of what they said, and afterwards making up the meaning of it among ourselves. The men of the country are very cunning and ingenious in handicraft works, but withal so very idle, that we often saw young lusty raw-boned fellows, carried

* Of these two animals the Indian kings could have no ideas, and therefore seem here to be illustrating *obscurum per obscurius*, and explaining the monsters spoken of here by animals that were not really in their country.

nd down the streets in little covered rooms, by a le of porters, who are hired for that service. r dress is likewise very barbarous, for they almost gle themselves about the neck, and bind their bo- with several ligatures, that we are apt to think are ccasion of several distempers among them, which country is entirely free from. Instead of those iful feathers with which we adorn our heads, they buy up a monstrous bush of hair, which covers heads, and falls down in a large fleece below the le of their backs; and with which they walk up lown the streets, and are as proud of it as if it f their own growth.

We were invited to one of their public diversions, e we hoped to have seen the great men of their try running down a stag, or pitching a bar, that ight have discovered who were the persons of the est abilities among them; but instead of that, they eyed us into an huge room lighted up with abun- e of candles, where this lazy people sat still above hours to see several feats of ingenuity performed thers, who it seems were paid for it.

As for the women of the country, not being able lk with them, we could only make our remarks them at a distance. They let the hair of their s grow to a great length; but as the men make a show with heads of hair that are none of their the women, who they say have very fine heads ir, tie it up in a knot, and cover it from being . The women look like angels, and would be beautiful than the sun, were it not for little black s that are apt to break out in their faces, and some- s rise in very odd figures. I have observed that e little blemishes wear off very soon; but when disappear in one part of the face, they are very o break out in another, insomuch that I have seen

a spot upon the forehead in the afternoon,
upon the chin in the morning.'

The author then proceeds to shew the
breeches and petticoats, with many other
servations which I shall reserve for anoth
I cannot however conclude this paper wit
notice, that amidst these wild remarks the
then appears something very reasonable.
likewise forbear observing, that we are
some measure of the same narrow way
which we meet with in this abstract of the
nal, when we fancy the customs, dresses, a
of other countries are ridiculous and ext
they do not resemble those of our own.

N° 51. SATURDAY, APRIL 28,

Torquet ab obscenis jam nunc sermonibus aure
HOR. 1 Ep

He from the taste obscene reclaims our yout
POPE.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'My fortune, quality, and perso
as render me as conspicuous as any you
in town. It is in my power to enjoy it in
nities, but I have, from a very careful educ
tracted a great aversion to the forward air a
which is practised in all public places a
blies. I attribute this very much to the

nner of our plays. I was last night at the Funeral, ere a confident lover in the play, speaking of his stress, cries out—"Oh that Harriot! to fold these ns about the waist of that beauteous, struggling, and last yielding fair!" Such an image as this ought by means to be presented to a chaste and regular au-nce. I expect your opinion of this sentence, and commend to your consideration, as a Spectator, the nduct of the stage at present with relation to chastity d modesty.

I am, SIR,
Your constant reader and well-wisher.'

The complaint of this young lady is so just, that the ence is gross enough to have displeased persons who nnot pretend to that delicacy and modesty, of which e is mistress. But there is a great deal to be said in half of an author. If the audience would but con-der the difficulty of keeping up a sprightly dialogue r five acts together, they would allow a writer, when e wants wit, and cannot please any otherwise, to help out with a little smuttiness. I will answer for the oets, that no one ever writ bawdry, for any other ason but dearth of invention. When the author nnot strike out of himself any more of that which has superior to those who make up the bulk of his dience, his natural recourse is to that which he has common with them; and a description which grati-s a sensual appetite will please, when the author s nothing about him to delight a refined imagination. is to such a poverty we must impute this and all her sentences in plays, which are of this kind, and hich are commonly termed luscious expressions*.

* Be it said here, to the honour of the author of this paper, at he practised the lessons which he taught, and did not re-ct good advice *from* what quarter soever it came. He pub-

timation that there is this design, under al
guises and affectations which a lady may pu
no author, except this, has made sure work
put the imaginations of the audience upon th
pose from the beginning to the end of the co
has always fared accordingly; for whether
all who go to this piece would if they cou
the innocents go to it, to guess only what sh
she could, the play has always been well rec

It lifts an heavy empty sentence, when ther
to it a lascivious gesture of body; and whe
low to be raised even by that, a flat meaning
ed by making it a double one. Writers
genius, never fail of keeping this secret in r
create a laugh or raise a clap. I, who kno
of women but from seeing plays, can give gre
at the whole structure of the fair sex, by b
cently placed in the pit, and insulted by the
of their dancers; the advantages of whose
sons are a great help to a dull play. Wh
flags in writing lusciously, a pretty girl can r
viously, and have the same good consequen

heir ears with something which is agreeable to their
:mper, though below their understanding. Apicius
annot resist being pleased, if you give him an account
f a delicious meal; or Clodius, if you describe a wan-
on beauty; though, at the same time, if you do not
wake those inclinations in them, no men are better
dges of what is just and delicate in conversation.
ut as I have before observed, it is easier to talk to
e man than to the man of sense.

It is remarkable that the writers of least learning are
:st skilled in the luscious way. The poetesses of the
e have done wonders in this kind; and we are
bliged to the lady who writ Ibrahim*, for introducing
preparatory scene to the very action, when the em-
:ror throws his handkerchief as a signal for his mis-
ess to follow him into the most retired part of the
raglio. It must be confessed his Turkish majesty
ent off with a good air, but methought we made but
sad figure who waited without. This ingenious gen-
ewoman, in this piece of bawdry, refined upon an
uthor of the same sex†, who, in the Rover, makes a
ountry 'squire strip to his Holland drawers. For
lunt is disappointed, and the emperor is understood
go on to the utmost. The pleasantry of stripping
most naked has been since practised (where indeed it
ould have been begun) very successfully at Bartho-
mew fair‡.

It is not to be here omitted, that in one of the
bove-mentioned female compositions, the Rover is
ery frequently sent on the same errand; as I take it,
bove once every act. This is not wholly unnatural;
or, they say, the men authors draw themselves in
eir chief characters, and the women writers may be
llowed the same liberty. Thus, as the male wit gives

* Mrs. Mary Pix. † Mrs. Behn.

‡ The appearance of Lady Mary, a rope-dancer at Bartho-
mew fair, gave occasion to this proper animadversion.

respectful notion of himself, where he to re
often he has been used as a pimp to ravish
or successful rakes. When the actors mak
on this good occasion, the ladies are sure
examining glance from the pit, to see how
what passes; and a few lewd fools are ve
employ their talents upon the composure
of their looks. Such incidents as these ma
dies wholly absent themselves from the
and others never miss the first day of a pl
should prove too luscious to admit their goi
countenance to it on the second.

If men of wit, who think fit to write for
instead of this pitiful way of giving delight,
their thoughts upon raising it from such go
impulses as are in the audience, but are
by vice and luxury, they would not only
befriend us at the same time. If a man h
to be new in his way of writing, might no
now represented as a fine gentleman, thou
trays the honour and bed of his neighbour
and lies with half the women in the play, a
rounded with her of the best character i

ɔt accordingly? There is seldom a person de-
› above one darling vice at a time, so that there
enough to catch at men's hearts to their good
'antage, if the poets will attempt it with the ho-
hich becomes their characters.

e is no man who loves his bottle or his mis-
a manner so very abandoned, as not to be ca-
relishing an agreeable character, that is no way
o either of those pursuits. A man that is tem-
generous, valiant, chaste, faithful, and honest,
the same time, have wit, humour, mirth, good-
ɜ, and gallantry. While he exerts these latter
ı, twenty occasions might be invented to shew
ıster of the other noble virtues. Such charac-
ıld smite and reprove the heart of a man of
'hen he is given up to his pleasures. He would
as been mistaken all this while, and be convinced
sound constitution and an innocent mind, are
ɜ ingredients for becoming, and enjoying life.
n of true taste would call a man of wit, who
turn his ambition this way, a friend and bene-
o his country; but I am at a loss what name
ould give him, who makes use of his capacity
trary purposes. R.

N° 52. MONDAY, APRIL 30, 1711.

Omnes ut tecum meritis pro talibus annos
Exigat, et pulchra faciat te prole parentem.
VIRG. Æn. i. 78.

To crown thy worth, she shall be ever thine,
And make thee father of a beauteous line.

AN ingenious correspondent, like a sprightly wife, will always have the last word. I did not think my last letter to the deformed fraternity would have occasioned any answer, especially since I had promised them so sudden a visit: but as they think they cannot shew too great a veneration for my person, they have already sent me up an answer. As to the proposal of a marriage between myself and the matchless Hecatissa, I have but one objection to it; which is, That all the society will expect to be acquainted with her; and who can be sure of keeping a woman's heart long, where she may have so much choice? I am the more alarmed at this, because the lady seems particularly smitten with men of their make.

I believe I shall set my heart upon her; and think never the worse of my mistress for an epigram a smart fellow writ, as he thought, against her; it does but the more recommend her to me. At the same time I cannot but discover that his malice is stolen from Martial:

'*Tacta places, audita places, si non videare*
Tota places, nentro si videare, places.'

'Whilst in the dark on thy soft hand I hung,
And heard the tempting Siren in thy tongue,
What flames, what darts, what anguish I endur'd!
But when the candle enter'd I was cur'd.

'YOUR letter to us we have received, as a signal mark of your favour and brotherly affection. We shall be heartily glad to see your short face in Oxford: and since the wisdom of our legislature has been immortalized in your speculations, and our personal deformities in some sort by you recorded to all posterity; we hold ourselves in gratitude bound to receive, with the highest respect, all such persons as for their extraordinary merit you shall think fit, from time to time, to recommend unto the board. As for the Pictish damsel, we have an easy chair prepared at the upper end of the table: which we doubt not but she will grace with a very hideous aspect, and much better become the seat in the native and unaffected uncomeliness of her person, than with all the superficial airs of the pencil, which (as you have very ingeniously observed) vanish with a breath, and the most innocent adorer may deface the shrine with a salutation, and in the literal sense of our poets, snatch and imprint his balmy kisses, and devour her melting lips. In short, the only faces of the Pictish kind that will endure the weather, must be of Dr. Carbuncle's die; though his, in truth, has cost him a world the painting; but then he boasts with Zeuxes, *in æternitatem pingo;* and oft jocosely tells the fair ones, would they acquire colours that would stand kissing, they must no longer paint, but drink for a complexion: a maxim that in this our age has been pursued with no ill success; and has been as admirable in its effects, as the famous cosmetic mentioned in the Post-man, and invented by the renowned British Hippocrates of the pestle and mortar; making the party, after a due course, rosy, hale, and airy; and the best and most approved receipt now extant, for the fever of the spirits. But to return to our female candidate, who, I understand, is returned

to herself, and will no longer hang out false c
as she is the first of her sex that has done us s
an honour, she will certainly in a very short tim
in prose and verse, be a lady of the most cele
deformity now living, and meet with many a
here as frightful as herself. But being a long-
gentlewoman, I am apt to imagine she has some
design than you have yet penetrated; and perh
more mind to the Spectator than any of his fra
as the person of all the world she could like for
mour. And if so, really I cannot but appla
choice, and should be glad, if it might lie in my
to effect an amicable accommodation betwixt tv
of such different extremes, as the only possible
ent to mend the breed, and rectify the physiogr
the family on both sides. And again, as she i
of a very fluent elocution, you need not fear th
child will be born dumb, which otherwise yo
have some reason to be apprehensive of. To
with you, I can see nothing shocking in it; for
she has not a face like a john-apple, yet as
friend of mine, who at sixty-five ventured on a
fifteen, very frequently in the remaining five y
his life gave me to understand, that as old as
seemed, when they were first married he a
spouse could make but four score; so may
Hecatissa very justly allege hereafter, that a
visaged as she may then be thought, upon the
ding-day Mr. Spectator and she had but half a
face betwixt them; and this my worthy pred
Mr. Serjeant Chin, always maintained to be n
than the true oval proportion between man an
But as this may be a new thing to you, wh
hitherto had no expectations from women,
allow you what time you think fit to consider
not without some hope of seeing at last your t

hereupon subjoined to mine, and which is an honour much desired, by,

SIR,

Your assured friend,
and most humble servant,
HUGH GOBLIN,
Præses.'

The following letter has not much in it, but as it is written in my own praise, I cannot from my heart suppress it.

'SIR,

'YOU proposed in your Spectator of last Tuesday, Mr. Hobbs's hypothesis for solving that very odd phænomenon of laughter. You have made the hypothesis valuable by espousing it yourself; for had it continued Mr. Hobbs's, nobody would have minded it. Now here this perplexed case arises. A certain company laughed very heartily upon the reading of that very paper of yours; and the truth on it is, he must be a man of more than ordinary constancy that could stand out against so much comedy, and not do as we did. Now there are few men in the world so far lost to all good sense, as to look upon you to be a man in a state of folly "inferior to himself."—Pray then how do you justify your hypothesis of laughter?

Thursday, the 26th of the month of fools.

Your most humble,
Q. R.'

'SIR,

'IN answer to your letter, I must desire you to recollect yourself; and you will find, that when you did *me the honour* to be so merry over my paper,

you laughed at the idiot, the German courtier, the gaper, the merry andrew, the haberdasher, the biter, the butt, and not at

Your humble servant,

R. THE SPECTATOR.'

N° 53. TUESDAY, MAY 1, 1711.

——— *Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.*
HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 359.

Homer himself hath been observ'd to nod.
ROSCOMMON.

MY correspondents grow so numerous, that I cannot avoid frequently inserting their applications to me.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM glad I can inform you, that your endeavours to adorn that sex, which is the fairest part of the visible creation, are well received, and like to prove not unsuccessful. The triumph of Daphne over her sister Lætitia has been the subject of conversation at several tea-tables where I have been present; and I have observed the fair circle not a little pleased to find you considering them as reasonable creatures, and endeavouring to banish that Mahometan custom, which had too much prevailed even in this island, of treating women as if they had no souls. I must do them the justice to say, that there seems to be nothing wanting to the finishing of these lovely pieces of human nature, besides the turning and applying their ambition pro-

rly, and the keeping them up to a sense of what is eir true merit. Epictetus, that plain honest philoso- ier, as little as he had of gallantry, appears to have derstood them, as well as the polite St. Evremont, id has hit this point very luckily. "When young omen," says he, "arrive at a certain age, they hear emselves called Mistresses, and are made to believe at their only business is to please the men; they im- ediately begin to dress, and place all their hopes in he adorning of their persons; it is therefore," con- inues he, "worth the while to endeavour by all means o make them sensible that the honour paid to them is nly upon account of their conducting themselves with irtue, modesty, and discretion."

'Now to pursue the matter yet further, and to ender your cares for the improvement of the fair ones nore effectual, I would propose a new method like hose applications which are said to convey their virtue by sympathy; and that is, that in order to embellish the mistress, you should give a new education to the lover, and teach the men not to be any longer dazzled by false charms and unreal beauty. I cannot but think that if our sex knew always how to place their esteem justly, the other would not be so often wanting to themselves in deserving it. For as the being en- amoured with a woman of sense and virtue is an im- provement to a man's understanding and morals, and the passion is ennobled by the object which inspires it; so on the other side, the appearing amiable to a man of a wise and elegant mind, carries in itself no small degree of merit and accomplishment. I conclude, therefore, that one way to make the women yet more agreeable is, to make the men more virtuous.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble servant,

R. B.'

'SIR, April 26th.

'YOURS of Saturday last I read, not without some resentment; but I will suppose when you say you expect an inundation of ribbons and brocades and to see many new vanities which the women will fall into upon a peace with France, that you intend only the unthinking part of our sex; and what method can reduce them to reason is hard to imagine.

'But, sir, there are others yet, that your instructions might be of great use to, who, after their best endeavours, are sometimes at a loss to acquit themselves to a censorious world. I am far from thinking you can altogether disapprove of conversation between ladies and gentlemen, regulated by the rules of honour and prudence; and have thought it an observation not ill-made, that where that was wholly denied, the women lost their wit, and the men their good manners. It is sure, from those improper liberties you mentioned, that a sort of undistinguishing people shall banish from their drawing-rooms the best-bred men in the world, and condemn those that do not. Your stating this point might, I think, be of good use, as well as much oblige,

SIR,
Your admirer and
most humble servant,
ANNA BELLA.'

No answer to this, till Anna Bella sends a description of those she calls the best bred men in the world.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a gentleman who for many years last past have been well known to be truly splenetic, and that my spleen arises from having contracted so great

delicacy, by reading the best authors and keeping he most refined company, that I cannot bear the least mpropriety of language, or rusticity of behaviour. Now, sir, I have ever looked upon this as a wise dis-emper; but by late observations find, that every eavy wretch, who has nothing to say, excuses his dul-ess by complaining of the spleen. Nay, I saw the ther day, two fellows in a tavern kitchen set up for it, all for a pint and pipes, and only by guzzling liquor o each other's health, and wafting smoke in each ther's face, pretend to throw off the spleen. I appeal o you whether these dishonours are to be done to the istemper of the great and the polite. I beseech you, r, to inform these fellows that they have not the spleen, ecause they cannot talk without the help of a glass at eir mouths, or convey their meaning to each other ithout the interposition of clouds. If you will not do is with all speed, I assure you, for my part, I will holly quit the disease, and for the future be merry th the vulgar.

I am, SIR,
Your humble servant.'

'SIR,

'THIS is to let you understand that I am a formed Starer, and conceived a detestation for that actice from what you have writ upon the subject. ut as you have been very severe upon the behaviour us men at divine service, I hope you will not be so parently partial to the women, as to let them go holly unobserved. If they do every thing that is ssible to attract our eyes, are we more culpable than ey, for looking at them? I happened last Sunday be shut into a pew, which was full of young ladies the bloom of youth and beauty. When the service gan, I had not room to kneel at the confession, but I stood kept my eyes from wandering as well as I

was able, till one of the young ladies, who is a Peeper, resolved to bring down my looks and fix my devotion on herself. You are to know, sir, that a Peeper works with her hands, eyes, and fan; one of which is continually in motion, while she thinks she is not actually the admiration of some ogler or starer in the congregation. As I stood utterly at a loss how to behave myself, surrounded as I was, this Peeper so placed herself as to be kneeling just before me. She displayed the most beautiful bosom imaginable, which heaved and fell with some fervour, while a delicate well-shaped arm held a fan over her face. It was not in nature to command one's eyes from this object. I could not avoid taking notice also of her fan, which had on it various figures very improper to behold on that occasion. There lay in the body of the piece a Venus, under a purple canopy furled with curious wreaths of drapery, half naked, attended with a train of Cupids, who were busied in fanning her as she slept. Behind her was drawn a satyr peeping over the silken fence, and threatening to break through it. I frequently offered to turn my sight another way, but was still detained by the fascination of the Peeper's eyes, who had long practised a skill in them, to recal the parting glances of her beholders. You see my complaint, and hope you will take these mischievous people, the Peepers, into your consideration. I doubt not but you will think a Peeper as much more pernicious than a Starer, as an ambuscade is more to be feared than an open assault.

I am, SIR,
Your most obedient servant.'

This peeper using both fan and eyes, to be considered as a Pict, and proceed accordingly.

ING LATINUS TO THE SPECTATOR, GREETING.

'THOUGH some may think we descend from mperial dignity, in holding correspondence with a ite litterato; yet as we have great respect to all l intentions for our service, we do not esteem it ath us to return you our royal thanks for what published in our behalf, while under confinement ie enchanted castle of the Savoy, and for your tion of a subsidy for a prince in misfortune. This timely zeal has inclined the hearts of divers to iding unto us, if we could propose the means. have taken their good-will into consideration, and contrived a method which will be easy to those shall give the aid, and not unacceptable to us receive it. A consort of music shall be prepared aberdasher's-hall, for Wednesday the second of , and we will honour the said entertainment with own presence, where each person shall be assessed at two shillings and sixpence. What we expect you is, that you publish these our royal inten-, with injunction that they be read at all tea-tables in the cities of London and Westminster; and so id you heartily farewell.

LATINUS,
King of the Volscians.

Given at our court in Vinegar-yard, Story the l from the earth, April 28, 1711.' R.

N° 54. WEDNESDAY, MAY 2, 1711.

——— *Strenua nos exercet inertia.*

HOR. 1 Ep. xi. 28.

Laborious idleness our powers employs.

THE following letter being the first that I have received from the learned university of Cambridge, I could not but do myself the honour of publishing it. It gives an account of a new sect of philosophers which has arose in that famous residence of learning; and is, perhaps, the only sect this age is likely to produce.

'MR. SPECTATOR, Cambridge, April 26.

'BELIEVING you to be an universal encourager of liberal arts and sciences, and glad of any information from the learned world, I thought an account of a sect of philosophers, very frequent among us, but not taken notice of, as far as I can remember, by any writers, either ancient or modern, would not be unacceptable to you. The philosophers of this sect are in the language of our university called loungers. I am of opinion, that, as in many other things, so likewise in this, the ancients have been defective; viz. in mentioning no philosophers of this sort. Some indeed will affirm that they are a kind of Peripatetics, because we see them continually walking about. But I would have these gentlemen consider, that though the ancient Peripatetics walked much, yet they wrote much also; witness, to the sorrow of this sect, Aristotle and others: whereas it is notorious that most of our pre-

fessors never lay out a farthing either in pen, ink, or paper. Others are for deriving them from Diogenes, because several of the leading men of the sect have a great deal of cynical humour in them, and delight much in sunshine. But then, again, Diogenes was content to have his constant habitation in a narrow tub, whilst our philosophers are so far from being of his opinion, that it is death to them to be confined within the limits of a good handsome convenient chamber but for half an hour. Others there are, who from the clearness of their heads deduce the pedigree of loungers from that great man (I think it was either Plato or Socrates) who, after all his study and learning, professed, that all he then knew was, that he knew nothing. You easily see this is but a shallow argument, and may be soon confuted.

'I have with great pains and industry made my observations from time to time, upon these sages; and having now all materials ready, am compiling a treatise, wherein I shall set forth the rise and progress of this famous sect, together with their maxims, austerities, manner of living, &c. Having prevailed with a friend who designs shortly to publish a new edition of Diogenes Laertius, to add this treatise of mine by way of supplement; I shall now, to let the world see what may be expected from me (first begging Mr. Spectator's leave that the world may see it) briefly touch upon some of my chief observations, and then subscribe myself your humble servant. In the first place I shall give you two or three of their maxims: the fundamental one, upon which their whole system is built, is this, viz. "That Time being an implacable enemy to, and destroyer of all things, ought to be paid in his own coin, and be destroyed and murdered without mercy, by all the ways that can be invented." Another favourite saying of theirs is, "That business was only designed for knaves, and study for block-

heads." A third seems to be a ludicrous one, but has a great effect upon their lives; and is this, "That the devil is at home." Now for their manner of living: and here I shall have a large field to expatiate in; but I shall reserve particulars for my intended discourse, and now only mention one or two of their principal exercises. The elder proficients employ themselves in inspecting *mores hominum multorum*, in getting acquainted with all the signs and windows in the town. Some are arrived to so great knowledge, that they can tell every time any butcher kills a calf, every time an old woman's cat is in the straw; and a thousand other matters as important. One ancient philosopher contemplates two or three hours every day over a sun-dial; and is true to the dial,

> "——— As the dial to the sun,
> Although it be not shone upon."

Our younger students are content to carry their speculations as yet no farther than bowling-greens, billiard-tables, and such like places. This may serve for a sketch of my design; in which I hope I shall have your encouragement.

I am, SIR, yours.'

I must be so just as to observe I have formerly seen of this sect at our other university; though not distinguished by the appellation which the learned historian, my correspondent, reports they bear at Cambridge. They were ever looked upon as a people that impaired themselves more by their strict application to the rules of their order, than any other students whatever. Others seldom hurt themselves any further than to gain weak eyes, and sometimes headaches; but these philosophers are seized all over with a general inability, indolence, and weariness, and a certain impatience of

they are in, with an heaviness in removing
er.

oungers are satisfied with being merely part
number of mankind, without distinguishing
es from amongst them. They may be said
suffer their time to pass, than to spend it,
regard to the past, or prospect of the future.
know of life is only the present instant, and
aste even that. When one of this order hap-
be a man of fortune, the expence of his time
rred to his coach and horses, and his life is to
ired by their motion, not his own enjoyments
ngs. The chief entertainment one of these
iers can possibly propose to himself, is to get
f dress. This, methinks, might diversify the
e is weary of (his own dear self) to himself.
nown these two amusements make one of
losophers make a very tolerable figure in the
vith variety of dresses in public assemblies in
l quick motion of his horses out of it, now to
v to Tunbridge, then to Newmarket, and then
n, he has in process of time brought it to
his coach and his horses have been mention-
those places. When the loungers leave an
life, and instead of this more elegant way
ing in the polite world, retire to the seats of
stors, they usually join in a pack of dogs, and
heir days in defending their poultry from
do not know any other method that any
der has ever taken to make a noise in the
out I shall enquire into such about this
ave arrived at the dignity of being loungers
orce of natural parts, without having ever
university; and send my correspondent, for
ellishment of his book, the names and his-
ose who pass their lives without any incidents
d *how they* shift coffee-houses and chocolate-

houses from hour to hour, to get over the insupportable labour of doing nothing. R.

N° 55. THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1711.

——— *Intus et in jecore agro*
Nascuntur Domini———

PERS. Sat. v. 129.

Our passions play the tyrants in our breasts.

MOST of the trades, professions, and ways of living among mankind, take their original either from the love of pleasure, or the fear of want. The former, when it becomes too violent, degenerates into luxury, and the latter into avarice. As these two principles of action draw different ways, Persius has given us a very humorous account of a young fellow who was roused out of his bed in order to be sent upon a long voyage, by Avarice, and afterwards over-persuaded and kept at home by Luxury. I shall set down the pleadings of these two imaginary persons, as they are in the original, with Mr. Dryden's translation of them:

'*Manè, piger, stertis: surge, inquit Avaritia, eja*
Surge. Negas, instat, surge, inquit. Non queo. Surge,
Et quid agam? Rogitas? saperdas advehe ponto,
Castoreum, stuppas, hebenum, thus, lubrica Coa.
Tolle recens primus piper e sitiente camelo,
Verte aliquid; jura. Sed Jupiter audiet. Eheu!
Baro, regustatum digito terebrare salinum
Contentus perages, si vivere cum Jove tendis.

Jam pueris pellum succinctus, et cænophorum aptas
Ocyùs ad navem. Nil obstat quin trabe vastâ
Ægœum rapias, nisi solers Luxuria antè
Seductum moneat; Quò deinde insane ruis? Quò?
Quid tibi vis? Calido sub pectore mascula bilis
Intumuit, quam non extinxerit urna cicutæ?
Tun' mare transilias? Tibi torta cannabe fulto
Cœna fit in transtro? Veientanumque rubellum
Exhalet vapidæ læsum pice sessilis obba?
Quid petis? Ut nummi, quos hic quincunce modesto
Nutrieras, perugant avidos sudore deunces?
Indulge genio: carpamus dulcia; nostrum est
Quod vivis; cinis, et manes, et fabula fies.
Vive memor lethi: fugit hora. Hoc quod loquor, inde est.
En quid agis? Duplici in diversum scinderis homo.
Hunccine, an hunc sequeris?—'

SAT. v. 132*

'Whether alone, or in thy harlot's lap,
When thou wouldst take a lazy morning's nap;
Up, up, says Avarice; thou snor'st again,
Stretchest thy limbs, and yawn'st, but all in vain.
The rugged tyrant no denial takes;
At his command th' unwilling sluggard wakes.
What must I do? he cries; What? says his lord;
Why rise, make ready, and go straight aboard:
With fish, from Euxine seas, thy vessel freight;
Flax, castor, Coan wines, the precious weight
Of pepper, and Sabean incense, take
With thy own hands, from the tir'd camel's back,
And with post-haste thy running markets make,
Be sure to turn the penny; lie and swear,
'Tis wholesome sin: but Jove, thou say'st, will hear.
Swear, fool, or starve, for the dilemma's even;
A tradesman thou! and hope to go to heav'n?
Resolv'd for sea, the slaves thy baggage pack,
Each saddled with his burden on his back:
Nothing retards thy voyage now, but he,
That soft voluptuous prince, call'd Luxury;
And he may ask this civil question; Friend,
What dost thou make a slipboard? To what end?

* See Boileau, sat. iii. who has imitated this passage very *appily.*

Art thou of Bethlem's noble college free?
Stark, staring mad, that thou would'st tempt the sea?
Cubb'd in a cabin, on a matrass laid,
On a brown George, with lousy swobbers fed;
Dead wine that stinks of the Borachio, sup
From a foul jack, or greasy maple cup?
Say, would'st thou bear all this, to raise thy store,
From six i' th' hundred to six hundred more?
Indulge, and to thy genius freely give;
For, not to live at ease, is not to live.
Death stalks behind thee, and each flying hour
Does some loose remnant of thy life devour.
Live, while thou liv'st; for death will make us all
A name, a nothing but an old wife's tale.
Speak: wilt thou Avarice or Pleasure choose
To be thy lord? Take one, and one refuse.'

When a government flourishes in conquests, and is secure from foreign attacks, it naturally falls into all the pleasures of luxury; and as these pleasures are very expensive, they put those who are addicted to them upon raising fresh supplies of money, by all the methods of rapaciousness and corruption; so that avarice and luxury very often become one complicated principle of action, in those whose hearts are wholly set upon ease, magnificence, and pleasure. The most elegant and correct of all the Latin historians observes, that in his time, when the most formidable states of the world were subdued by the Romans, the republic sunk into those two vices of a quite different nature, luxury and avarice*: and accordingly describes Catiline as one who coveted the wealth of other men, at the same time that he squandered away his own. This observation on the commonwealth, when it was in its height of power and riches, holds good of all governments that are settled in a state of ease and prosperity. At such times men naturally endeavour to outshine one

* *Alieni appetens, sui profusus.*
SALL.

another in pomp and splendor, and having no fears to alarm them from abroad, indulge themselves in the enjoyment of all the pleasures they can get into their possession; which naturally produces avarice, and an immoderate pursuit after wealth and riches.

As I was humouring myself in the speculation of these two great principles of action, I could not forbear throwing my thoughts into a little kind of allegory or fable, with which I shall here present my reader.

There were two very powerful tyrants engaged in a perpetual war against each other, the name of the first was Luxury, and of the second Avarice. The aim of each of them was no less than universal monarchy over the hearts of mankind. Luxury had many generals under him, who did him great service, as Pleasure, Mirth, Pomp, and Fashion. Avarice was likewise very strong in his officers, being faithfully served by Hunger, Industry, Care, and Watchfulness: he had likewise a privy-counsellor who was always at his elbow, and whispering something or other in his ear: the name of this privy-counsellor was Poverty. As Avarice conducted himself by the counsels of Poverty, his antagonist was entirely guided by the dictates and advice of Plenty, who was his first counsellor and minister of state, that concerted all his measures for him, and never departed out of his sight. While these two great rivals were thus contending for empire, their conquests were very various.—Luxury got possession of one heart, and Avarice of another. The father of a family would often range himself under the banners of Avarice, and the son under those of Luxury. The wife and the husband would often declare themselves on the two different parties; nay, the same person would very often side with one in his youth, and revolt to the other in his old age. Indeed the wise men of the *world stood neuter*; but alas! their numbers were not

considerable. At length, when these two potentates had wearied themselves with waging war upon one another, they agreed upon an interview, at which none of their counsellors were to be present. It is said that Luxury began the parley, and after having represented the endless state of war in which they were engaged, told his enemy, with a frankness of heart which is natural to him, that he believed they two should be very good friends, were it not for the instigations of Poverty, that pernicious councellor, who made an ill use of his ear, and filled him with groundless apprehensions and prejudices. To this Avarice replied, that he looked upon Plenty (the first minister of his antagonist) to be a much more destructive counsellor than Poverty, for that he was perpetually suggesting pleasures, banishing all the necessary cautions against want, and consequently undermining those principles on which the government of Avarice was founded. At last, in order to an accommodation, they agreed upon this preliminary; that each of them should immediately dismiss his privy-counsellor. When things were thus far adjusted towards a peace, all other differences were soon accommodated, insomuch that for the future they resolved to live as good friends and confederates, and to share between them whatever conquests were made on either side. For this reason, we now find Luxury and Avarice taking possession of the same heart, and dividing the same person between them. To which I shall only add, that since the discarding of the counsellors abovementioned, Avarice supplies Luxury in the room of Plenty, as Luxury prompts Avarice in the place of Poverty.

C.

N° 56. FRIDAY, MAY 4, 1711.

Felices errore suo———

LUCAN i. 454.

Happy in their mistake.

THE Americans believe that all creatures have souls, not only men and women, but brutes, vegetables, nay, even the most inanimate things, as stocks and stones. They believe the same of all the works of art, as of knives, boats, looking-glasses; and that as any of these things perish, their souls go into another world, which is inhabited by the ghosts of men and women. For this reason they always place by the corpse of their dead friend a bow and arrows, that he may make use of the souls of them in the other world, as he did of their wooden bodies in this. How absurd soever such an opinion as this may appear, our European philosophers have maintained several notions altogether as improbable. Some of Plato's followers in particular, when they talk of the world of ideas, entertain us with substances and beings no less extravagant and chimerical. Many Aristotelians have likewise spoken as unintelligibly of their substantial forms. I shall only instance Albertus Magnus, who in his dissertation upon the loadstone observing, that fire will destroy its magnetic virtues, tells us that he took particular notice of one as it lay glowing amidst an heap of burning coals, and that he perceived a certain blue vapour to arise from it, which he believed might be the substantial

form, that is, in our West-Indian phrase, the soul of the loadstone.

There is a tradition among the Americans, that one of their countrymen descended in a vision to the great repository of souls, or as we call it here, to the other world; and that upon his return he gave his friends a distinct account of every thing he saw among those regions of the dead. A friend of mine, whom I have formerly mentioned, prevailed upon one of the interpreters of the Indian kings, to enquire of them, if possible, what tradition they have among them of this matter: which as well as he could learn by those many questions which he asked them at several times, was in substance as follows.

The visionary, whose name was Marraton, after having travelled for a long space under an hollow mountain, arrived at length on the confines of this world of spirits, but could not enter it by reason of a thick forest made up of bushes, brambles, and pointed thorns, so perplexed and interwoven with one another, that it was impossible to find a passage through it. Whilst he was looking about for some track or pathway that might be worn in any part of it, he saw a huge lion couched under the side of it, who kept his eye upon him in the same posture as when he watches for his prey. The Indian immediately started back, whilst the lion rose with a spring, and leaped towards him. Being wholly destitute of all other weapons, he stooped down to take up an huge stone in his hand; but to his infinite surprise grasped nothing, and found the supposed stone to be only the apparition of one. If he was disappointed on this side, he was as much pleased on the other, when he found the lion, which had seized on his left shoulder, had no power to hurt him, and was only the ghost of that ravenous creature which it appeared to be. He no sooner got rid of his impotent enemy, but he marched up to the wood, and

after having surveyed it for some time, endeavoured to press into one part of it that was a little thinner than the rest; when again, to his great surprise, he found the bushes made no resistance, but that he walked through briers and brambles with the same ease as through the open air; and in short, that the whole wood was nothing else but a wood of shades. He immediately concluded, that this huge thicket of thorns and brakes was designed as a kind of fence or quickset hedge to the ghosts it inclosed; and that probably their soft substances might be torn by these subtle points and prickles, which were too weak to make any impressions in flesh and blood. With this thought he resolved to travel through this intricate wood; when by degrees he felt a gale of perfumes breathing upon him, that grew stronger and sweeter in proportion as he advanced. He had not proceeded much further, when he observed the thorns and briers to end, and gave place to a thousand beautiful green trees covered with blossoms of the finest scents and colours, that formed a wilderness of sweets, and were a kind of lining to those ragged scenes which he had before passed through. As he was coming out of this delightful part of the wood, and entering upon the plains it inclosed, he saw several horsemen rushing by him, and a little while after heard the cry of a pack of dogs. He had not listened long before he saw the apparition of a milk-white steed, with a young man on the back of it, advancing upon full stretch after the souls of about an hundred beagles, that were hunting down the ghost of an hare, which ran away before them with an unspeakable swiftness. As the man on the milk-white steed came by him, he looked upon him very attentively, and found him to be the young prince Nicharagua, who died about half a year before, and by reason of his great virtues, was

at that time lamented over all the western parts of America.

He had no sooner got out of the wood, but he was entertained with such a landscape of flowery plains, green meadows, running streams, sunny hills, and shady vales, as were not to be represented by his own expressions, nor, as he said, by the conceptions of others. This happy region was peopled with innumerable swarms of spirits, who applied themselves to exercises and diversions, according as their fancies led them. Some of them were tossing the figure of a coit; others were pitching the shadow of a bar; others were breaking the apparition of a horse; and multitudes employing themselves upon ingenious handicrafts with the souls of departed utensils, for that is the name which in the Indian language they give their tools when they are burnt or broken. As he travelled through this delightful scene, he was very often tempted to pluck the flowers that rose every where about him in the greatest variety and profusion, having never seen several of them in his own country: but he quickly found, that though they were objects of his sight, they were not liable to his touch. He at length came to the side of a great river, and being a good fisherman himself, stood upon the banks of it some time to look upon an angler that had taken a great many shapes of fishes, which lay flouncing up and down by him.

I should have told my reader, that this Indian had been formerly married to one of the greatest beauties of his country, by whom he had several children. This couple were so famous for their love and constancy to one another, that the Indians to this day, when they give a married man joy of his wife, wish they may live together like Marraton and Yaratilda.

Marraton had not stood long by the fisherman, when he saw the shadow of his beloved Yaratilda, who had for some time fixed her eye upon him, before he discovered her. Her arms were stretched out towards him, floods of tears ran down her eyes: her looks, her hands, her voice called him over to her; and at the same time seemed to tell him that the river was unpassable. Who can describe the passion made up of joy, sorrow, love, desire, astonishment, that rose in the Indian upon the sight of his dear Yaratilda? He could express it by nothing but his tears, which ran like a river down his cheeks as he looked upon her. He had not stood in this posture long, before he plunged into the stream that lay before him; and finding it to be nothing but the phantom of a river, stalked on the bottom of it till he arose on the other side. At his approach Yaratilda flew into his arms, whilst Marraton wished himself disencumbered of that body which kept her from his embraces. After many questions and endearments on both sides, she conducted him to a bower which she had dressed with all the ornaments that could be met with in those blooming regions. She had made it gay beyond imagination, and was every day adding something new to it. As Marraton stood astonished at the unspeakable beauty of her habitation, and ravished with the fragrancy that came from every part of it, Yaratilda told him that she was preparing this bower for his reception, as well knowing that his piety to his God, and his faithful dealing towards men, would certainly bring him to that happy place, whenever his life should be at an end. She then brought two of her children to him, who died some years before, and resided with her in the same delightful bower; advising him to breed up those others which were still with him in such a manner, that they

might hereafter all of them meet together in this happy place.

The tradition tells us further, that he had afterwards a sight of those dismal habitations which are the portion of ill men after death; and mentions several molten seas of gold, in which were plunged the souls of barbarous Europeans, who put to the sword so many thousands of poor Indians for the sake of that precious metal. But having already touched upon the chief points of this tradition, and exceeded the measure of my paper, I shall not give any further account of it. C.

N° 57. SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1711.

Quem præstare potest mulier galeata pudorem
Quæ fugit à sexu? ———

JUV. Sat. vi. 251.

What sense of shame in woman's breast can lie
Inur'd to arms, and her own sex to fly?

When the wife of Hector, in Homer's Iliad, discourses with her husband about the battle in which he was going to engage, the hero desiring her to leave the matter to his care, bids her go to her maids, and mind her spinning: by which the poet intimates, that men and women ought to busy themselves in their proper spheres, and on such matters only as are suitable to their respective sex.

I am at this time acquainted with a young gentleman, who has passed a great part of his life in the nursery, and upon occasion can make a caudle or a sack-posset better than any man in England. He

is likewise a wonderful critic in cambric and muslins, and he will talk an hour together upon a sweetmeat. He entertains his mother every night with observations that he makes both in town and court: as what lady shews the nicest fancy in her dress; what man of quality wears the fairest wig; who has the finest linen, who the prettiest snuff-box, with many other the like curious remarks, that may be made in good company.

On the other hand I have very frequently the opportunity of seeing a rural Andromache, who came up to town last winter, and is one of the greatest fox-hunters in the country. She talks of hounds and horses, and makes nothing of leaping over a six-bar gate. If a man tells her a waggish story, she gives him a push with her hand in jest, and calls him an impudent dog; and if her servant neglects his business, threatens to kick him out of the house. I have heard her in her wrath call a substantial tradesman a lousy cur; and remember one day, when she could not think of the name of a person, she described him in a large company of men and ladies by the fellow with the broad shoulders.

If those speeches and actions, which in their own nature are indifferent, appear ridiculous when they proceed from a wrong sex, the faults and imperfections of one sex transplanted into another, appear black and monstrous. As for the men, I shall not in this paper any further concern myself about them; but as I would fain contribute to make womankind, which is the most beautiful part of the creation, entirely amiable, and wear out all those little spots and blemishes that are apt to rise among the charms which nature has poured out upon them, I shall dedicate this paper to their service. The spot which I would here endeavour to clear them of, is that party rage which of late years is very much crept into their

blow up in them those passions which are
rise of their own accord. When I have s
mouth uttering calumnies and invectives,
I not have given to have stopt it? How
troubled to see some of the finest fea
world grow pale, and tremble with party
milla is one of the greatest beauties in
nation, and yet values herself more upo
virago of one party, than upon being
both. The dear creature, about a we
countered the fierce and beautiful Penth
a tea-table; but in the height of her a
hand chanced to shake with the earnes
dispute, she scalded her fingers, and spi
tea upon her petticoat. Had not this ac
off the debate, no body knows where it
ended.

There is one consideration which I
nestly recommend to all my female
which, I hope, will have some weight
In short, it is this, that there is nothing
the face as party zeal. It gives an ill-
to the eye, and a disagreeable sourness

their complexions, to let alone all disputes of this nature; though, at the same time, I would give free liberty to all superannuated motherly partizans to be as violent as they please, since there will be no danger either of their spoiling their faces, or of their gaining converts.

For my own part, I think a man makes an odious and despicable figure, that is violent in a party: but a woman is too sincere to mitigate the fury of her principles with temper and discretion, and to act with that caution and reservedness which are requisite in our sex. When this unnatural zeal gets into them, it throws them into ten thousand heats and extravagancies; their generous souls set no bounds to their love, or to their hatred, and whether a whig or a tory, a lap-dog or a gallant, an opera or a puppet-show, be the object of it, the passion, while it reigns, engrosses the whole woman.

I remember when Dr. Titus Oates* was in all his glory, I accompanied my friend Will Honeycomb in a visit to a lady of his acquaintance. We were no sooner sat down, but upon casting my eyes about the room, I found in almost every corner of it a print that represented the doctor in all magnitudes and dimensions. A little after, as the lady was discoursing with my friend, and held her snuff-box in her hand, who should I see in the lid of it but the doctor. It was not long after this when she had occasion for her handkerchief, which upon first opening, discovered among the plaits of it the figure of the doctor. Upon this my friend Will, who loves raillery, told her, that if he was in Mr. Truelove's place (for that was the name of her husband) he should be made as uneasy by a handkerchief as ever Othello was. 'I am

* Though the name of Dr. T. Oates is made use of here, Dr. *Sacheverell is* the person alluded to.

'Well,' says he, 'I will be hanged if yo
silent friend there are not against the do
hearts, I suspected as much by his sayi
Upon this she took her fan in her hand
the opening of it, again displayed to t
of the doctor, who was placed with g
among the sticks of it. In a word, I fo
doctor had taken possession of her th
discourse, and most of her furniture;
myself pressed too close by her questic
upon my friend to take his leave, whic
cordingly.

N° 58. MONDAY, MAY 7,

Ut pictura poesis erit

matter. I hope therefore I shall perform an acceptable work to my countrymen, if I treat at large upon this subject; which I shall endeavour to do in a manner suitable to it, that I may not incur the censure which a famous critic bestows upon one who had written a treatise on 'the sublime,' in a low grovelling style. I intend to lay aside a whole week for this undertaking, that the scheme of my thoughts may not be broken and interrupted; and I dare promise myself, if my readers will give me a week's attention, that this great city will be very much changed for the better by next Saturday night. I shall endeavour to make what I say intelligible to ordinary capacities; but if my readers meet with any paper that in some parts of it may be a little out of their reach, I would not have them discouraged, for they may assure themselves the next shall be much clearer.

As the great and only end of these my speculations is to banish vice and ignorance out of the territories of Great Britain, I shall endeavour as much as possible to establish among us a taste of polite writing. It is with this view that I have endeavoured to set my readers right in several points relating to operas and tragedies; and shall from time to time impart my notions of comedy, as I think they may tend to its refinement and perfection. I find by my bookseller, that these papers of criticism, with that upon humour, have met with a more kind reception than indeed I could have hoped for from such subjects; for this reason I shall enter upon my present undertaking with greater cheerfulness.

In this, and one or two following papers, I shall trace out the history of false wit, and distinguish the several kinds of it as they have prevailed in different ages of the world. This I think the more necessary at present, because I observed there were attempts

on foot last winter to revive some of those antiquated modes of wit that have been long exploded out of the commonwealth of letters. There were several satires and panegyrics handed about in acrostic, by which means some of the most arrant undisputed blockheads about the town began to entertain ambitious thoughts, and to set up for polite authors. I shall therefore describe at length those many arts of false wit, in which a writer does not shew himself a man of a beautiful genius, but of great industry.

The first species of false wit which I have met with is very venerable for its antiquity, and has produced several pieces which have lived very near as long as the Iliad itself: I mean those short poems printed among the minor Greek poets, which resemble the figure of an egg, a pair of wings, an axe, a shepherd's pipe, and an altar.

As for the first, it is a little oval poem, and may not improperly be called a scholar's egg. I would endeavour to hatch it, or in more intelligible language, to translate it into English, did not I find the interpretation of it very difficult; for the author seems to have been more intent upon the figure of his poem than upon the sense of it.

The pair of wings consist of twelve verses, or rather feathers, every verse decreasing gradually in its measure according to its situation in the wing. The subject of it (as in the rest of the poems which follow) bears some remote affinity with the figure, for it describes a god of love, who is always painted with wings.

The axe methinks would have been a good figure for a lampoon, had the edge of it consisted of the most satirical parts of the work; but as it is in the original, I take it to have been nothing else but the poesy of an axe which was consecrated to Minerva,

and was thought to have been the same that Epeus made use of in the building of the Trojan horse; which is a hint I shall leave to the consideration of the critics. I am apt to think that the posy was written originally upon the axe, like those which our modern cutlers inscribe upon their knives; and that therefore the posy still remains in its ancient shape, though the axe itself is lost.

The shepherd's pipe may be said to be full of music, for it is composed of nine different kinds of verses, which by their several lengths resemble the nine stops of the old musical instrument, that is likewise the subject of the poem.

The altar is inscribed with the epitaph of Troilus the son of Hecuba; which, by the way, makes me believe, that these false pieces of wit are much more ancient than the authors to whom they are generally ascribed; at least I will never be persuaded, that so fine a writer as Theocritus could have been the author of any such simple works.

It was impossible for a man to succeed in these performances who was not a kind of painter, or at least a designer. He was first of all to draw the outline of the subject which he intended to write upon, and afterwards conform the description to the figure of his subject. The poetry was to contract or dilate itself according to the mould in which it was cast. In a word, the verses were to be cramped or extended to the dimensions of the frame that was prepared for them; and to undergo the fate of those persons whom the tyrant Procrustes used to lodge in his iron bed; if they were too short, he stretched them on a rack; and if they were too long, chopped off a part of their legs, till they fitted the couch which he had prepared for them.

Mr. Dryden hints at this obsolete kind of wit in one of the following verses in his Mac Flecno:

which an English reader cannot understand, who does not know that there are those little poems abovementioned in the shape of wings and altars:

'———Chuse for thy command
Some peaceful province in acrostic land;
There may'st thou wings display, and altars raise,
And torture one poor word a thousand ways.'

This fashion of false wit was revived by several poets of the last age, and in particular may be met with among Mr. Herbert's poems; and, if I am not mistaken, in the translation of Du Bartas. I do not remember any other kind of work among the moderns which more resembles the performances I have mentioned, than that famous picture of king Charles the First, which has the whole book of psalms written in the lines of the face, and the hair of the head. When I was last at Oxford I perused one of the whiskers, and was reading the other, but could not go so far in it as I would have done, by reason of the impatience of my friends and fellow-travellers, who all of them pressed to see such a piece of curiosity. I have since heard, that there is now and eminent writing-master in town, who has transcribed all the old testament in a full-bottomed periwig; and if the fashion should introduce the thick kind of wigs, which were in vogue some few years ago, he promises to add two or three supernumerary locks that should contain all the Apocrypha. He designed this wig originally for king William, having disposed of the two books of Kings in the two forks of the foretop; but that glorious monarch dying before the wig was finished, there is a space left in it for the face of any one that has a mind to purchase it.

But to return to our ancient poems in picture. I would humbly propose, for the benefit of our

modern smatterers in poetry, that they would imitate their brethren among the ancients in those ingenious devices. I have communicated this thought to a young poetical lover of my acquaintance, who intends to present his mistress with a copy of verses made in the shape of her fan; and, if he tells me true, has already finished the three first sticks of it. He has likewise promised me to get the measure of his mistress's marriage finger, with a design to make a posy in the fashion of a ring, which shall exactly fit it. It is so very easy to enlarge upon a good hint, that I do not question but my ingenious readers will apply what I have said to many other particulars: and that we shall see the town filled in a very little time with poetical tippets, handkerchiefs, snuff-boxes, and the like female ornaments. I shall therefore conclude with a word of advice to those admirable English authors who call themselves Pindaric writers, that they would apply themselves to this kind of wit without loss of time, as being provided better than any other poets with verses of all sizes and dimensions. C.

N° 59. TUESDAY, MAY 8, 1711.

Operose nihil agunt.
SENECA.

Busy about nothing.

THERE is nothing more certain than that every man would be a wit if he could; and notwithstanding pedants of a pretended depth and solidity are apt to decry the writings of a polite author, as flash and *froth, they* all of them shew, upon occasion, that

they would spare no pains to arrive at the character of those whom they seem to despise. For this reason we often find them endeavouring at works of fancy, which cost them infinite pangs in the production. The truth of it is, a man had better be a galley-slave than a wit, were one to gain that title by those elaborate trifles which have been the inventions of such authors as were often masters of great learning, but no genius.

In my last paper I mentioned some of these false wits among the ancients, and in this shall give the reader two or three other species of them, that flourished in the same early ages of the world. The first I shall produce are the lipogrammatists or letter-droppers of antiquity, that would take an exception, without any reason, against some particular letter in the alphabet, so as not to admit it once into a whole poem. One Tryphiodorus was a great master in this kind of writing. He composed an Odyssey or epic poem on the adventures of Ulysses, consisting of four and twenty books, having entirely banished the letter A from his first book, which was called Alpha (as *lucus à non lucendo*) because there was not an Alpha in it. His second book was inscribed Beta for the same reason. In short, the poet excluded the whole four and twenty letters in their turns, and shewed them, one after another, that he could do his business without them.

It must have been very pleasant to have seen this poet avoiding the reprobate letter, as much as another would a false quantity, and making his escape from it through the several Greek dialects, when he was pressed with it in any particular syllable. For the most apt and elegant word in the whole language was rejected, like a diamond with a flaw in it, if it appeared blemished with a wrong letter. I shall only observe upon this head, that if the work I have here

mentioned had been now extant, the Odyssey of Tryphiodorus, in all probability, would have been oftener quoted by our learned pedants, than the Odyssey of Homer. What a perpetual fund would it have been of obsolete words and phrases, unusual barbarisms and rusticities, absurd spellings, and complicated dialects? I make no question but it would have been looked upon as one of the most valuable treasuries of the Greek tongue.

I find likewise among the ancients that ingenious kind of conceit, which the moderns distinguish by the name of a rebus, that does not sink a letter, but a whole word, by substituting a picture in its place. When Cæsar was one of the masters of the Roman mint, he placed the figure of an elephant upon the reverse of the public money; the word Cæsar signifying an elephant in the Punic language. This was artificially contrived by Cæsar, because it was not lawful for a private man to stamp his own figure upon the coin of the commonwealth. Cicero, who was so called from the founder of his family, that was marked on the nose with a little wen like a vetch (which is *Cicer* in Latin) instead of Marcus Tullius Cicero, ordered the words Marcus Tullius, with a figure of a vetch at the end of them, to be inscribed on a public monument. This was done probably to shew that he was neither ashamed of his name or family, notwithstanding the envy of his competitors had often reproached him with both. In the same manner we read of a famous building that was marked in several parts of it with the figures of a frog and a lizard; those words in Greek having been the names of the architects, who by the laws of their country were never permitted to inscribe their own names upon their works. For the same reason it is thought, that the forelock of the horse in the antique eques-

trian statue of Marcus Aurelius, represents at a distance the shape of an owl, to intimate the country of the statuary, who, in all probability, was an Athenian. This kind of wit was very much in vogue among our own countrymen about an age or two ago, who did not practise it for any oblique reason, as the antients above-mentioned, but purely for the sake of being witty. Among innumerable instances that may be given of this nature, I shall produce the device of one Mr. Newberry, as I find it mentioned by our learned Camden in his Remains. Mr. Newberry, to represent his name by a picture, hung up at his door the sign of a yew-tree, that had several berries upon it, and in the midst of them a great golden N hung upon a bough of the tree, which by the help of a little false spelling made up the word N-ew-berry.

I shall conclude this topic with a rebus, which has been lately hewn out in freestone, and erected over two of the portals of Blenheim House, being the figure of a monstrous lion tearing to pieces a little cock. For the better understanding of which device, I must acquaint my English reader, that a cock has the misfortune to be called in Latin by the same word that signifies a Frenchman, as a lion is the emblem of the English nation. Such a device in so noble a pile of building, looks like a pun in an heroic poem; and I am very sorry the truly ingenious architect would suffer the statuary to blemish his excellent plan with so poor a conceit. But I hope what I have said will gain quarter for the cock, and deliver him out of the lion's paw.

I find likewise in ancient times the conceit of making an echo talk sensibly, and give rational answers. If this could be excusable in any writer, it would be in Ovid, where he introduces the Echo as a nymph, before she was worn away into nothing

: a voice. The learned Erasmus, though a man wit and genius, has composed a dialogue upon ı silly kind of device, and made use of an echo ɔ seems to have been a very extraordinary lin- ɜt, for she answers the person she talks with in in, Greek, and Hebrew, according as she found syllables which she was to repeat in any of those ned languages. Hudibras, in ridicule of this e kind of wit, has described Bruin bewailing the ı of his bear to a solitary Echo, who is of great use the poet in several distichs, as she does not only eat after him, but helps out his verse, and fur- ıes him with rhymes:

'He rag'd, and kept as heavy a coil as
Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas;
Forcing the valleys to repeat
The accents of his sad regret;
He beat his breast, and tore his hair,
For loss of his dear crony bear,
That Echo from the hollow ground
His doleful wailings did resound
More wistfully by many times,
Than in small poets, splay-foot rhymes,
That make her, in their rueful stories,
To answer to int'rogatories,
And most unconscionably depose
Things of which she nothing knows;
And when she has said all she can say,
'Tis wrested to the lover's fancy.
Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin,
Art thou fled to my ——Echo, *ruin?*
I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a step
For Fear. (Quoth Echo) *Marry guep.*
Am I not here to take thy part!
Then what has quell'd thy stubborn heart?
Have these bones rattled, and this head
So often in thy quarrel bled?
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,
For thy dear sake. (Quoth she) *Mum budget.*
Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dish,
Thou turnd'st thy back? (Quoth Echo) *pish.*

To run from those th' hadst overcome
Thus cowardly? (Quoth Echo) *mum.*
But what a-vengeance makes thee fly
From me too as thine enemy?
Or if thou hast no thought of me,
Nor what I have endur'd for thee;
Yet shame and honour might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning tail:
For who would grudge to spend his blood in
His honour's cause? (Quoth she) *a pudding.*'

C.

N° 60. WEDNESDAY, MAY 9, 1711.

Hoc est quod palles? Cur quis non prandeat, Hoc est?
PERS. Sat. iii. 85.

Is it for this you gain those maegre looks,
And sacrifice your dinner to your books?

SEVERAL kinds of false wit that vanished in the refined ages of the world, discovered themselves again in the times of monkish ignorance.

As the monks were the masters of all that little learning which was then extant, and had their whole lives entirely disengaged from business, it is no wonder that several of them, who wanted genius for higher performances, employed many hours in the composition of such tricks in writing, as required much time and little capacity. I have seen half the Æneid turned into Latin rhymes by one of the beaux esprits of that dark age: who says in his preface to it, that the Æneid wanted nothing but the sweets of rhyme to make it the most perfect work in its kind. I have likewise seen an hymn in hexameters to the

Virgin Mary, which filled a whole book, though it consisted but of the eight following words:

'*Tot, tibi, sunt, Virgo, dotes, quot, sidera, cœlo.*'

'Thou hast as many virtues, O Virgin, as there are stars in heaven.'

The poet rung the changes upon these eight several words, and by that means made his verses almost as numerous as the virtues and the stars which they celebrated. It is no wonder that men who had so much time upon their hands did not only restore all the antiquated pieces of false wit, but enriched the world with inventions of their own. It was to this age that we owe the productions of anagrams, which is nothing else but a transmutation of one word into another, or the turning of the same set of letters into different words; which may change night into day, or black into white, if Chance, who is the goddess that presides over these sorts of composition, shall so direct. I remember a witty author, in allusion to this kind of writing, calls his rival, who (it seems) was distorted, and had his limbs set in places that did not properly belong to them, 'the anagram of a man.'

When the anagrammatist takes a name to work upon, he considers it at first as a mine not broken up, which will not shew the treasure it contains, till he shall have spent many hours in the search of it; for it is his business to find out one word that conceals itself in another, and to examine the letters in all the variety of stations in which they can possibly be ranged. I have heard of a gentleman who, when this kind of wit was in fashion, endeavoured to gain his mistress's heart by it. She was one of the finest women of her age, and known by the name of the

Lady Mary Boon. The lover not being able to make any thing of Mary, by certain liberties indulged to this kind of writing converted it into Moll; and after having shut himself up for half a year, with indefatigable industry produced an anagram. Upon the presenting it to his mistress, who was a little vexed in her heart to see herself degraded into Moll Boon, she told him, to his infinite surprise, that he had mistaken her sirname, for that it was not Boon, but Bohun.

'——— *Ibi omnis*
Effusus labor ———'.

The lover was thunder-struck with his misfortune, insomuch that in a little time after he lost his senses, which indeed had been very much impaired by that continual application he had given to his anagram.

The acrostic was probably invented about the same time with the anagram, though it is impossible to decide whether the inventor of the one or the other were the greater blockhead. The simple acrostic in nothing but the name or title of a person, or thing, made out of the initial letters of several verses, and by that means written, after the manner of the Chinese, in a perpendicular line. But besides these there are compound acrostics, when the principal letters stand two or three deep. I have seen some of them where the verses have not only been edged by a name at each extremity, but have had the same name running down like a seam through the middle of the poem.

There is another near relation of the anagrams and acrostics, which is commonly called a chronogram. This kind of wit appears very often on many modern medals, especially those of Germany, when they represent in the inscription the year in which

they were coined. Thus we see on a medal of Gustavus Adolphus the following words, CHRISTVS DUX ERGO TRIVMPHVS. If you take the pains to pick the figures out of the several words, and range them in their proper order, you will find they amount to MDCXVVVII, or 1627, the year in which the medal was stamped: for as some of the letters distinguish themselves from the rest, and overtop their fellows, they are to be considered in a double capacity, both as letters and as figures. Your laborious German wits will turn over a whole dictionary for one of these ingenious devices. A man would think they were searching after an apt classical term, but instead of that they are looking out a word that has an L, an M, or a D in it. When therefore we meet with any of these inscriptions, we are not so much to look in them for the thought, as for the year of the Lord.

The bouts-rimez were the favourites of the French nation for a whole age together, and that at a time when it abounded in wit and learning. They were a list of words that rhyme to one another, drawn up by another hand, and given to a poet, who was to make a poem to the rhymes in the same order that they were placed upon the list: the more uncommon the rhymes were, the more extraordinary was the genius of the poet that could accommodate his verses to them. I do not know any greater instance of the decay of wit and learning among the French (which generally follows the declension of empire) than the endeavouring to restore this foolish kind of wit. If the reader will be at the trouble to see examples of it, let him look into the new Mercure Gallant; where the author every month gives a list of rhymes to be filled up by the ingenious, in order to be communicated to the public in the Mercure for the succeeding month. That for the month

of November last, which now lies before me, is as follows:

. . . . . Lauriers
. . . . . Guerriers
. . . . . Musette
. . . . . Lisette

. . . . . Cæsars
. . . . . Etendars
. . . . . Houlette
. . . . . Folette

One would be amazed to see so learned a man as Menage talking seriously on this kind of trifle in the following passage:

'Monseur de la Chambre has told me, that he never knew what he was going to write when he took his pen into his hand; but that one sentence always produced another. For my own part, I never knew what I should write next when I was making verses. In the first place I got all my rhymes together, and was afterwards perhaps three or four months in filling them up. I one day shewed Monseur Gombaud a composition of this nature, in which, among others, I had made use of the four following rhymes, Amaryllis, Phyllis, Marne, Arne; desiring him to give me his opinion of it. He told me immediately, that my verses were good for nothing. And upon my asking his reason, he said, because the rhymes are too common; and for that reason easy to be put into verse. "Marry," says I, "if it be so, I am very well rewarded for all the pains I have been at." But by Monsieur Gombaud's leave, 'notwithstanding the severity of the criticism, the verses were good.' Vid. Menagiana*.

* Tom. i. p. 174, &c. ed. Amst. 1713.

Thus far the learned Menage, whom I have translated word for word.

The first occasion of these bouts-rimez made them in some manner excusable, as they were tasks which the French ladies used to impose on their lovers. But when a grave author, like him above mentioned, tasked himself, could there be any thing more ridiculous? Or would not one be apt to believe that the author played booty, and did not make his list of rhymes till he had finished his poem?

I shall only add, that this piece of false wit has been finely ridiculed by Monsieur Sarasin, in a poem entitled, La Defaite des Bouts-Rimez, The Rout of the Bouts-Rimez.

I must subjoin to this last kind of wit the double rhymes, which are used in doggerel poetry, and generally applauded by ignorant readers. If the thought of the couplet in such compositions is good, the rhyme adds little to it; and if bad, it will not be in the power of the rhyme to recommend it. I am afraid that great numbers of those who admire the incomparable Hudibras, do it more on account of these doggerel rhymes than of the parts that really deserve admiration. I am sure I have heard the

> 'Pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
> was beat with fist, instead of a stick;'

and

> 'There was an ancient sage philosopher
> Who had read Alexander Ross over,'

more frequently quoted, than the finest pieces of wit in the whole poem. C.

N° 61. THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1711.

Non equidem studeo bullatis ut mihi nugis
Pagina turgescat, dare pondus idonea fumo.
PERS. Sat. v. 19.

'Tis not indeed my talent to engage
In lofty trifles, or to swell my page
With wind and noise.
DRYDEN.

THERE is no kind of false wit which has been so recommended by the practice of all ages, as that which consists in a jingle of words, and is comprehended under the general name of punning. It is indeed impossible to kill a weed, which the soil has a natural disposition to produce. The seeds of punning are in the minds of all men; and though they may be subdued by reason, reflection, and good sense, they will be very apt to shoot up in the greatest genius that is not broken and cultivated by the rules of art. Imitation is natural to us, and when it does not raise the mind to poetry, painting, music, or other more noble arts, it often breaks out in puns and quibbles.

Aristotle, in the eleventh chapter of his book of rhetoric, describes two or three kinds of puns, which he calls paragrams, among the beauties of good writing, and produces instances of them out of some of the greatest authors in the Greek tongue. Cicero has sprinkled several of his works with puns, and in his book where he lays down the rules of oratory, quotes abundance of sayings as pieces of wit, which also upon examination prove arrant puns. But the age in which the pun chiefly flourished, was

in the reign of King James the First. That learned monarch was himself a tolerable punster, and made very few bishops or privy-counsellors that had not sometime or other signalized themselves by a clinch, or a conundrum. It was therefore in this age that the pun appeared with pomp and dignity. It had been before admitted into merry speeches and ludicrous compositions, but was now delivered with great gravity from the pulpit, or pronounced in the most solemn manner at the council-table. The greatest authors, in their most serious works, made frequent use of puns. The sermons of Bishop Andrews, and the tragedies of Shakspeare, are full of them. The sinner was punned into repentance by the former, as in the latter nothing is more usual than to see a hero weeping and quibbling for a dozen lines together.

I must add to these great authorities, which seem to have given a kind of sanction to this piece of false wit, that all the writers of rhetoric have treated of punning with very great respect, and divided the several kinds of it into hard names, that are reckoned among the figures of speech, and recommended as ornaments in discourse. I remember a country schoolmaster of my acquaintance told me once, that he had been in company with a gentleman whom he looked upon to be the greatest paragrammatist among the moderns. Upon inquiry, I found my learned friend had dined that day with Mr. Swan, the famous punster; and desiring him to give me some account of Mr. Swan's conversation, he told me that he generally talked in the *Paranomasia*, that he sometimes gave into the *Ploce*, but that in his humble opinion he shined most in the *Antanaclasis*.

I must not here omit, that a famous university of this land was formerly very much infested with

puns; but whether or no this might not arise from the fens and marshes in which it was situated, and which are now drained, I must leave to the determination of more skilful naturalists.

After this short history of punning, one would wonder how it should be so entirely banished out of the learned world as it is at present, especially since it had found a place in the writings of the most ancient polite authors. To account for this we must consider, that the first race of authors, who were the great heroes in writing, were destitute of all rules and arts of criticism; and for that reason, though they excel later writers in greatness of genius, they fall short of them in accuracy and correctness. The moderns cannot reach their beauties, but can avoid their imperfections. When the world was furnished with these authors of the first eminence, there grew up another set of writers, who gained themselves a reputation by the remarks which they made on the works of those who preceded them. It was one of the employments of these secondary authors, to distinguish the several kinds of wit by terms of art, and to consider them as more or less perfect, according as they were founded in truth. It is no wonder therefore, that even such authors as Isocrates, Plato, and Cicero, should have such little blemishes as are not to be met with in authors of a much inferior character, who have written since those several blemishes were discovered. I do not find that there was a proper separation made between puns and true wit by any of the ancient authors, except Quintilian and Longinus. But when this distinction was once settled, it was very natural for all men of sense to agree in it. As for the revival of this false wit, it happened about the time of the revival of letters; but as soon as it was once detected, it immediately vanished and disap-

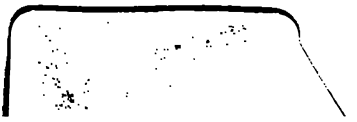
peared. At the same time there is no question, but as it has sunk in one age and rose in another, it will again recover itself in some distant period of time, as pedantry and ignorance shall prevail upon wit and sense. And, to speak the truth, I do very much apprehend, by some of the last winter's productions, which had their sets of admirers, that our posterity will in a few years degenerate into a race of punsters: at least, a man may be very excusable for any apprehensions of this kind, that has seen acrostics handed about the town with great secrecy and applause; to which I must also add a little epigram called the Witches Prayer, that fell into verse when it was read either backward or forward, excepting only that it cursed one way, and blessed the other. When one sees there are actually such pains-takers among our British wits, who can tell what it may end in? If we must lash one another, let it be with the manly strokes of wit and satire; for I am of the old philosopher's opinion, that if I must suffer from one or the other, I would rather it should be from the paw of a lion, than from the hoof of an ass. I do not speak this out of any spirit of party. There is a most crying dulness on both sides. I have seen tory acrostics and whig anagrams, and do not quarrel with either of them, because they are whigs or tories, but because they are anagrams and acrostics.

But to return to punning. Having pursued the history of a pun, from its original to its downfal, I shall here define it to be a conceit arising from the use of two words that agree in the sound, but differ in the sense. The only way therefore to try a piece of wit, is to translate it into a different language. If it bears the test, you may pronounce it true; but if it vanishes in the experiment, you may conclude it to have been a pun. In short, one may say of a

pun, as the countryman described his nightingale, that it is '*vox et præterea nihil*,' 'a sound, and nothing but a sound.' On the contrary, one may represent true wit by the description which Aristenetus makes of a fine woman; when she is dressed she is beautiful, when she is undressed she is beautiful; or as Mercerus has translated it more emphatically, '*Induitur formosa est: exuitur, ipsa forma est**.'

C.

* Dressed she is beautiful, undressed she is Beauty's self.

END OF VOL. VI.

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